

244

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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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2. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Engraved by H. BOURNE, from the Picture by J. PHELPS, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
3. SPRING. Engraved by T. M. KNIGHT, from the Statue by B. E. SPENCE.

	PAGE		PAGE
1. THE MINSTRELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. BY THE REV. E. L. CUTLER.		10. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	148
<i>Illustrated</i>	129	11. OBITUARY:—MR. W. F. VARLEY	148
2. PROGRESS OF BRITISH ART-MANUFACTURE. THE PORCELAIN OF		12. SPRING	148
WORCESTER. <i>Illustrated</i>	132	13. MODERN PAINTERS	148
3. THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS—EXHIBITION	133	14. ART IN THE PROVINCES	149
4. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD	136	15. SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART. BY AN OLD	
5. A FEW WORDS ON OUR NEAR NEIGHBOUR'S TASTE AND OUR OWN.	137	TRAVELLER	150
6. A NOVELTY IN FANCY-WORK. <i>Illustrated</i>	139	16. BRITISH INDUSTRIES. NO. VIII. THE WHITBY JET AND AMMONITE	
7. AMALFI	140	ORNAMENTS. BY R. HUNT, F.R.S.	154
8. BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER. NO. XIV. T.		17. THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AND ITS DEFAMERS	156
CRESWICK, R.A. <i>Illustrated</i>	141	18. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	158
9. A NEW PLEASURE. THE MARINE AQUARIUM. BY MRS. S. C. HALL	145	19. REVIEWS	160

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE ART-JOURNAL commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a NEW SERIES—such New Series beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES;

the Part for January, 1856, being the Thirteenth Monthly Part.

The volumes from 1849 to 1854, inclusive, contain the series of the "Vernon Gallery;" this series is also so arranged as to be "complete in itself," and those who obtain these five volumes will not necessarily require the volumes preceding.

The volumes preceding those of 1849 have been for some time "out of print," and are readily purchased at prices larger than the original cost.

Our Subscribers will, we trust and believe, find that we have made many arrangements for the conduct of the ART-JOURNAL with that energy and industry to which we owe its prosperity. We shall labour to continue in that useful course which, we may without presumption assert, has been fruitful of much good to British Art in its higher as well as in its comparatively humbler departments. We obtain continual evidence of the increasing estimation in which the subject is held, and of the continually augmenting numbers of those who feel interest in it; more than that, "the commercial value of the Fine Arts" is now an admitted fact, and we have a right to expect a proportionate success to a Journal which stands alone, not only in England, but in Europe, as their representative. Eighteen years is a long period to have laboured: the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain is a large reward: and the ordinary recompense cannot have failed to accompany it.

Our study ever has been, and ever will be, to render the ART-JOURNAL an associate almost indispensable to the Artist, the Manufacturer, the Artisan, the Amateur, and, in short, to all lovers of Art.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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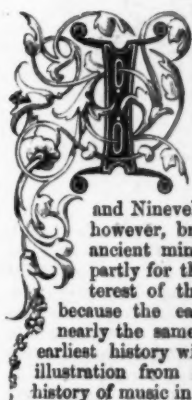
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1856.

THE
MINSTRELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.



It would be exceedingly interesting, but it would carry us too far a-field, to give a sketch of the early music of the principal nations of antiquity, such as might easily be deduced from the monuments of Egypt and Nineveh and Greece. We may, however, briefly glance at the most ancient minstrelsy of the Israelites; partly for the sake of the peculiar interest of the subject itself; partly because the early history of music is nearly the same in all nations, and this earliest history will illustrate and receive illustration from a comparison with the history of music in mediæval England.

Musical instruments, we are told by the highest of all authorities, were invented in the eighth generation of the world—that is in the third generation before the flood—by Tubal “the Father of all such as handle the harp and organ.” The ancient Israelites used musical instruments on the same occasions as the mediæval Europeans; in battle; in their feasts and dances; in processions, whether of religious or civil ceremony; and in the solemnising of divine worship. The trumpet and the horn were, then as always, the instruments of warlike music—“If ye go to war then shall ye blow an alarm with the silver trumpets.”* The trumpet regulated the march of the hosts of Israel through the wilderness. When Joshua compassed Jericho, the seven priests blew trumpets of rams’ horns. Gideon and his three hundred discomfited the host of the Midianites with the sound of their trumpets.

The Tabret was the common accompaniment of the troops of female dancers, whether the occasion were religious or festive. Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, singing a solemn chorus to the triumphant song of Moses and of the Children of Israel over the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, —

“Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”†

Jephthah’s daughter went to meet her victorious father with timbrels and with dances:—

“The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
From Mizpeh’s tower’d gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.”

And so, when King Saul returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, after the shepherd David had killed their giant champion in the valley of Elah; the women came out of all the cities to meet the returning warriors “singing and dancing to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy and with instruments of music;” and

the women answered one another in dramatic chorus—

“Saul hath slain his thousands:
And David his ten thousands.”*

Laban says that he would have sent away Jacob and his wives and children “with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.” And Jeremiah prophesying that times of ease and prosperity shall come again for Israel, says: “O Virgin of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry.”†

In their feasts these and many other instruments were used. Isaiah tells us‡ that they had “the tabret and pipe and wine,” and again§ “the harp, and viol, and wine in their feasts;” and Amos tells us of the luxurious people who lie upon beds of ivory, and “chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David,” and drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the costliest perfumes.

Instruments of music were used in the colleges of Prophets, which Samuel established in the land, to accompany and to inspire the delivery of their prophetic utterances. As Saul, newly anointed, went up the hill of God towards the city, he met a company of prophets coming down, with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them, prophesying; and the spirit of the Lord came upon Saul when he heard, and he also prophesied.¶ When Elisha was requested by Jehoram to prophesy the fate of the battle with the Moabites, he said: “Bring me a minstrel; and when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him, and he prophesied.”

When David brought up the ark from Gibeath, he and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, psalteries, timbrels, cornets and cymbals.¶ And in the song which he himself composed to be sung on that occasion,** he thus describes the musical part of the procession:—

“It is well seen how thou goest,
How thou, my God and King, goest to the sanctuary;
The singers go before, the minstrels follow after,
In the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.”

The instruments appointed for the regular daily service of the Temple “by David, and Gad the king’s seer, and Nathan the prophet, for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets,” were cymbals, psalteries, and harps, which David made for the purpose, and which were played by four thousand Levites.

Besides the instruments already mentioned, —the harp, tabret, timbrel, psaltery, trumpet, cornet, cymbal, pipe, and viol,—they had also the lyre, bag-pipes, and bells; and probably they carried back with them from Babylon further additions, from the instruments of all peoples, nations and languages with which they would become familiarised in that capital of the world. But from the time of Tubal down to the time when the royal minstrel of Israel sang those glorious songs which are still the daily solace of thousands of mankind; and further down to the time when the captive Israelites hanged their unstrung harps upon the willows of Babylon, and could not sing the songs of Zion in a strange land,—the harp continued still the fitting accompaniment of the voice in all poetical utterance of a dignified and solemn character: the recitation of the poetical portions of historical and prophetic Scripture, for instance, would be sustained by it, and the songs of the psalmists of Zion were accompanied by its strains. And thus this sketch of the history of the earliest music closes, with the minstrel harp still in the foreground; while in the distance we hear the faint sound of the fanfare of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, which were concerted on great occasions; such as that on which they resounded

over the plain of Dura, to bow that waving sea of heads to the great Image of Gold:—an idolatry, alas! which the peoples, nations, and languages still perform almost as fervently as of old.

The northern Bard, or Scald, was the father of the minstrels of mediæval Europe. Our own early traditions afford some picturesque anecdotes, proving the high estimation in which the character was held by the Saxons and their kindred Danes; and showing that they were accustomed to wander about to court, and camp, and hall, and were hospitably received, even though the Bard were of a race against which his hosts were at that very time encamped in hostile array. We will only remind the reader of the Royal Alfred’s assumption of the character of a minstrel, and his visit in that disguise to the Danish camp (A.D. 878); and of the similar visit, ten years after, of Aulaff the Danish king, to the camp of Saxon Athelstane. But the earliest anecdote of the series we shall have hereafter to refer to, and may therefore here detail at length. It is told us by Geoffrey of Monmouth, that Colgrin, the son of Ella, who succeeded Hengist in the leadership of the invading Saxons, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by King Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, the brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. In order to accomplish this design, he assumed the character of a minstrel. He shaved his head and beard; and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a harper. By little and little he approached the walls of the city; and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

In Saxon times, before the date of the Norman Conquest, we find the various features of minstrelsy as they continued through the middle ages, already established. In the illustration



which we here give from a late Saxon MS. in the British Museum, (Cotton, Tiberius, C. vi.) the royal harper is surrounded by a band of minstrels, while the mime of the band is playing the common feat of tossing three knives and three balls.

The harper always continued throughout the middle ages to be the most dignified of the minstrel craft, the reciter, and often the composer, of heroic legend and historical tale, of wild romance and amorous song. Frequently,

* 1 Sam. xviii. 7.
† Jer. xxxi. 4.
‡ Is. xxiv. 8.
§ Is. v. 12.
¶ 1 Sam. x. 5.
** 2 Sam. vi. 5.
*** Psalm lxxviii.

* Numb. x. 9.
† Exod. xv. 21.



and perhaps especially in the case of the higher class of harpers, he travelled alone, as in the cases which we have already seen of Baldolph, and Alfred, and Aulaff. But he also often associated himself with a band of minstrels, who filled up the intervals of his recitations and songs with their music, much as vocal and instrumental pieces are alternated in our modern concerts. With a band of minstrels there was also very usually associated a mime, who amused the audience with his feats of agility and leger-de-main. The association appears at first sight somewhat undignified—the heroic harper and the tumbler—but the incongruity was not peculiar to the middle ages; the author of the "Iliad" wrote the "Battle of the Frogs"—the Greeks were not satisfied without a satiric drama after their grand heroic tragedy; and in these days we have a farce or a pantomime after Shakespeare: we are not all Heracituses, to see only the tragic side of life, or Democrituses, to laugh at everything; the majority of men have faculties to appreciate both classes of emotion, and it would seem, from universal experience, that, as the Russian finds a physical delight in leaping from a vapour-bath into the frozen Neva, so there is some mental delight in the sudden alternate excitation of the opposite emotions of tragedy and farce. If we had time to philosophise, we might find the source of the delight deeply seated in our nature: alternate tears and laughter—it is an epitome of human life.

The other Saxon instruments, besides those already mentioned, are the flute, cymbal, viol, tabor, hand bells, lyre struck by a plectrum, and the organ: the latter was already the favourite church instrument: William of Malmesbury says, that Archbishop Dunstan gave many to churches, which had pipes of brass, and were inflated with bellows.

We give here an illustration of the organ, of much later date indeed, for it is from a MS. in the British Museum of early fourteenth century date (Royal MS. 14 E iii.), but it gives a good idea of the large organ in use throughout the middle ages.



The Northmen who invaded and gave their name to Normandy, took their minstrels with them; and the learned assert that it was from them that the troubadours of Provence learned their art, which ripened in their sunny clime into *la joyeuse science*, and thence was carried into Italy, France, and Spain. It is quite certain that minstrelsy was in high repute among the Normans at the period of the Conquest. Everyone will remember how Taillefer the minstrel-knight commenced the great battle of Hastings. Advancing at the head of the Norman host, he animated himself and them to a chivalric daring by chanting the heroic tale of Charlemagne and his Paladins; and then rushed into the Saxon ranks, like a divinely-mad hero of old, giving in his own self-sacrifice an augury of victory to his people.

From the period of the Conquest, authorities on the subject of which we are treating, though still not so numerous as could be desired, be-

come too numerous to be all included within the limits to which our space restricts us. The reader may refer to Wharton's "History of English Poetry," to Bishop Percy's introductory essay to the "Reliques of Early English Poetry," and to the introductory essay to Ellis's "Early English Metrical Romances," for the principal published authorities. We propose only from these and other published and unpublished materials, to give a popular sketch of the subject.

Throughout this period minstrelsy received the patronage, and was in high estimation with, all classes of society. The king himself, like his Saxon * predecessors, had a king's minstrel, or king of the minstrels, who probably from the first was at the head of a band of royal minstrels.†

This fashion of the Royal court, doubtless, like all its other fashions, obtained also in the courts of the great nobility (several instances will be observed in the sequel), and in their

measure in the households of the lesser nobility. Every gentleman of estate had probably his one, two, or more minstrels as a regular part of his household. It is not difficult to discover their duties. In the representations of dinners, which occur plentifully in the medieval MSS., we constantly find musicians introduced; sometimes we see them preceding the servants, who are bearing the dishes to table; a custom of classic usage; and which still lingers at Christ Church, Oxon, in the song with which the choristers usher in the boar's head on Christmas-Day; and at our modern public dinners, when the band strikes up "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," as that national dish is brought to table.

We give here an illustration of such a scene from a very fine MS. of the early part of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (marked Royal 2 B vii., f. 184^b and 185). A very



fine representation of a similar scene occurs at the foot of the large Flemish brass of Robert Braunché and his two wives at St. Margaret's Church, Lynn; the scene is intended as a delineation of a feast given by the corporation of Lynn to King Edward III. Servants from both sides of the picture are bringing in that famous dish of chivalry, the peacock with his tail displayed; and two bands of minstrels are ushering in the banquet with their strains: the date of

the brass is about 1364 A.D. In the fourteenth century romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, we read of some knights who have arrived at the presence of the romance king whom they are in quest of; dinner is immediately prepared for them; "trestles," says Ellis in his abstract of it, "were immediately set; a table covered with a silken cloth was laid; a rich repast, ushered in by the sound of trumpets and shalms, was served up."*



Having introduced the feast, the minstrels

continued to play during its progress; we find

* The king's minstrel of the last Saxon king is mentioned in Domesday Book as holding lands in Gloucestershire.

† In the reign of Henry I., Roger was the King's Minstrel. Temp. Henry II., it was Galfrid, or Jeffrey. Temp. Richard I., Blondel, of romantic memory. Temp. Henry III., Master Ricard. It was the Harper of Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) who brained the assassin who attempted the Prince's life, when his noble wife Eleanor risked hers to extract the poison from the wound. In Edward I.'s reign we have mention of a King Robert, who may be the impetuous minstrel of the Prince. Temp. Edward II., there occur two: a grant of houses was made to William de Morley, the King's Minstrel, which had been held by his predecessor, John le Boteler. At St. Bride's, Glamorganshire, is the insculpt effigy of a knightly figure, of the date of Edward I., with an inscription to John le Boteler; but there is nothing to identify him with the king of the minstrels. Temp. Richard II., John Camuz was the king of his minstrels. When

Henry V. went to France, he took his fifteen minstrels, and Walter Haliday, their marshal, with him. After this time, the chief of the royal minstrels, seems to have been styled Marshal instead of King; and in the next reign but one we find a *Sergeant of the Minstrels*. Temp. Henry VI., Walter Haliday was still Marshal of the Minstrels; and this king issued a commission for impressing boys to supply vacancies in their number. King Edward IV. granted to the said long-lived Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others, a charter for the restoration of a Fraternity or Guild, to be governed by a marshal and two wardens, to regulate the minstrels throughout the realm (except those of Chester). The minstrels of the royal-chapel establishment of this king were thirteen in number; some trumpets, some shalms, some small pipes, and others singers. The charter of Edward IV. was renewed by Henry VIII. In 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal; on whose death Hugh Wodehouse was promoted to the office.

* Ellis's "Early English Metrical Romances," Bohn's edition, p. 287.

numerous representations of dinners in the illuminations, in which one or two minstrels are standing beside the table, playing their instruments during the progress of the meal. In a MS. volume of romances of the early part of the fourteenth century in the British Museum (Royal 14 E iii.), the title-page of the romance of the "Quête du St. Graal" (at folio 89 of the MS.) is adorned with an illumination of a royal banquet; a squire on his knee (as in the illustration given above) is carving, and a minstrel stands beside the table playing the fiddle; he is dressed in a parti-coloured tunic of red and blue, and wears his hat. In the royal MS. 2 B vii., at folio 168, is a similar representation of a dinner,

in which a minstrel stands playing the fiddle; he is habited in a red tunic, and is bareheaded. At folio 203 of the same MS. (Royal 2 B vii.), is another representation of a dinner, in which two minstrels are introduced; one (wearing his hood) is playing a cittern, the other (bareheaded) is playing a fiddle; and these references might be multiplied.

We reproduce here, in illustration of our subject, two engravings which have already appeared in the *Art-Journal*, in illustration of Mr. Wright's "Domestic Manners of the English." The first is a representation of a royal dinner of about the time of our Edward IV., "taken from an illumination of the romance of the Compté d'Artois,



in the possession of M. Barrois, a distinguished and well-known collector in Paris."* The other is an exceedingly interesting representation of a grand imperial banquet, from one of the plates of Hans Burgmair, in the volume dedicated to the exploits of the Emperor Maximilian, contemporary with our Henry VIII. It represents the

entrance of a masque,* one of those strange entertainments, of which our ancestors, in the



Another occasion, on which their services would be required would be for the dance. Thus we read in the sequel of "The Squire's Tale," how the king and his "nobley," when dinner was ended, rose from table, and preceded by the minstrels, went to the great chamber for the dance:—

"Wan that this Tartar king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord ther as he sat ful his;
Beforne him goth the loudé minstrelle,
Til he come to his chambre of paraments,
Ther as they sounden divers instruments,
That it is like an Heven for to here.
Now daunten lusty Venus children dere," &c.

* *Art-Journal* for 1854, p. 275.
† Great chamber, answering to our modern drawing-room.

time of Henry and Elizabeth, were so fond, and of which Mr. C. Kean has lately given the play-going world of London so accurate a representation in his *mise en scene* of Henry VIII. at the Princess's Theatre. The band of minstrels who have been performing during the banquet, are seen in the left corner of the picture.

So in "The Squire's Tale" of Chaucer, where Cambuscan is "holding his feste so solempne and so riche."

"It so befel, that after the thridde cours,
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,
Harking his ministrall her strings play,
Beforne him at his bord deliciously," &c.

The custom of having instrumental music as an accompaniment of dinner is still retained by her Majesty and by some of the greater nobility, by military messes, and at great public dinners. But the musical accompaniment of a mediæval dinner was not confined to instrumental performances. We frequently find a harper introduced, who is doubtless reciting some romance or history, or singing chansons of a lighter character. He is often represented as sitting upon the floor, as in the accompanying illustration, from the Royal MS., 2 B vii., folio 71 b. Another similar representation occurs at folio 203 b of the same MS. In the following very charming picture, from a MS. volume of romances of early fourteenth century date in the British Museum (Additional MS., 10,292, folio 200), the harper is sitting upon the table.

Gower, in his "Confessio Amantis," gives us a description of a scene of the kind. Appolinus is dining in the hall of King Pentapolin, with the king and queen and their fair daughter, and all his "lordes in estate." Appolinus was reminded by the scene of the royal estate from which he is fallen, and sorrowed and took no meat; therefore the king bade his daughter take her harp and do all that she can to enliven that "sorry man."

"And she to don her fader's best,
Her harpe fettes, and in the feste
Upon a chaire which thei fettes,
Her selve next to this man she sette."

Appolinus in turn takes the harp, and proves himself a wonderful proficient, and

"When he hath harped all his fill,
The king's best to fulfill,
A waite goth doun, a waite goth up,
Doun goth the bords, the cloth was up,
Thai risen and gone out of the hall."

In the sequel, the interesting stranger was made tutor to the princess, and among other teachings,

"He taught hir till she was certeyne
Of harpe, cithre, and of rote,
With many a towne and many a note,
Upon musike, upon measure,
And of her harpe the tempore
He taught her eke, as he well couthe."



In the tale of Dido and Æneas, in the legend of "Good Women," he calls it especially the dancing chamber:—

"To dauncing chambers full of paraments,
Of rich beddis and of pavements,
This Æneas is led after the meat."

[To be continued.]

* Among his nobles. † Tasse, ‡ Conches.

PROGRESS OF
BRITISH ART-MANUFACTURE.
THE PORCELAIN OF WORCESTER.

MESSRS. KERR & BINNS—the present proprietors and conductors of the long-famous Porcelain Works at Worcester—have recently produced some examples of the Art, of which it is not too much to say, they surpass all the productions of their class that have been hitherto manufactured in this country. We allude chiefly to their attempts (in which they have eminently succeeded) to imitate the artistic character of the works of Limoges on a porcelain body; hitherto

they have taken as their models those in one colour, of Jean Courtois (1540) and in various colours those of Noel Audin (1695).

In the works of Limoges, all the shades are laid in with dark colour on white; but it is the peculiarity of the Worcester enamels that the shades are produced by the reflection of the blue ground through the white. A very delicate tone is hence given to the pictured subject,

which is still more advantageously "set off" by the intense colour of the cobalt, which forms the ground. It will be understood that the whole of the material of this imitation enamel is porcelain; differing therefore from the ancient produce as well as the Sèvres imitations, in which the porcelain is laid over thin sheets of copper.

We believe this attempt is the first that has succeeded to obtain such effects by such means,



and we cannot doubt that large difficulties have been overcome by patient and careful study to obtain a peculiarly delicate glaze, a very sensitive medium, and especially accomplished workmen for the perfecting of the task.

Our attention was first directed to these singularly beautiful works at the Exhibition in

Paris, where we found them very much admired, but where certainly they were not considered to be composed entirely of porcelain body—on which so valuable an effect had been produced by the apparently simple process of layers of white on a deep blue ground, the shading being produced by the thinner or thicker gradations of

the white, through which the blue was suffered to make its way to the eye. The engravings here given convey but a limited idea of the beauty of these works; yet, the reader will hence be able to understand that the subjects have been selected with much judgment and taste, and we give him the assurance that the



execution of the pictures, so to speak, is of a rare degree of excellence, drawn with severe accuracy; for upon this particular quality the value of the article mainly depends.

The subjects speak for themselves. Our selections are confined to the EWER and STAND, a VASE, a PASTILE BURNER, a PLATE and a TAZZA; but, if we understand rightly, various other articles are

produced by these manufacturers in this style—some of a very elaborate character, and some of a less costly description.

The designs are, we believe, for the most part from the pencil of Mr. R. W. Binns and the painting is by Mr. T. Bott. Our engravings are copied from photographs, but we imagine we are correct in stating that, although several of our

specimens are in the one tint—the white upon blue—others are in colours. Our acquaintance with these works, when we carefully examined them at Paris, justifies the high praise we bestow upon them in describing them as foremost among the most successful efforts in porcelain that have been produced in Great Britain, or probably in any other country.

We rejoice at these results, not only as upholding and extending the character of British Art-manufacture, but as restoring the ancient renown of Worcester, which has, for a long period, lain comparatively dormant. The porcelain productions of that city, executed some forty years ago, are held in the highest repute, and are sought for by collectors with great avidity. Unlike the manufactory at "Chelsea"—of which almost as little is known as of that of Etruria, except by its "remains"—the establishment at Worcester has never been abandoned; its history may be traced back to its founder, and it is a great satisfaction to report its progress in 1855, as in no way behind that of the best periods of its existence during the century it has lived and flourished.

The Royal Porcelain Works of Worcester were founded by Dr. Wall, who, in conjunction with some other eminent chemists, made assiduous researches to discover materials proper for the imitation of China-ware, and, in 1751, established a manufactory under the title of the Worcester Porcelain Company. "Printing upon porcelain," is said to have originated with Dr. Wall. To him is "generally assigned the ingenious method of transferring printed patterns to biscuit ware, which is now universally practised." A guide-book to the Porcelain Works, Worcester, contains some prints from copper-plates, which are believed to be from the earliest plates used in printing on porcelain, and these are excellent examples of design and drawing. In 1783 the manufactory was purchased by Mr. Thomas Flight, by whom it was transferred to Messrs. Flight & Barr; under their judicious management, and by their employment of competent artists, it obtained a renown which it kept for a long period undisputed. In 1790, a manufactory at Worcester was formed by Messrs. Chamberlain. With this manufactory that of Messrs. Flight & Barr was subsequently incorporated, and in due course it passed into the hands of its present proprietors—Messrs. Kerr & Binns—Mr. Binns having been for a long time previously the director of the Falcon Glass Works, the well-known establishment of Messrs. Apeley Pellatt in London.

Judging from the works they have already produced—from those of the highest and most costly character down to articles for ordinary and daily use—we but discharge our duty in expressing a confident belief that this manufactory will be restored to the palmy state it occupied at the close of the past and beginning of the present century.

The Exhibition of 1851—as far as porcelain is concerned—did much to convince the world that England was not behind any country of Europe in ceramic art. Until that event, we obtained comparatively little credit for our home productions. When aught that was especially graceful and beautiful was seen in "shop windows," it was usually looked upon as foreign. There was no gaining any of the facts supplied by the stalls of Messrs. Minton, Mr. Alderman Copeland, Messrs. Rose, &c.; and this branch of British Art-manufacture unquestionably derived immense advantages from "the Exhibition." Its fame was entirely upheld at Paris in 1855: our manufacturers were surpassed by none—if we except the government establishment at Sèvres. The issues hence are, it is known, produced without regard to cost; and there can be no fair comparison between those of "the Empire" and the private fabricant, either of England, Germany, or France.

We rejoice to know that the impetus thus given to a manufacture, only second in importance to that of Manchester, has produced its natural results. Few more satisfactory or encouraging proofs of this can be laid before the public than these works of the manufactory at Worcester.

It may not be improper to add that it has always had a large share of "Royal Patronage" from the early time of George III. to the present auspicious reign: and that a very considerable portion of the more famous visitors to Europe from all parts of the world have inspected the Porcelain Manufactory at Worcester.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. THE THIRTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition was opened to the public on the 24th of March, with a catalogue of upwards of eight hundred works. Although there are no really ambitious pictures in the collection, there is an absence of those experimental essays wrought on vague principles which are always inglorious failures, or, at least, painful eccentricities. There are some figure studies not of exalted character, but highly meritorious, and there are landscapes of a high degree of excellence. When we stand in the middle of the great room, and glance round the line and above the line, we feel at once that the general quality of the collection is superior to that of recent years; yet we cannot help feeling also that but few of these works are executed for reputation: they are kept down to the common market standard. This is always to be regretted, because Art cannot stand still. We may choose for half a century the same class of subject, but if we realise our works always in the same manner, this is virtually retrogression. We have observed that this society is more slow than others to adopt that prevalent taste for high and minute finish, which is daily gaining ground—since this is purely mechanical, and we cannot help thinking that more elaboration would add a tenfold value to many of these works, which seem but the repetition of others, that we remember in series during many past years on these walls. It might seem invidious to individualise prejudicially in these few prefatory remarks; the exhibition is better than those of many years past. We proceed, therefore, to select a proportion for brief observation.*

No. 7. 'Arcangelo,' R. BUCKNER. Such is the title given to one of those studies of Italian life which the artist has of late painted with much felicity. It is true that any undue coarseness or vulgarity would be highly objectionable, but the features are, perhaps, carried to an opposite extreme, they are refined overmuch.

No. 11. 'Streathley Mill, on the Thames—a Summer's Morn,' H. J. BODDINGTON. A large picture presenting a passage of scenery essentially English. The effect is that frequently introduced by this painter,—a sunny day, the sun being kept just out of the picture. The water, trees, weedy foreground, and other passages of the composition, are brought forward with the masterly feeling which characterises all the works of this artist.

No. 16. 'My Boyhood's Home,' J. O'CONNOR. A small work, the subject of which is principally a shady avenue of garden-trees, leading to a neat residence. The study is by no means easy, but it is brought forward with much spirit.

No. 18. 'Off the Hermitage Rocks, Elizabeth Castle, Jersey Coast,' J. J. WILSON. We are almost too near these rocks to be said to be "off" them; it is, however, the most pleasing work we have of late seen under this name. Of the manner in which the water is painted, it must, however, be observed that the forms want solidity.

No. 23. 'The Hay-Field,' J. J. HILL. The subject is a group of two rustic figures, a youth and a maid, the former whispering and the latter listening to that most ancient of all communications, a declaration. The figures are freely and substantially wrought,

* It is to be regretted that this society continues to charge a shilling for the catalogue; whereas would be sufficient, and we believe of that cost the remuneration to the society would be better than it is. In this age a large quantity of printing is exported for a shilling.

they come palpably forward, and the work is altogether brilliant and effective.

No. 29. 'The Castle Rock, Linton, Devon,' J. TENNANT. A charming copy of a wild yet grandly beautiful scene, highly finished, yet full of force and character.

No. 37. 'Early Morning,' J. DEARLE. The time is accurately told by the dull grey aspect of the composition. We find here an absence of that woolliness of which we have spoken elsewhere.

No. 38. 'Bathing Buffaloes in the Pontine Marshes,' J. B. PYNE. An extraordinary subject, but pointedly characteristic of the source whence it is derived. The animals are driven into the water, and not permitted to come out until they have in some degree cleared the pool of the rank herbage with which it abounds. Such is the fidelity of interpretation, that the spectator sees at once that the Campagna is the theme.

No. 39. 'Summer Evening—Bantry,' ALFRED CLINT. The sunny lustre of the ripple as it rolls in upon the shore is a feature that instantly attracts the eye from its extraordinary truth—but the other parts of the picture are not less veracious.

No. 45. 'The Beauty Spot,' T. ROBERTS. A very pleasing fancy portrait, painted with delicacy and skill; a little too broken, perhaps, but exhibiting much power.

No. 46. 'The Lily,' C. BAXTER. A production equal to the most finished of this painter's works; a study of a lady wearing a Spanish hat, and holding flowers in her hand. The great charm of these captivating studies is their exquisite colour, the beauty of the faces, and the enchanting delicacy of manipulation with which they are worked out.

No. 48. 'Music,' W. UNDERHILL. A pyramidal composition, presenting three figures, the centre one touching the strings of a harp. The personages are grouped, perhaps, too methodically; they are, however, firmly painted, though faulty in the drawing of the extremities, and deficient in refinement of character.

No. 44. 'Cup and Ball,' and No. 63. 'Gleaners,' W. GELL. Two very clever and highly finished rustic groups of children.

No. 65. 'Castel d'Ostia,' J. B. PYNE. This is the well-known fortress near the mouth of the Tiber. We do not, however, see the sea, and the castle itself is removed to a little distance from the eye. Figures and a team of bullocks are seen in the foreground. The picture sets forth the utmost wealth of the palette, but there is no passage of colour here that could be subdued without its loss being felt.

No. 66. 'Going to the Ferry on the Danube,' J. ZEITLER. A principal in this composition is a ruined tower, past which numerous figures are hastening to, we presume, the water's edge. As in all this artist's works, the showy manipulation is unique.

No. 83. 'Venice from the Lido,' J. B. PYNE. We are glad to see Venice without the Palace, the Library, the Balto, the Column, St. Mark's, in short, without the hundred and one historical edifices which every artist who visits Venice thinks he must paint. Something new—Venice in the distance—refreshing sight! We have been counting the bricks and stones of Venice for the last thirty years, and have, of course, established a nodding acquaintance with every one of them. But this is a charming picture, a gorgeous sunset over the sea, surpassingly beautiful in colour and touching in sentiment.

No. 84. 'Portraits of Daughters of Captain Hopwood, of Hopwood,' F. V. HUNT.

each eye is proceeding in an opposite direction, as the arrow in the woodcut on the preceding page. With a very little practice these two images may be *squinted* into one. The result will then be the same as that produced in the stereoscope, a solid arrow proceeding directly towards the eye.

Again, place a cube upon some books arranged as a flight of steps. Place the hand as a screen a short distance in front of the nose, and, shutting first one and then the other eye, make a drawing of the arrangement under each condition. The result will be what we have represented, but these will resolve themselves into a system of solids when observed in the stereoscope.

Stereoscopic pictures are, indeed, the pictures of objects as viewed with the right and the left eye respectively. We are not—until reminded of the fact—aware that we must (seeing that the pupils of our eyes are about three inches apart) view every object under a slightly different angle. Without going into the question of vision, or examining with minute accuracy the structure of the eye, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to mention the main facts.* We see, because the rays of light which fall upon any body are radiated from the surface of that body with differing degrees of intensity, these varying with the colour, condition, and contour of the surface. These surface radiations passing through the pupil of the eye, suffer refraction by the crystalline lens, and a picture is formed on the retina of each eye. By taking the eye of a recently killed animal, and cutting an opening in the upper part, through which we may look in upon the reticulated membrane, we can see the picture as in a camera-obscura. The retina is an extension of the optic nerve, consisting of an infinite number of the most delicate fibres, piercing through a peculiar dark-coloured pigment at the bottom of the eye. The arm and its great nerves, divide in the hand into the fingers and smaller and more delicate nerves, and with these we feel objects. Now the optic nerve, when it reaches the eye, is divided into a thousand optical fingers, which feel the slightest variation in the quantities or the intensities of the light-rays falling upon their extremities, and the sensation felt by the delicate members of the eye is communicated to the brain, and this constitutes vision, the sense of sight, the effect of a luminous cause. The pictures drawn upon the eye vary as much as is the difference of the angle due to the two passages through which the rays pass—the pupil of each eye—to the optical arrangement within, which is so exquisitely delicate and refined. Each two corresponding points of the two pictures are seen at the converging of the optic axes, the eyes uniting each pair of points in succession, and conveying to the mind the impression of a solid.

It is difficult, if not impossible, with the knowledge which we have of solid bodies, to ascertain the effect upon a single eye, without the interference of the mind. We immediately adjust according to our preconceived knowledge; and hence, even with one eye, men see, under nearly all circumstances, objects of three dimensions. Yet we

may prove some of the advantages of two eyes, in giving us a correct notion of solidity.

My moderator lamp is burning on the table before me. I rest my head on my right hand, and closing my right eye, mark carefully how much of the circular form I can make out, and the arrangement of light and shadow on its ornaments; without moving my head, I open the right eye and close the left. When the left eye is open I see further round on the left hand of the lamp than when it is closed; and so of the right hand side when the right eye is opened. Now, if I open both eyes, I see round on either side better than I did with one eye; I have a more distinct perception that the cistern of the lamp is round.

Now the stereoscopic pictures are the pictures of the same building, statue, landscape, or of any group of objects, as seen respectively with the right and the left eye. We have these pictures on a plane surface—mere lines and light and shadow, as we see in the woodcut, representing the Church of St. Peter's, Rome, on the preceding page.

These pictures, as previously described, are by the prismatic lenses resolved into one. Our space forbids us from entering more into detail than we have done; we feel that our descriptions are necessarily imperfect from the conciseness to which we have been compelled; we would refer those who desire to know more of the stereoscope to the prize essay on this instrument recently published by the London Stereoscopic Company,* and we would recommend the student or the amateur to visit their establishments, and examine their collection of stereoscopic views from almost every quarter of the globe.† It would be almost impossible for the most accomplished artist to draw two such pictures with sufficient correctness to produce the solid image in the stereoscope. The photographic camera, and the sensitive photographic processes which we now employ comes to our aid. A single camera obscura may be employed to take the pictures from slightly different points of view; or two cameras with lenses of the same focal length may be adjusted at the required angle.

If the object is 100 feet from the cameras, their lenses should be placed 4 feet apart; if 150 feet distant, 6 feet apart; and so on, varying the distance of the cameras, or of the points at which we place our single camera, with the nearness or remoteness of the object. By carefully examining the views of Meiringen, in Switzerland, and of St. Peter's, at Rome, which have been engraved with much precision from the immense stock of the London Stereoscopic Company, it will be seen that, as we have stated, the pictures are not identical in either case. They are, in fact, in this, as in all other examples, a pair of pictures of the same scene, and the same temple, as seen with either eye. There are various modifications of Sir David Brewster's instrument,

one of which, that by Mr. Knight, we desire specially to notice; we shall do so probably in our next.

By the extreme sensibility of the photographic processes, we are now enabled to obtain pictures of objects in remarkably short spaces of time. The moving clouds and the restless sea can equally be fixed upon our sensitive tablets, and these, viewed in the stereoscope, become so real as to cheat the senses. Under every aspect of light and shadow we can copy nature in her wildest as in tranquillest moods. The humid valley, with the sinuous river, reflecting back the sun's rays more lovely than he sent them; the forest with its mazy windings, and the fitful stragglings of light to pierce its leafy recesses, are brought out in the stereoscope with a magical reality. The gigantic vegetation of tropical climes, the stunted growth of arctic regions, are realised here in a way which defies the most skilful painter, and thus the stereoscope may be made the medium of conveying the best possible lessons in natural history, and by calling into play the powers of observation, greatly advance the education of the people.

By means of the stereoscope and photography, the Bible student may examine the rocks of Ararat and the plains of Mamre; the desolation which marks the submerged Cities of the Plain, and the endurance of man's work in the pyramids of the desert; the homes of the idolatrous Assyrian, and the temples of Darius the Persian. The student of profane history may wander over Marathon, and grow patriotic at the view of Thermopylae. The works of the intellectual Grecian, who breathed the breath of poetry into marble, and the efforts of the sterner Romans, who had more of the genius of war than of love in all their efforts after the beautiful, may be studied in a modern drawing-room and in the labourer's cottage.

We have heard the stereoscope called a toy; to some it may appear to be so; but, even if its charming productions are viewed in sport, there must still be drawn from it an earnest philosophy, for it must teach man to love the beautiful in nature, and to appreciate the efforts of mind in the productions of Art.

ROBERT HUNT.

[The establishment to which in this article we have directed especial attention is at 54, Cheap-side, with a branch establishment at 313, Oxford Street. Both have been studiously and very judiciously fitted up, with a view to the proper appreciation of effects, and in order that selections of subjects may be made under the best circumstances. As we have intimated, the purchaser has an enormous collection from which his choice is to be made, and varying in prices from those of a highly finished order to the plain and cheap photographs; and, as we have explained, they consist of almost every conceivable variety. To convey an idea of the immense extent of subjects would require large space; but this is not needed, as the Company have printed a somewhat extensive list. Upon the enjoyment to be derived from this new source of happiness it is needless to dilate. It is pure Art teaching all classes and orders; gratifying the best informed, and delighting the least instructed. By this means nothing is learned that must afterwards be unlearned; taste is never impaired, because nature is never misrepresented; there are a hundred ways in which we can hence derive instruction, but not one by which we can sustain injury: in short, the Stereoscope is a silent Teacher, from which only good can be obtained. In a word, the loveliest scenes of nature, and the grandest monuments of human genius, are, by the magical power of this little instrument, brought in all their reality and beauty, to our own homes and firesides. Its sources of gratification are inexhaustible, and administer equally to our delight in society and solitude.—Ed. A.-J.]

* Those who are desirous of examining the best authorities on the phenomena of vision, may consult the following authors:—Young's "Lectures on the Mechanism of the Eye," *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xci.; Brewster, *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. i.; Wollaston, "On the Semi-Decussation of the Optic Nerve," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1824; Wardrop, "On Blindness," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1826; Dr. George Wilson, "On the Extent to which the received Theory of Vision requires us to regard the Eye as a Camera Obscura," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xxi.; Ditto, "Researches on Colour Blindness," *Sutherland and Knox, Edinburgh*, 1855.

* The prize offered by the London Stereoscopic Company for the best essay on the stereoscope was awarded, by Sir David Brewster (to whom the duty was confided by the Company), to W. O. Lonic, Esq., Professor of Mathematics at Madras College, St. Andrew's—one of the candidates for the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. This essay we shall bring under review in our next.

† These views, of all classes and orders, are many thousand in number; they comprise several hundred views of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and of the late French Exhibition; scenery in great abundance, English and foreign; historic buildings, &c. &c.; passages of great interest taken at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and views in Africa, Portugal, France, Rome, the Rhine, Venice, Florence, Padua, Pisa, Milan, Verona, Genoa, Nice, Heidelberg, Como, &c., consisting of cathedrals, statues, monuments, &c., collected with taste and care. In these are comprised the ruins of the great buildings of Rome, its forum, temples, triumphal arches, castles, &c. &c.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION. EXHIBITION, 1856.

AMONG the five hundred and eighty works of Art constituting this exhibition, there is a remarkable lack of figure-subjects. What we mean by figure-subjects is, historical, poetic, didactic, or romantic narrative, carefully elaborated, but without the pedantry of Art. Who is not weary of simpering rusticity? What foreigner, on seeing our eminently rustic bias, does not at once pronounce us descended of a race purely pastoral and bucolical? Scarcely can we call rustic impersonation figure-pictures; they are brought forward without narrative past or prospective, positive or allusive. Surely the world of human incident is wide enough; it is a current that would flow on for ever with features that might be made ever new in Art. The very seductions of landscape Art lead to perfection in it; but book-lore seems repugnant to painters, hence so little advance in figure-narrative. A visitor, seeing many of the landscapes on this occasion for the first time must pronounce them of very high class; but he would hesitate to do so if he knew that the subjects and the treatment had been identical in others, which for a series of years had preceded them. They are still of high class, but the monotony is not creditable to the genius of the painters. There is in the very best of exhibitions always, necessarily, a proportion of indifferent productions, and here, of course, we find a considerable alloy. It is much to be regretted that there is so little variety with such an amount of labour; were it otherwise, this exhibition in its landscape section would be attractive beyond all the other oil-picture collections.

No. 3. 'Breton Cardplayers,' A. PROVIS. The picture presents the interior of a French cottage, which is rendered, as to detail, with a minute truthfulness fatal to good effect; that is, too much is made of passages which had been better subdued. We need not say that the work evinces power and knowledge.

No. 11. 'Caernarvon Castle, North Wales,' JAMES DANBY. This is the well-known view, presenting the magnificent ruin laterally, and occupying the right section of the composition. It is brought forward under an evening aspect, with a flood of red and amber light, such as is often repeated by this artist. The general treatment is touchingly elegiac—but the sentiment is materially injured by the introduction of an episode of every-day life.

No. 18. 'Outskirts of a Forest,' J. STARK. There is a powerfully natural charm in the manner in which this artist defines his groups of trees—the masses of foliage are palpably distinct, and this is seconded by the chiaro-scuro alternations beneath and beyond the trees. The foliage is less fresh than that of other recent pictures. Gurth, the swineherd, might still find here ample feed for his squeaking porkers.

No. 31. 'Feeding Time,' A. WIVELL. Two children feeding chickens in a cottage. The subject is of a very ordinary kind, but it evinces independence of feeling, and is treated with a Dutch earnestness as to effect and realisation.

No. 32. 'At Rotterdam,' A. MONTAGUE. Groups of venerable and decrepit houses, all that can be desired pictorially, but, save us from the experiment of living in them. The Dutch are a clean people, but the neglected exterior of these dwellings suggests a conviction which we have been compelled, how reluctantly soever, to admit, viz., that dirtiness is more picturesque than cleanliness.

No. 35. 'Night, Moonrise—Hastings,' E. C. WILLIAMS. With respect to identity of locale, this might be anywhere on the coast. It is simply an effect according to the title—early in a summer or autumn evening; the coast material, boats, sails, figures, &c., opposed to the light sky. The picture is well cared for in every part, and as to refinement and allusive narrative, it is the best work we have ever seen under this name.

No. 38. 'A Storm Gathering on Cader-Idris, North Wales,' S. R. PERCY. In this work the solemn menace of the heavens is rendered in

most impressive terms. The mountain is already mantled in the blackest draperies of the sky, the yet unveiled portion of which will soon be shrouded by the careering clouds, the movement of which is forcibly felt. Below, the landscape is sullenly awaiting the deluge and the whirlwind. The description had been entirely sublime but for the hay-cart and its accompaniments below.

No. 44. 'Sunset—Winter,' G. A. WILLIAMS. A class of subject to which this artist generally does ample justice. We feel the intense and piercing truth of this example.

No. 47. 'The Housekeeper's Daughter,' W. DUFFIELD. The scene is the larder, the figure is therefore consistently surrounded with varieties of game, fish, and vegetables—the whole brought forward in a favourite Dutch form: that is, as it were, at a window. The tapestry is a most successful study.

No. 48. 'Nut Gathering,' F. POWELL. Two little figures, backed by a hazel brake, the leafage of which has been very studiously worked out.

No. 64. 'Cimon and Iphigenia,' F. UNDERHILL. Burlesque titles are very rarely happy. The Iphigenia of this composition is a girl sleeping at a stile, overcome by the fatigue of her day's labours in the gleaming-field. The Cimon is an uncouth peasant boy, whose broad features expand into a smile. The work is firm, vigorous, and well coloured; but we submit it had been better were Cimon absent.

No. 67. ' * * * ' C. ROSSITER. The subject is from a popular song,—Dame Margery sitting "in her own still room," ruffled like the wife of a Dutch Burgomaster of the time of "that Antonio Vandyke," so famous for ruffs and ruffles. The effect of the picture is injured by the overpowering quantity of white in it.

No. 69. 'Swaledale,' J. PEEL. There is much less of manner in this than in antecedent productions of the same artist; and it is throughout distinguished by an unflinching assertion of local colour, very skillfully modified by an almost palpable atmospheric medium. It is the best picture the artist has as yet produced.

No. 73. 'Evening Thoughts,' J. A. HOUSTON. Like a miniature—if it be so, it is a fair example of miniature in oil.

No. 76. 'The Burnie Side,' BELL SMITH. A study of a girl standing by the brink of a rivulet. The figure is relieved by a wild and rocky background, with the very best results.

No. 81. 'Left in Charge,' W. HEMSLEY. Two cottage children "left in charge" of an infant sleeping in its cradle. The figures and the whole of the incidents are made out with the nicest finish.

No. 85. 'Medora,' J. G. MIDDLETON. She is presented in profile; and circumscribed as if mourning the absence of Conrad. The sentiment is appropriate, and successfully worked out.

No. 88. 'The Morning Rest, in Ploughing Time—a Scene in Sussex, near Newhaven,' H. B. WILLIS. The subject is a team of oxen brought forward in a landscape, flat and unbroken; thus giving principal importance to the animals, which are really equal to anything we have ever seen in this department of Art. It is impossible that the heads of oxen could be more faithfully drawn; and the successive tones of their coats are so skilfully managed with respect to perspective gradation, that each remoter animal clearly holds a position farther from the eye. It is a work of the highest excellence of its class.

No. 90. 'Salmon with Otter,' H. L. ROLFE. "Otter with Salmon," we think should have been the title here; inasmuch as the unfortunate fish plays only a secondary and a most reluctant part. Of the salmon we need not speak: the sinister look and the predatory character of the amphibious felon are described with much truth.

No. 92. 'A Portrait,' BELL SMITH. A well-coloured and most faithful resemblance of the painter.

No. 93. 'A Derbyshire Mill—Showery Weather,' J. WRIGHT OAKES. The sky and other parts of this work are unexceptionable; the principal components lose, perhaps, importance, by the precedence given to the near foliage.

No. 97. 'Going Out,' S. E. HODGSON. A small study of a young lady tying on her bonnet at a glass. It is very carefully painted.

No. 101. 'The Falconer,' MONS. E. WAGREZ. An example of a foreign school; showing in feeling and manner the result of the study of pictures rather than of nature.

No. 112. 'A Welsh Valley,' F. W. HULME. The haunt of the dainty kingfisher: a stream reduced to its summer limits, forcing its way over a stony bed shaded by trees; such is the nearest section of the composition; the more remote being rocky and well-wooded acclivities. The serious and earnest tone of the picture presents that simple and every-day phase of nature, which is most difficult to paint.

No. 116. 'A Bright Day on the Thames,' J. DEARLE. A section of river scenery, in which the trees and meadows are brought forward with a feeling of indisputable truth. The pale sky is reflected perhaps too vividly in the water, and there is a woolliness in the clouds which is not natural. The simplicity of the picture is its highest commendation.

No. 120. 'An English Farm-Yard,' A. F. ROLFE and J. FREDERICKS. All the material of this composition is admirably painted, especially the horses; but the manner and feeling prevalent throughout the whole are so like that of a well-known animal painter, that we had some doubt of the accuracy of the catalogue with respect to the names of the painters.

No. 124. 'Fluellen compelling Pistol to eat the Leek,' C. ROSSITER. The Pistol of this composition is similar to that of a small picture exhibited last year. Two more figures are now added. There is a difference between this work and those previously executed by this artist; it is harder, and consequently less agreeable.

No. 127. 'An Autumnal Evening, North Wales,' J. DEARLE. We feel here that the artist has painted exactly what he saw, and no more. Composition would have supplied what composition feels to be deficient. If the woolliness of the near stones be intended to reduce their importance, the artist will find such a principle of working to be erroneous.

No. 135. 'The Heavy Burden,' J. SURTEES. A girl resting with a creel full of peat: the head is a highly successful performance.

No. 141. 'Thames Tow Barge, Shiplake, Berks,' W. S. ROSE. This picture contains much that is highly creditable: but wherefore should that which is immediately under the eye be less definite than that which is remote from it? The near masses representing herbage are almost destitute of significance for want of a few sharp touches.

No. 143. 'A Tributary of the Clyde,' W. PARROTT. An extremely picturesque subject, brought forward with such confidence of manipulation as could only be acquired by very close study on the spot.

In this room there are three screens, containing numerous small works, of which the greater proportion are in water-colour. We find among those worthy of mention—'Going to Market,' A. H. TAYLOR; 'The Crypt, Wells Cathedral,' S. RAYNER; 'Scene from the Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie,' KARL HARTMANN; 'The Principal Street in Toledo,' T. R. MACQUOID; 'The Oratory,' S. RAYNER; 'Entrance to the Fore Walk, Wotton, Surrey,' G. BARNARD; 'Flowers,' Mrs. W. DUFFIELD; 'Viola,' A. H. TAYLOR; 'Group of Wild Flowers,' Mrs. WITHERS; 'Hop Pickers,' (a very graceful composition, well considered and charmingly painted), Miss S. F. HEWITT; 'Spring Shower, Vale of Arden, Warwickshire,' CHARLES MARSHALL; 'Scene in Caernarvonshire,' A. O. DEACON; 'Strong Breeze—Scene on the Scheldt,' T. S. ROBINS; 'A Peep into a Cottage Garden,' J. D. WATSON; 'Ariel, a Sketch,' F. M. MILLER; 'Lane near Weald, Essex,' J. E. MEADOWS; 'The Coming Storm,' FRED. S. BRIDELL.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 299. 'In the Marshes—Morning,' G. A. WILLIAMS. A broad and effective picture, showing the whole of the lower section with all its material in shaded opposition to the sky.

No. 308. 'One of the Ancient Rows still

remaining in Chester,' S. D. SWARBECK. A curious and unique subject, made out with the nicest attention to drawing and perspective.

No. 317. 'In the Highlands,' A. GILBERT. A large and broad composition, descriptive of the rising of the moon over lake and mountain. An expanse of water occupies the nearer breadth of the view, which is closed by high mountain ridges cutting the light sky. It is a production of much solemn grandeur.

No. 324. '.....' BELL SMITH. The story is the consultation of the flower, in order to learn the state of a beloved object's affections. It is, of course, a girl who appeals to the oracle by plucking the flower to pieces leaf by leaf. It is, we think, the most graceful picture the artist has ever produced.

No. 332. 'In the New Forest,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. In this picture the painter has withstood the temptations of *ad captandum* effect. The composition consists of a small patch of herbage cleared of timber, immediately closed in by a dense screen of ancient trees, which again are supported by remoter groups. This mere simplicity of statement is, after all, the most difficult to deal with.

No. 334. 'A Portrait,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. This, like the few portraits which this artist exhibits, is endowed with that kind of intelligence which should always be, but is so rarely, a qualification of portraiture.

No. 335. 'J. Watt and the Steam Engine—the Dawn of the Nineteenth Century,' J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject is undoubtedly of much interest; the artist has felt this, and has presented Watt a life-sized figure. He is occupied with the construction of working drawings, and leans back from the table at which he sits to watch the progress of a small steam-apparatus that is in operation near him. The picture pronounces at once its own title.

No. 344. 'Approaching Storm,' ALFRED W. WILLIAMS. A highly meritorious production, so accurately balanced both in material and chiar-oscuro, that no item of the one or passage of the other could be withdrawn without the loss being felt. It is characterised by an elevated conception beyond what we have seen in this painter's series. The cows are really worthy of a professed cattle painter.

No. 347. 'Aberdour Castle,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject of this picture may be simply described as a portion of a rocky acclivity overhanging the stream below. It has the appearance of having been painted on the spot, and has been realised with such surprising truth that no pebble, no blade of grass, has been overlooked. The gradual retirement of the upper portions of the ascent is most successfully represented. It is sufficiently minute to have been wrought from a photograph, but there is a mellowness about the execution that indicates rather a careful transcript from the veritable.

No. 353. 'View of the Lover's Leap, Buxton, Derbyshire,' J. A. HAMMERSLEY. An attractive subject, very conscientiously elaborated.

No. 356. 'The Swale, above Richmond, Yorkshire, looking across the Vale of Mowbray,' JAMES PEEL. The expression of graduated distance here is at once felt as an impressive truth. The subject, it is true, is of the most captivating kind, and thus contemplated under a summer sky could inspire only poetic sentiment. The gradual melting of colour into air is most happily realised. The subject, we repeat, is really a fine one, and it has received ample justice at the hands of the painter.

No. 359. 'The Attendant at the Old Hall,' DANIEL PASMORE. An agreeable piece of composition, worked out with more care than we have before observed in the works exhibited under this name.

No. 360. 'The Sea Nymph's Repose,' J. G. NASH. A miniature in oil, containing three nude figures: it is charming in colour; but in composition it might have been brought better together.

No. 364. 'Summer-time, and the Last Magazine,' W. M. HAY. We discover here a young lady reclining within the shade of trees, intent upon a book. The feeling of the little picture and its amount of success had been better supported by a higher degree of finish.

No. 366. 'Psyche steering the Bark of Love,' J. G. NASH. This same barque is a shell, evidently a very bad sea-boat, in tow of the sign Pisces—two fish very like grey mullet. It is very clear that Psyche has never been accustomed to handle the tiller. It is a pleasant phantasy; but why is the tempestuous sea only indicated? "The course of true love," &c.

No. 380. 'A Breeze down the River,' E. C. WILLIAMS. There is much more dash about this work than in any other we have ever seen by the same hand. It is broad and firm: the water and the sky leave nothing to be desired.

THE THIRD ROOM.

No. 404. 'Waterfall on the Long Strath, Stonesthwaite, Borodale, Cumberland.—Painted on the Spot,' HENRY MOORE. This is an example of the severest method of truth-telling. We see from time to time works executed closely from nature, with all the parts charmingly brought together, and as much as is desirable of the *suaviter in modo*. The picture is timidly painted; but study of this kind must bear fruit.

No. 408. 'Rouen,' A. MONTAGUE. We are here looking down the river, and see at some distance the two well-known towers. The picture is slight and sketchy.

No. 412. 'Castle of Lourdes, Pyrenees, France,' A. F. ROLFE. The castle is a fortress of some historical importance, having been ceded to the English as part of the ransom of the French King John. The site, surrounded as it is by lofty mountains, is one of the most picturesque imaginable: these reasons are sufficient to render the picture interesting.

No. 428. 'Hôtel de Ville and Petite Place, Arras,' L. J. WOOD. The Hôtel de Ville, which is partially in shade, is really most conscientiously detailed. The gaunt alignment of gables on the opposite side is described with great truth.

No. 429. 'Evening,' H. BRITTON WILLIS. We are here introduced to a *riposo*, an evening picnic of milky mothers that have settled for the night on a small peninsula of herbage, past which flows a wide and deep river. We could scarcely have believed that a small society of cows could interest us so much. It is the best cow picture we have of late seen. Many of our best friends will go to grass for many a summer before they will paint in this way.

No. 430. 'Homestead,' A. R. ROLFE and J. FREDERICK. The subject is a farm-yard and buildings, over which rises a screen of stately elms. The life of the composition is constituted of horses, fowls, and pigs, all of which are carefully drawn.

No. 432. 'Moel Siabod from near Bryntyrch, North Wales,' F. W. HULME. The whole of the near section of this composition is a water surface—a broad current flowing down to the frame. This is closed by rocks and trees, which retire in various forms, until the eye is led to the peak of the mountain, over which is passing an array of dark and yet darker clouds. So masterly is every passage of this work, that we cannot commend it too highly.

No. 444. 'On the Coast near Edinburgh,' EDWARD HARGITT. A study of a small section of sea-side scenery, very pleasing in colour, but in a desire to express breadth definition of parts has been lost sight of.

No. 446. 'Fruit,' W. DUFFIELD. A composition containing the usual varieties. The white grapes, especially, are deliciously painted.

No. 448. 'View of the Undercliff, near Bonchurch, Isle of Wight—Sandown Bay and Culver Cliffs in Distance,' painted from nature, J. E. MEADOWS. This is a faithful description of the character of the Undercliff, and a great merit of the picture is the successful expression of distance, with the maintenance of local colour.

No. 461. 'Dutch Vessels entering the Port of Lillo, on the Scheldt,' T. S. ROBINS. We are at once sensible of the breeze which here sweeps the sky and the surface of the water. It has been the desire of the painter to sustain this throughout, and the result is most successful.

No. 466. 'Place Cordelier, Dinant, Brittany,' L. J. WOOD. This artist really makes a great deal of these studies of ancient architecture.

They are admirably drawn, and although every stone is individualised, the most perfect breadth is preserved.

No. 472. 'The Angler's Haunt,' H. B. GRAY. The trees in this composition are less open to exception than the other principal parts. The bridge is unduly hard and sharp, and the water is opaque.

No. 475. 'Abbeville,' A. MONTAGUE. The cathedral of Abbeville can never be mistaken; the groups of houses want definition.

No. 478. 'An Orange Girl,' JAMES COLLINSON. This picture is marked "unfinished," but certainly it cannot be the brick wall in front of which the girl stands, for every brick has received ample justice. The figure is very earnestly painted, but it ought to have been brought out from the wall.

No. 484. 'The Beeches, Winter Morning,' H. H. HORSLEY. Twin beeches are the principal feature of this wintry landscape, they have been worked with the most exemplary patience.

No. 490. 'The Evening Walk, Malvern,' CHARLES COUZENS. A small, full-length figure, evidently a portrait; it is severe in taste, but distinguished by much graceful simplicity.

No. 495. 'The Dell, Derbyshire,' J. A. HAMMERSLEY. A study closely imitative of nature; the weedy foreground is the most striking passage of the composition.

No. 499. 'Coming Events cast their Shadows before,' H. L. ROLFE. The coming event here is a stealthy cat, which we know to be approaching the larder, because the animal's shadow is on the wall. Grimalkin will have two courses—enough to satisfy any moderate cat. The salmon and the birds—especially the former—are painted with the truth which characterizes all the artist's works.

No. 502. 'The Grave-digger's Riddle—Hamlet, act v. scene 1,' H. STACY MARKS. These two figures are extremely hard in execution—a disqualification which deprives finish of all its value. The church is rendered exactly, with all its mortar and minute flints—a passage of the picture which entirely supersedes the figures.

No. 509. 'Evangeline,' H. BARNARD. The figure is erect, in a contemplative pose; the drapery wants breadth, but there is in the work the feeling of a good picture.

No. 512. 'The Barmouth Valley, North Wales,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. A large canvas, showing a romantic section of lake and mountain scenery. The rough and broken foreground, with its rank grass, repeats a feature which in the series of this painter has always been remarkable.

No. 516. 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage,' C. OAKES. Somewhat more freely painted than others that have preceded it. The life of the composition is the cottager's wife contemplating her child on the ground as she sits at her wheel.

No. 521. 'Avenue from Nature,' EDWARD HARGITT. As to careful manipulation, the work is unobjectionable; but the hue of the foliage is too crude and metallic for the young green of trees; the masses also require separation and variety of disposition. The artist succeeds better in landscape breadths.

No. 528. 'The Terrace, Old Manor House—Warlaxton, Lincolnshire,' DANIEL PASMORE. A very pleasing composition, much in the feeling of the French school. It is what it professes to be—a representation of an ancient mansion, on the terrace and in the gardens before which, are strolling numerous groups of figures, attired in the costume of a period in which the mansion may be supposed to have been in its palmy state.

No. 541. 'Grassmere, Westmoreland,' Mrs. W. OLIVER. A small round picture, gracefully composed, having a mass of near trees and underwood, which very effectively assists the distances.

No. 543. 'The Bullfinch's Throne,' BENJAMIN WILLIAMS. The bullfinch is perched on a spray of apple blossom, of which every leaf has been scrupulously studied from nature. The bird is well drawn, and the idea is pretty and original.

No. 551. 'Commoners,' W. H. HOPKINS. These are two donkeys, the property of a neighbouring

encampment of gipsies. The animals look too well-conditioned to be the property of this vagrant race.

No. 552. 'River Scene, North Wales,' P. WEST ELEN. The water-course winds downward, occupying the nearest breadth of the canvas. The work presents the distinctive character of the best passages of Welsh scenery. The view is closed by mountainous ridges, to which the eye is skilfully led by intermediate gradation.

No. 562. 'Near Goatfell, Arran,' EDWARD HARGITT. In this picture the proposed distances are painted so substantially, that they do not retire sufficiently. It is a wild and very attractive subject, rendered with appropriate feeling, and in a manner original and independent; but the distances almost vie for precedence with the foreground.

No. 563. 'Eel Bucks on the Lodder,' R. BRANDARD. This has very strongly the impress of nature—but it is rather cold in colour.

No. 567. 'Autolycus as the Pedlar,' H. STACY MARKS. It is much to be regretted that the result of a determination to finish should so frequently end in mere hardness. The whole of the picture is very minutely manipulated; but the lines are unusually severe.

No. 573. 'The Nest,' ELIJAH WATTOW. It is that of a hedge-sparrow, surrounded by flowers of white and pink May; but the flowers are too large—they rival the eggs in size, whereas they should be much smaller; but the whole is worked out with the most conscientious exactitude as to detail.

The sculptural productions are only five in number. 'Paolo e Francesca di Rimini,' a group in plaster by ALFRED MUNRO, two small figures in the act of interchanging those endearments which consigned them to that circle of the Inferno in which they were found by Virgil and Dante. 'The Spirit of Nature,' a small female figure in plaster, broad, and essentially modern in taste, also by ALFRED MUNRO. 'The Sea-Nymphs discovering the body of Lycidas,' 'The Brothers in Comus,' and 'The contest between Good and Evil,' three bas-reliefs by F. M. MILLER, characterised by infinite elegance and refined feeling.

As we have already said, the prevailing feature of this exhibition is its landscape, in which, notwithstanding the identity of which we have complained, there is a great amount of excellence: the number of exhibitors' works is increased, but the proportion of striking figure-compositions is not proportionably augmented.

THE CRIMEAN EXHIBITION.

SUCH is the name given to a collection of pictures and drawings, exhibited at 121 Pall Mall, having especial reference to the late campaign in the Crimea. The drawings by Mr. SIMPSON amount to ninety-one; affording views of every point of interest connected with the recent operations. The pictures are only three in number; a full-length portrait of the Queen, painted by Mr. CATTERSON SMITH for the Corporation of Dublin; and two large pictures, 'The Battle of Inkermann,' and 'The Battle of Balaklava,' by Mr. E. ARMITAGE. For the portrait by Mr. SMITH, the Queen condescended to give fourteen sittings. The composition is extremely simple, as the accessories are few and unobtrusive. Her Majesty is standing on a dais, with the head turned slightly to the right, and wears a dress of plain white satin. We think it one of the best portraits of the Sovereign we have yet seen. 'The Battle of Inkermann' is represented as at near the close of that dire and sanguinary conflict, the time being about ten o'clock, when the Zouaves are just coming into the action, which had been sustained already for hours by our troops. We are placed near the sand-bag battery; and the immediate ground is occupied by the Grenadier Guards, who seem to be engaged with the enemy while yet in column. If this be not the disposition, it should not seem so: we are certainly not at the

head of the column, because the columns which are before us are with the centre companies. It is true that in this, the "soldiers' victory," there was nothing of the military pedantry of a Hyde Park Review; and, in the fearful pressure of these few awful hours, it is impossible to say into what anomalies of formation a battalion may have fallen. We think the artist conveys an imperfect conception of the battle, in one of the main principles on which he has worked. It is historically true that our troops were opposed to, and beat an overwhelming force of the enemy; but the vast disproportion does not appear in the pictures. We can perfectly understand the predilection of the painter for large figures; but, perhaps, with all the facilities which he has enjoyed, it might have been better to have shown more of the field, and more of the dispositions of the enemy: this would by no means have enfeebled his description of any one of the incidents he has introduced. On the high ground, which, from this view of the field, closes the composition at a little distance from the foreground, is seen the Duke of Cambridge with Major Macdonald; and in the *mêlée* before us, is Colonel Lindsay cheering on his men; also Captain Peel of the navy, followed by a middy—volunteers on this occasion. A great many of the men, Russians as well as English, are portraits; and, if the representatives here be according to natural truth, which we believe must be the case, from the opportunities which the artist has had of arriving at facts—the Russians in anything like equality of force can have no chance in front of our stalwart grenadiers, or even of our line regiments, of which so many are essentially grenadiers. The morning of that memorable fifth of November was rainy and dark, the aspect of the sky is therefore clouded, and the general appearance of the field excessively dreary. The men on both sides are fighting in their great coats: the Russians wearing flat-topped cloth caps, and our own people, of course, their bearskins. Throughout the picture there is an entire suppression of colour—this, consistently with truth, could not be otherwise; but where colour might with propriety have occurred, as, for instance, in the standard, it is even then reduced, in order that there may be no relief to the impression which, it is at once felt, is intended to be conveyed. In the Cavalry charge at Balaklava, the troops immediately engaged are the Scots Greys, and the 6th Dragoons, led by General Scarlett, who is himself penetrating the enemy's lines. Major Clarke, of the Scots Greys, is also a prominent figure. The troops with whom these regiments are engaged are Russian Light Cavalry, in grey or light blue uniforms, who, neither men nor horses, can make any stand against such force of bone and muscle as our troops bring against them. As in the other picture, the figures are large, only a very small section, therefore, of the battle can be shown. The figures are many of them portraits, and the ground is most accurately painted. Mr. Simpson's sketches are very interesting; there is not a spot associated in anywise with the history of the Crimean campaign that is not commemorated. A few of the sketches describing certain of the most remarkable localities may be mentioned, as—'The Interior of the Malakoff,' 'Interior of Fort Nicholas,' 'Ditch of the Bastion du Mât,' 'The Interior of the Redan,' 'Attack on the Malakoff,' 'The Battle of the Tchernaya,' 'The Interior of the Mamelon Vert,' 'Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade,' 'Charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade,' 'The Docks, &c.,' 'Entrance to Excavation, at Inkermann,' 'Admiral Lyons and Staff,' 'The Valley of the Tchernaya,' 'Camp of the Light Division,' 'The Town Batteries, or Interior fortifications of Sebastopol,' 'Funeral Cortège of Lord Raglan leaving Head Quarters,' 'Prince Woronzoff's Palace,' 'Sebastopol from the Sea,' and a large and highly-finished drawing showing the retreat of the Russians to the North-side, with Sebastopol blazing like one vast furnace in their rear. These engravings are executed on tinted paper, the lights being put in with white; they are unexceptionable in execution, and of their truthfulness there can be no question.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The splendid stained glass windows, formerly removed from the church of Notre Dame, because they obstructed the light, are to be replaced; this is a proof of good taste, as they are magnificent specimens of a former age.—The Tour St. Jacques de la Boucherie is nearly completed; stained glass windows are being placed, and the square round the tower planted with trees; the whole has a fine effect.—A splendid cradle is being constructed for the imperial infant; the body is in the form of a ship (the arms of Paris) richly ornamented with sculpture and enamel. The artists employed on this unique "domestic" object are Messrs. Baltard, Simart, Jaquemart, Gallois, Grohé, and Froment-Meurice.—An Art-exhibition is projected at Vienna; the paintings, by Winterhalter, of the Empress Eugenie, exhibited in Paris last year, are to be, by special request, forwarded to that town.—Lotteries are quite the fashion here; the various articles presented to the nation by artists and manufacturers after the close of the Grand Exhibition, will be put up as prizes in a lottery; the proceeds are for the widows and orphans of the army of the Crimea.—A shield in bronze has been presented to the Baron C. Dupin (chief commissioner at the London Exhibition, 1851); it is executed by Lienard, Froment-Meurice, and H. Plon.—M. Prévault has just finished a statue of Le Notre for the government.—The bust of Leopold Robert has been placed in the Louvre; it is by Adam Salomon.—The "Death of Patroclus," by Gérard, has been sent to the Museum at Tarbes.—The cross taken at Sebastopol by the French, in the church of St. Vladimir, has been placed in the Musée de Cluny.—Horace Vernet is busy painting the "Battle of Alma."—The whole ornamental part of the Louvre has been reproduced in photography, by order of M. A. Fould.—It is said that the Emperor has demanded from the civic authorities of the Hotel de Ville all the ancient plans for the embellishment of Paris; if this be true, the whole of old Paris is to be pulled down, and a new city built. The works are to be undertaken by three companies, and the estimate of the cost is at least 800 millions of francs.—At a sale of pictures belonging to M. Barollet, the opera singer at Paris, a few days ago, some Watteaus were disposed of at high prices—namely, one, representing "The Alliance of Music and Comedy," at 160*l.*; another a portrait of "Mme. Jullien" in mythological costume, at 158*l.*; a third, "Clytie Adoring the Sun," at 153*l.*; and "Le Glorieux," at 36*l.* At the same sale a "Triumph of Venus," by Boucher, fetched 120*l.*; "The Mountebanks," by Callot, 158*l.*; "The Silver Goblet," by Chardin, 80*l.*; a portrait of "Louis XVI.," by Greuze, 94*l.*; "The Pied de Boeuf," by Lancret, 158*l.*; "The Unfortunate Author," by Prudhon, 118*l.*; "A Charge of Cuirassiers," by Charlet, 38*l.*; "Maternal Care," by Frayonard, 29*l.*; and "The Caravan," by Marrithal, 55*l.*—At another recent sale in Paris, twenty-eight small landscapes, by Breughel, were sold for 440*l.*; "An Interior of a Church," by Peter Neuss, 18*l.*; "An Interior of a Cathedral," by the same, 19*l.*; "Politicians in the Garden of the Tuileries," by Bailly, 19*l.*; "Flowers on Porcelain," by Prêtre, 30*l.*; "The Chamber of Jesus," by C. Dolce, 16*l.*; "A Holy Family," by Maratti, 25*l.*; "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Beschey, 16*l.* 10*s.*; and "The Adoration of the Magi," by Tiepolo, 17*l.* At the same sale some works in ivory were disposed of, and amongst them were an "Ascension of Christ," 38*l.*; an "Adoration of the Shepherds," 19*l.* 10*s.*; "Birth of Christ," 35*l.* 10*s.*; a small "Christ," 34*l.*; and a "Calvary," 27*l.* 10*s.*

CARLSRUHE.—We hear, says the *Literary Gazette*, that a work of Art, just arrived from Rome, is creating much attention there. It is a statue of a young violin player, executed in Carrara marble by Herr Steinhäuser. The subject would seem most unsuited to sculpture; but it would appear that the artist has completely conquered the difficulties in his work. The statue, placed on a pedestal of red marble, represents a youth of the size of life, draped in a cloak cast over the left shoulder, which envelops the body, and descends to the knee. The attitude of the head, and expression of the face, denote the moment of rapt inspiration as he is about to sound his instrument. The bow and strings of the violin are of bronze. The statue is the property of the Prince Regent, who does everything in his limited power to further Art in his states.

COLOGNE.—The provincial government of Cologne, we learn from the *Builder*, have ordered M. Hohe, professor of drawing, to copy and trace the old mural paintings of St. Gereon's Church. They

belong to the thirteenth century, and are conspicuous for correct design and brilliant colouring, and represent figures of saints, above life size; containing also the apocalyptic signs of the evangelists, who stand in the niches of the chapel. The surrounding ornaments are in the Romanic character, passing somewhat into the Gothic.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WARRINGTON.—The council of the Warrington School of Art report that the prospects of the school at the close of the first year of its perfectly independent existence are most gratifying in every respect. The school has now fully overcome the difficulties that beset such an institution at its outset, has won general confidence, has enlarged the sphere of its labours, and now really promises a future of stability and permanent usefulness. The year has been an eventful one; and though sometimes difficulties have gathered, the very efforts that have been necessary to overcome them have done much to spread a knowledge of the advantages of the institution, and to enlist public sympathy in its behalf. The attendance of students at the central school during the year has been as follows:—Special Class, males, 16; females, 26. Public Day Class, males, 25; females, 11. Public Evening Class, males, 45; females, 2. The entire number of students who have attended the school during the year is—Males, 86; Females, 39. Total 125. The relative merit of the works of the pupils has been impartially tested by examiners appointed by the Board of Trade in the three public exhibitions of students' works which have been held in London since the date of the last report of the school. Medals were awarded in those exhibitions to thirty-four works of the Warrington students, a number greater than that awarded to any school of the same age, even in large towns, and exceeding in some cases the number granted to the old-established schools.

PLYMOUTH.—The school of Art in this town progresses so satisfactorily that the accommodation at present provided does not meet its necessities, so that the committee have been compelled to refuse a considerable number of applicants for admission.

BATH.—The committee who manage the agreeable *réunions* at Bath exert themselves most laudably for the advantage of their visitors. The third *conversazione* of the season, which took place on the 11th of March, attracted much interest from the large number of excellent paintings and drawings lent for exhibition; the most valuable of these were contributed by Mr. Wallis, who sent Maclise's "Veiled Prophet" and "Spirit of Chivalry," Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini," Rankley's "Dream of Hope," F. Goodall's "Raising the Maypole," a small *replica*, with some slight variations, of the larger work; Linnell's "Windmill," Wilkie's "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," drawings by Austin, Turner, Stanfield, Müller, Chambers, W. Goodall, Hall, Hunt, Rayner, D. Cox, sen., T. S. Cooper, Bright, Salmon, Lewis. Among other works deserving of especial notice were "The Halt of a Party after a Day's Sport in the Highlands," by J. F. Herring; "Sunset at Sea" and "Isola del Pescatori," by G. E. Hering; "Sea Coast" and "Stepping Stones," by T. Danby; "Roses," by Miss A. Nutrie; "The Gardener's Store-room," G. Lance; "The Mill" and a "Landscape," by Bright; two "Views in North Devon," W. Muller; "The Mill-tail," G. Frapp; "Coast Scene," T. B. Aylmer; "Child mourning over a dead Bird," Sant; "The Deer-Leap," and others, by H. B. Willis; some interiors by Helmsley and J. and D. Hardy respectively; water-colour drawings in frames by Colingwood Smith; and in portfolios by Bennett, McKewan, Soper, Jutsum, Stephanoff, &c. &c.

TRURO.—The ladies of the morning class of the School of Art have presented to the master, Mr. G. R. Gill, a silver-mounted dressing-case, as a mark of their esteem for his manner of conducting their studies. The progress of the class it refers to affords much satisfaction, we are told, to the promoters of the school.

CLIFTON.—The first *conversazione* for the season of the Bristol and Clifton Graphic Society took place on Tuesday evening, the 4th of March, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, and was well attended.

WÖRCESTER.—The Society of Arts of this city gave a *soirée* on the 20th of February. The great feature of attraction were the pictures selected by the Art-Union of Glasgow. M. De Peix Durieux during the evening read a paper on Art, which was listened to with much attention.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GENEVIÈVE OF BRABANT.

G. Wappers, Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. by 1 ft. 5½ in.

BARON GUSTAVUS WAPPERS, an artist whose merits have procured him from his sovereign an honourable title, was, till recently, President of the Academy of Arts of Antwerp, in which city he was born in 1803. He was a pupil in the school of which he afterwards became the head. In 1821 and 1823, he contended, but on both occasions unsuccessfully, for the prize which would have sent him to study at Rome: being frustrated in his desire to become acquainted with the great masters of Italy, as they are seen in their own country, he applied himself assiduously, under the direction of M. Herreyns, to the study of those works which were within his immediate reach—the pictures of the Flemish painters, especially those by Rubens and Vandyke. Subsequently he went into Holland to look at Rembrandt, and to Paris for the purpose of seeing the Italian pictures in the Louvre. But the style of this artist inclines far more to the Dutch and Italian schools than to that of Italy.

In 1833 he exhibited at Antwerp a large picture, painted for the church of St. Michael at Louvain. The subject is "The Entombment." The composition of this work is fine, but the colouring is somewhat over-done, a fault pardonable in a young artist whose enthusiasm was not yet tempered by judgment. An incident in the last Belgian Revolution, "The Populace tearing down the Proclamation of Prince Frederick in the grand square of Brussels," gave him, in 1835, a subject of another large work, which, in all the essentials of good painting, showed a marked superiority over the preceding picture: while his exhibited production of the following year, "Charles I. taking leave of his Family," manifested a striking advance in the powers of the artist. "M. Wappers," wrote a foreign critic some years back, "has in this picture really shown himself a great poet; it is impossible to be more poetical, more profound, more noble, and more truthful at the same time. The canvas is a complete poem,—it is full of thoughts finely rendered."

We may mention among his other historical pictures, as especially entitled to honourable mention, his "Anne Boleyn;" "Charles IX. on the Eve of St. Bartholomew;" "The Massacre of the Protestants;" "Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel;" "Heloise and Abelard;" "Peter the Great at Saardam;" "Louis XI. witnessing a Fête-Champêtre;" "The Temptation of St. Anthony;" "The Defence of Rhodes against the Saracens by the Chevalier Paulques de Villaret," painted in 1848, by order of Louis Philippe, for the Palace of Versailles; &c. &c. The portraits by Baron Wappers are not unworthy of the great master whom he has most studied to follow in this branch of Art—namely, Vandyke.

This picture of "Geneviève of Brabant," painted in 1845, was, we have heard, a gift from the painter to Prince Albert, as a birthday-present to her Majesty. The subject is taken from an old Flemish legend, as popular in that country as the "Babes in the Wood," or any other, is in our own. Geneviève, driven from her home, through a false accusation, while her husband, the Count of Brabant, is engaged in the Crusades, is forced to take refuge, with her infant, in a cavern, where a hind daily ministers to their sustenance. She is represented in the picture at the entrance of the grotto, which opens towards a forest; the child is resting in her lap, the hind at her feet. The cavern is illumined by the brightness of day, and the painter, in a happy mood, has concentrated the rays of light chiefly upon the child's face. By this his idea is sufficiently illustrated. Though Geneviève's head is shaded, she does not look up painfully, nor does she appear as suffering from mental disquietude: her thoughts are with her child, who, blessed with health and infantine beauty, is her comfort and joy in these dark hours of her history.

The picture is in the collection at Windsor.

EXETER HALL

ON THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH.

THE great London world knows that, on the evening of the eleventh of March, Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt gave a concert at Exeter Hall, devoting the whole of the receipts to the NIGHTINGALE FUND. Some months have elapsed since this was determined on, and the manner of the "doing" has been worthy of the doers, and of the cause: the public saw the effect; but only those who were so fortunate as to be "behind the scenes" can thoroughly appreciate the sacrifice, the earnestness of purpose, the care and pains bestowed in "getting up" the concert. Indeed, the rehearsals were as well worth hearing as the concert itself—in some instances better: for Madame Goldschmidt did not hesitate to sing over and over again, not only passages but pages, when the accompaniments wanted perfecting; these repetitions were given with as much strength and expression as if the "public" were present; hour after hour passed away, but Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt remained with Mr. Benedict, labouring for the completeness of the whole.

The evening concert was also distinguished by another mark of this desire for perfection: not only did it present the mingled attractions of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Weber, and Meyerbeer, but Mr. Goldschmidt had reserved the first performance of what may be called a miniature Oratorio of his own composition for the occasion; thus adding a decided novelty to the attractions of "the world's favourites."

Mr. Goldschmidt's reputation as a pianist has increased with every performance; the selection of his subjects is evidence of his school, and of his taste: but to thoroughly appreciate the tenderness and delicacy of this *artiste's* piano-forte playing, he should be heard in a less spacious concert-room; for though his finger is sufficiently eloquent and powerful to fill Exeter Hall in the stronger parts, yet the hall is ill adapted for the conveyance of those delicate phrases—those soft and exquisite passages—which Otto Goldschmidt renders with such perfect sentiment—such marvellous depth and tenderness of feeling and expression.

Taking the 130th Psalm as his text, Mr. Goldschmidt's introduction was prayerful and fervent: the preface to a pleading and pathetic melody, "From the deep I cry unto thee, O Lord," which was exquisitely and truthfully rendered by Madame Goldschmidt; this was followed by a chorus, founded on Martin Luther's *Chorale*; then came a short interlude, preceding a delicious chorus of female voices:—

"See all the lilies clad in glory,
They labour not;
See all the birds that fly before thee,
They gather not;
Yet the Lord maintaineth them,
His mighty hand sustaineth them;
Say, art thou not more than the flowers he unfoldeth,
And more than the birds he upholdeth?"

The effect of this chorus was all that could be desired; and the applause was only partially subdued, despite the "time-honoured" custom of not applauding sacred music.

The duet between Madame Goldschmidt and Mr. Swift, which immediately followed, sustained the character of the composition; while the chorus for male voices that burst forth at its conclusion, freely expressed the hope and mercy which the words conveyed.

The *Arioso*, sung by Madame Goldschmidt, with obligato accompaniment on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus, relieved the chorus, and was exquisitely given; we could have wished it prolonged; but the composer revels in multitudes of voices and instruments, perfectly acquainted with the power and extent of those he calls into action: all is commanded by a master's skill; each plays its own part towards the perfecting of the whole; and, if we felt the first chorus drag a little before its conclusion, the last left us positively nothing to desire but its repetition.

Without being professedly critical in things musical, we can bear ample testimony to the poetic conception and fulfilment of this varied



GENEVIEVE OF BRABANT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



and beautiful composition; giving sound and voice first to the earnest prayer, then to the evidences of Almighty goodness; and, lastly, to the exulting triumph, springing from faith, in the "Great Shepherd." We have reason to rejoice that Mr. Goldschmidt has contributed so effectively to our store of sacred music; and to thank him for the graceful homage rendered to Miss Nightingale, by producing what was in itself so pure and holy for such an occasion.

Nothing could be more rich and varied than the first part of this unrivalled performance. The test of the musical standing of an audience is in their appreciation of instrumental music; "a song" hushes even the least initiated into silence; but it is only an educated and comprehending audience that are "hushed as the grave," when Beethoven and his compeers speak; England is still in its noviciate as a musical nation. Paying for a thing and appreciating it are two distinct matters; but the more we advance, the more thoroughly shall we comprehend the rendering of the compositions of the old masters, by the hands of such conscientious and faithful musicians as Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

The second part of this deeply interesting concert was hailed by the most vigorous applause—the audience, freed from the restraint of custom, indulged their enthusiasm; all could wonder at and admire the miraculous vocalisation of Madame Goldschmidt in "Squallida veste e bruna;" it was a concert in itself, giving ample proof that while her voice has not lost a shadow of its eloquence and beauty, it has gained in strength, and even in extent. Her singing in the trio for a soprano and two flutes, has achieved popularity throughout Europe and America; and the concert wound up gloriously by the world-famous solo quartette and chorus "Alziam gli evviva," from Weber's "Euryanthe."

Charming as was all—perfect of its kind—a leader of rare and varied accomplishments, unsurpassed artists and orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and a brilliant audience—there was a purpose about this concert more grand in its simplicity than anything that has hitherto been felt or known in England. A country gentlewoman, moved by the spirit of Samaritan Christianity to devote herself, while in the bloom of womanhood, to the alleviation of suffering and the amelioration of the necessities of the poor, trains her accomplished mind to the duties of a nurse. She seeks abroad the information which, to our shame be it spoken, she could not find at home, by the power of a mind which, seeing that its attributes are purely feminine, it would be an offence to call "masculine." She saw, combined, considered—and, freighted with her slowly but surely developed purpose, she returned, not to the ease and luxury of her beautiful home, to visit the sick in "silken sheen," and talk over her "experience" in "county families," but to alleviate the sufferings of the "poor gentlewoman," in an asylum which she undertook to superintend, reorganise, and assist to support. This was all done without sound or parade—none had then heard the name which has since been hailed as the one unsullied glory of our war: there she watched and waited, not as a lady, but as a woman; never perhaps thinking of the gifts which were working out a destiny, the most glorious that ever fell to woman's lot. When the time of her country's struggle arrived, the path she considered duty lay wide and broad before her. Many devoted women desired to combine with her, and others followed in their wake. Mr. Sidney Herbert saw the bane and antidote,—to him we are indebted for appreciating Florence Nightingale when her name was hardly known in her new calling, beyond the refuge where she succoured and saved—he knew her purpose, knew her strength, knew that England could trust her. And she went with one or two friends, and a band of women—all prepared to devote themselves for the honour of their country and the good of mankind!

But all words concerning this admirable woman are now needless; the world feels, appreciates, and acknowledges the debt the world owes her; to the thousands who have derived health and life from her labours may be added

—in the prospect—the hundreds of thousands of the hereafter. It is a glory to have aided the future of such a woman, while recording homage and gratitude for the past.

But in the matter to which we now more immediately refer, there is something inexpressibly gratifying: Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt are foreigners; they cannot, either indirectly or directly, derive comfort or advantage from the Institution Miss Nightingale is to form—except in their large love of humanity, and their abounding desire to do good. Yet see what they have done for the Nightingale Fund! The concert realised a sum of no less than 1,872*l.* 6*s.*, that is to say, such was the sum paid by the attendance, for Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt would permit no deduction on account of the necessary expenses: these expenses they paid themselves, and they exceeded in amount 560*l.* Had they contributed only this 560*l.*, it would have been a noble contribution! As it is, it is without parallel: so grand and graceful a gift of homage from one woman to another has never been recorded.* Surely this great example must spread: surely there will not be a woman in the British dominions who will not—as far as her means permit her—"do likewise!"

A. M. H.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

This very valuable society had its anniversary festival on March 15. We have so often directed attention to its claims and merits, that our duty may now be discharged by simply recording its progress. Since its institution—so far back as the year 1814—it has relieved a large amount of suffering; and although it is, very properly, a principle not to publish the names of those who are relieved or assisted, we speak within our own knowledge when we say that among the "cases" are many of a deeply touching and highly interesting character. Our readers are aware that this society differs from "The Artists' Benevolent Fund," inasmuch as it is open to all applicants—artists, their widows and orphans, who are in difficulties or distress; while "The Artists' Fund"—an admirable institution—does not, and cannot, afford relief to any who are not of its subscribers. The dinner on the 11th was well attended; the President and eight or ten members of the Royal Academy being among the guests. Lord Stanley discharged the duties of chairman with remarkable felicity, and with considerable eloquence; he was ably supported by the Earl Stanhope, who made the very gratifying announcement that the sum acquired by the forthcoming "Life of Sir Robert Peel"—the production of which from the great and good statesman's papers had been entrusted to him and Mr. Cardwell—was by his directions to

* We print with much pleasure the following "acknowledgment," which has been circulated by the Committee:—

"THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—5, Parliament Street, March 17, 1856.—The Committee of the Nightingale Fund have the gratification to announce, that they have received from Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt the munificent contribution of 1,872*l.* 6*s.*, being the proceeds of the concert given by them at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, the 11th of March.

"This amount is free of all deduction on account of the expenses of the concert, which have been entirely defrayed by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt.

"The contribution is presented by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt as 'a testimony of their warm interest in the purposes to which the fund is destined, and of their sympathy and admiration towards the lady whose name it bears.'

"The Committee feel that any observations would be superfluous, but they cannot issue this announcement without expressing their belief that this act of Christian sympathy on the part of an accomplished foreign lady, marking her appreciation of the services of one of her own sex, and of the benevolent and useful purposes to which the fund is appropriated, cannot fail to call forth new and increased exertions on the part of all the countrywomen of Florence Nightingale.

"MONTAGUE, Chairman.
"SIDNEY HERBERT, } Hon.
"S. C. HALL, } Secs."

be divided among several charitable institutions—of which the first hundred pounds was then and there presented to "The Artists' General Benevolent Fund." A scarcely less gratifying announcement was made in the Hall: two very beautiful engravings have been given to the society by Lord Yarborough; one of these, the far-famed "Wreck of the Minotaur," was exhibited in the room. This most liberal and valuable aid to the society was communicated by his lordship in a letter to the President of the Royal Academy, of which we are permitted to print a copy:—

MANNY HALL,
BRIGG, Nov. 3, 1855.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—

Some three years ago I presented to Mr. Charles Agar, of Manchester, the copyright of "The Wreck of the Minotaur," which he undertook to have engraved for general distribution.

Since then, circumstances have occurred which have induced me to make arrangements with him for the purchase of the engraved plate. In consideration of the benevolent object for which it is my intention to apply it, he kindly resigned any pecuniary advantage to be derived therefrom.

The position you occupy as President of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, induces me to address you, to ask your assistance in enabling me to carry out to the fullest extent a scheme I have in view—viz., to assist deserving but distinguished artists, their widows and orphans.

With this object I propose to present to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution the copyright and two engraved steel plates from pictures in my own possession. The one, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," on the point of completion by Mr. T. O. Barlow: the other, "The Opening of the Vintage of Mâcon," which engraving the same gentleman has engaged to complete by the 19th of September, 1857. Both these pictures, as you are doubtless aware, were painted by the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and under the following circumstances.

My grandfather, with two other noblemen, subscribed a sum of money to enable Mr. Turner to travel, and take advantage of the opportunities then offered to artists to study the works of old masters. Whilst so travelling—I think about the beginning of this century—he painted the latter picture, styled "The Opening of the Vintage of Mâcon," of which a relative of mine wrote to me in 1851:—"Turner's own description, some thirty or forty years ago, was 'Between Chalons and Mâcon; at that time it caused a great sensation.' I believe that picture was painted about 1807, and then purchased by my grandfather. The other picture, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," was painted for my father, I believe, about the year 1811.

In the *Naval Chronicle*, at vol. xxv, page 56, a description of the wreck is given.

I therefore present to the above-named Institution the copyright and engraved steel-plates of these valued works of Art, to induce other proprietors of valuable pictures to follow my example, by which I am inclined to hope substantial means of affording relief to distressed artists may be forthcoming, and at the same time an encouragement given to artists to produce works of sufficient importance to secure their being handed down to posterity; and, let me observe, that whilst the proprietors of such pictures may be supplying themselves with another work of Art in the shape of an engraving, those prized pictures may at the same time encourage a charity in every way deserving of support.

I must ask you to be so good as to frame, with the assistance of the council, the most desirable mode of securing to the Institution the largest amount of money, which the possession of these plates may enable them to add to its funds.

You will, perhaps, allow me to observe, when I consider the circumstance of the late Mr. Turner having been a zealous and anxious supporter of your Institution, the possession of these plates by it is rendered very appropriate.

Believe me,

Dear Sir Charles Eastlake,

Yours faithfully,

YARBOROUGH.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE MODELS FOR SIX NEW STATUES to illustrate the creations of the poets of Great Britain, have been selected by the London City authorities, and the six commissions finally given. Mr. Baily undertakes another Miltonic figure, "The Spirit of the Woods;" Mr. Wyon a statue of "Britomart," from Spenser's "Faery Queen;" Mr. Theed, a figure of Gray's "Bard;" Mr. Durham, a statue of Hermione, in the "Winter's Tale;" Mr. Weekes, a figure of Sardanapalus, from Byron's tragedy; and Mr. Foley, a statue of Caractacus. These works are to be executed in marble; and for each the City is to pay the sum of 700*l*. The height of each is to be six feet. We have repeatedly expressed the exceeding satisfaction the public will feel at this encouragement of Art, on the part of the magnates of "Great London." We are not quite sure that wisdom has been exercised in permitting to the sculptors the choice of subject: they are, as will be seen, so varied in style and character, that all harmony is sacrificed. This may not be a disadvantage if they are to be placed in separate and distinct apartments; but it will be a serious evil if they are all to occupy the Egyptian Hall.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Mr. Coningham, we fear, will never rest satisfied with any acquisition the National Gallery receives till he is consulted previously to its purchase: it is a great pity the trustees do not remove Sir Charles Eastlake, and substitute Mr. Coningham in his room; they will then, probably, be permitted to hold office in quietude. This gentleman has recently addressed a letter to the *Times*, asserting that the new purchase, "The Adoration of the Magi," by Paul Veronese, is absolutely worth nothing! We dare say if it fell into the hands of one of the itinerant picture-dealers who traverse the country, something would be made of it; at least, a few years ago this would have certainly been done. We are not prepared to say the picture is worth 2000*l*., about the sum which, it is stated, was paid for it; but surely the President of the Royal Academy, who is also Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. Wornum, the Secretary, who also, we presume, had a voice in the purchase, are as capable of forming an opinion on the originality and the value of a picture by an old master as Mr. Coningham: for ourselves, we have far less confidence in his judgment, even were he of less querulous disposition, than in that of the Director and the Secretary.

COPYRIGHT IN PICTURES.—The Royal Academy, it would seem, is about to stir itself in the long-voiced question of Copyright in Pictures, a meeting of the Council having been held on the evening of March 14th, to consider the best method of procedure. Such a movement it is right should emanate from such a body, and if properly managed, as there is every reason to believe it will be, must result in a manner satisfactory to the artists and the public. At present neither the one nor the other know what are their rightful claims.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The destruction by fire of this fine edifice on the morning of the 4th of March must be a matter of sincere regret to every lover of dramatic and lyric art, and scarcely less to the admirers of what more strictly belongs to the Fine Arts. In the almost universal conflagration, the magnificent scenery painted by Messrs. Grieco & Telbin during a course of many years for the various operas, pantomimes, and dramatic representations which were performed within its walls, is involved: of this description of Art-work it is not too much to say that they have never been surpassed in this or any other country, the talents of these artists having brought scene-painting to the highest point of excellence. The four pictures by Hogarth, representing the "Seasons," which hung upon the walls in the private room of the lessee, are also destroyed, besides an immense quantity of fine ancient armour, costumes of infinite variety, and "properties" of every kind, all of which served to make up the living pictures that have proved sources of rational enjoyment to thousands. But the ruins make a pic-

torial "subject" which would be worth looking at by some of our architectural painters; standing among them, one may, without any vast stretch of imagination, fancy himself among the relics of some old Roman edifice. The building itself was not without considerable attractions as an architectural work: it was erected, in 1809, from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and the portico, which formed the principal feature externally, was always greatly admired; the sculptured bas-reliefs, and the statues of "Tragedy" and "Comedy" which also decorated the front, were executed by Flaxman. The theatre had frequently been used for purposes unworthy of its original object, and of the names—the Siddons and the Kembles—so long associated with its glories; and we cannot help lamenting it has fallen a victim to one of the most senseless and demoralising exhibitions that was ever contrived to pass away hours devoted to relaxation: we have often wondered that a sober-minded people, like the English, could tolerate the absurdities—to add nothing more—of a *bal masqué*.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—The *Builder* announces that at a special general meeting of the Institute, held on Monday evening, February 18th, the Royal Gold Medal was unanimously awarded, subject to her Majesty's gracious approval, to Wm. Tite, Fellow, F.R.S., M.P. The Soane Medallion was awarded to Mr. Leonard R. Roberts, of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, for his design for a town mansion. A Medal of Merit was awarded to Mr. Thomas C. Sorby, of Guildford Street, Russell Square, for his design for Law Courts. A Medal of Merit to Mr. James Blake, of Handsworth, Birmingham, for his design for a town mansion. And the Silver Medal of the Institute to Mr. T. A. Britton, of Camden Town, for an essay on "The Timber-Growing Countries of Europe and America."

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—There seems to be some movement afoot relative to a new National Gallery, for Prince Albert, attended by Sir W. Cubitt and Mr. Edgar Bowering, recently paid a visit to the ground at Kensington Gore, purchased some time since by the Royal Commission: we shall wait anxiously to know what is contemplated.

TURNER'S BEQUEST: TRIMMER v. DABY.—This case, which has been adjourned from time to time, to settle the terms of compromise between the Crown and the next of kin and heir-at-law of the testator, has at last been brought to a termination by the sanction of the Vice-Chancellor. The result, so far as the public is concerned, is that all pictures, finished and unfinished, sketches and drawings (except engravings), are to go to the Trustees of the National Gallery—that is, all works by the hand of Mr. Turner, the selection to be committed to Sir C. L. Eastlake, President of the Academy, and Mr. Knight, R.A., the Secretary. The engravings and other drawings (we do not quite understand what these "other drawings" can be) to be delivered to the next of kin: the trustees of the Royal Academy to be entitled to 20,000*l*., free of legacy duty. There thus seems to be no chance of the "Artists' Almshouse."

MADemoiselle ROSA BONHEUR's fine picture of "The Horse Fair," engraving for Mr. Gambart, is at present being exhibited at the Royal Institution, Manchester, under the care of Messrs. Agnew & Son. Mr. Thomas Landseer is working most assiduously on the plate, which he hopes to have completed by the end of the year; it is of large dimensions. We have had an opportunity of examining an etching proof; it is, certainly, the work of a master; Mr. Landseer has caught the true spirit of the artist in the drawing and character of the animals, and if the plate is finished as it has been commenced, of which there is no doubt, it will, we expect, be the *chef d'œuvre* of the engraver.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.—A stained glass window of large dimensions, about twenty-five feet in height, has recently been placed in the eastern end of the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. It was executed from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Mr. Burchett, headmaster of the School of the Department of Science and Art, at Marlborough House. The principal decorations consist of our national

armorial bearings, surrounded by naval emblems and other ornaments: the whole has a rich effect, adding materially to the beauty of this noble apartment.

PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is announced that a collection of paintings will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace during the summer, such pictures to be gathered not only from England, but from the various countries of the continent. Such a scheme might possibly have succeeded a year or two ago, but it cannot be concealed that the palace at Sydenham has lost its *prestige*, and it is not likely that artists of rank and merit will be disposed to place their pictures there—even if they have them to place, which is improbable. The project is to exhibit them "for sale," and this may tempt dealers to consider the Crystal Palace a convenient store-house; further than this we do not expect it to be; but while we view the affair with doubt approaching suspicion, it will be our duty to aid if we find the performance better than the promise.

THE PEACE CONFERENCES.—Mr. Gambart, the publisher, of Berners Street, has, it is said, given a commission to M. Dubufe, to paint a picture of the plenipotentiaries assembled in Paris to settle the question of peace: how the artist is to make his sketch "from the life" we know not, if the apartment in which the conferences are held is so hermetically sealed up against spectators and hearers as it is reported to be. M. Dubufe is a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and is to have 1200*l*. for his picture, which will be brought to England to be engraved.

THE OLD CRYPT under the Guildhall of London is, we hear, about to be converted into a kitchen! where turtle and venison will be dished up for future civic entertainments: Mr. Bunning has been requested to procure estimates for the necessary cooking apparatus. Is there so little reverence for antiquities among the civic authorities that this crypt, one of the finest specimens of early English architecture that the city can boast, must be sacrificed at the shrines of Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Dalgairns, and M. Soyer?

THE HAMPSHIRE CONVERSATION held a meeting on the 11th of March; the members and their friends assembling in considerable force. The principal Art-contributions were a large number of landscape sketches in oil, by Mr. J. W. Oakes, and in water-colour by Mr. W. L. Leitch; of churches by Mr. H. J. Johnson; Mr. E. Armitage's original sketches of the "Battle of Inkermann," and the "Charge at Balaklava," for the two large pictures now exhibiting in Pall Mall; sketches in the Crimea, by Mr. M. Halliday, an amateur artist; Mr. Cockerell, R.A., sent his ingenious and clever drawing of the "Professor's Dream," a comparative view of all the great buildings of the world; and his son, Mr. F. P. Cockerell, contributed several architectural drawings, chiefly of churches in Paris, Rome, &c. Other objects were collected in the apartment to aid in the evening's amusement; china, majolica ware, and weapons of war taken in the Crimean campaign.

PANORAMA OF SEBASTOPOL.—From the time of the elder Barker to the present, the wars in which England has been engaged have formed many of the most interesting and popular exhibitions in the building so long devoted to panoramic representations in Leicester Square; this is not to be wondered at if we recollect how wide an interest is created by the stern realities of war, even though we know them only through the aid of the artist's pencil. Mr. Burford, the worthy successor of the younger Barker, has recently opened to the public a "View of the City of Sebastopol, the Assaults on the Malakhoff and the Redan, the Retreat of the Russians to the North Side of the Harbour," &c., the whole constituting a most perfect and truthful representation of the final terrible struggle for this stronghold of Russian power in the Crimea. The panorama is painted from sketches taken by Captain Verschoyle, of the Grenadier Guards, aided by photographic views, which give to the work a truthfulness it would have been quite impossible to reach by any other means. The whole scene lies stretched out before the eye of the spectator—who is presumed to be standing on one of the outworks of the Malakhoff—in all its terrible vividness: we see the brilliant and

successful attacks of the French on this almost impregnable position, our own not less gallant but unfortunate attempt to storm the Redan, the long lines of trenches intersecting the surrounding country like a net-work, the town of Sebastopol riven and shattered by the long-continued and heavy fire of the besiegers, the suburb of the Karabelnaia, a perfect scene of ruin and desolation—everything, in fact, not only painted with the skill of a true artist, but, as was remarked by a visitor who had been present throughout the whole campaign, with "marvellous fidelity." We trust the day is very far distant when such another subject—one in its vastness, its terrific and awful grandeur, can scarcely, however, occur again—will engage the pencil of Mr. Burford and his able assistant, Mr. Selous. We scarcely need to recommend a visit to it, but we can heartily do so. By the way, would it not be possible to open the exhibition in the evening? There are thousands who would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity, whose occupations afford them no other; we throw out the hint for Mr. Burford's consideration.

STUMPS FOR CRAYON DRAWING.—We have received from Messrs. Houghton & Co. specimens of stumps applicable to crayon drawings of every kind; they seem to possess qualities as good as the stumps which are supplied to this country by manufacturers of France, who have hitherto enjoyed almost a monopoly in England of this useful article. The leather stump of Messrs. Houghton is very solid, and shows none of the interstices which so much annoy artists by producing double lines in ridges, and it possesses that great desideratum, a firm and solid point. The paper stump manufactured by them is made of the best white blotting-paper, which, by the aid of machinery, is rolled into a solid and correct form, pleasant to work with. The pulpy nature of the material gives to it a beautiful softness of surface unattainable by the hard paper in general use. There is also a stump which the makers call the "Cartoon Stump;" it will be found very useful from the peculiarity of its shape; the flat end being adapted for rubbing in foregrounds, and for model-drawing. These stumps may be procured from any of the principal artists' colourmen in London.

EVANS'S HOTEL.—Artistic improvements in our places of public resort are of so uncommon a kind, that we feel bound to devote a few words to a supper-room recently constructed at the back of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, and which may be considered one of the most elegant rooms in London; its proportions are magnificent, and its style of decoration sufficiently classic, without that sombre look it too frequently assumes. Its architect is Mr. Finch Hill, and he has judiciously availed himself of hidden lights above the architrave to give lightness to his ceiling; while it aids the uses to which the room is devoted. A very few years ago it would have been impossible to have alluded to this improvement at all; but to the present proprietor, Mr. Green, is due the honour of having elevated the moral tone of its amusements, and made them unobjectionable. This is no small honour, where profit was gained by the reverse nightly; and it required some moral courage to abandon the course altogether, as well as courage of another kind to hazard so much in the construction of this really beautiful room. It is a wholesome proof, however, of improved public taste, to find increased patronage rewarding both.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, painted by Mr. F. Grant, R.A., has just been presented to his Grace, by a deputation of his tenants, at whose cost it was executed. The Duke is represented in a sitting position; the likeness is pronounced excellent.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Mr. Panizzi has been appointed Principal Librarian to the British Museum, in the place of Sir Henry Ellis, who has recently resigned the post, after occupying it for more than half a century.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY had another meeting on the 12th of last month: what was to be seen on the occasion we know only from hearsay, and do not choose to report on second-hand authority.

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST-BORN. Engraved by T. VERNON, from the picture by C. W. COPE, R.A. **THE VILLA FOUNTAIN.** Engraved by W. FORREST, from the picture by W. L. LEITCH. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

These two charming prints are intended for the subscribers, of the present year, to the Art-Union of Glasgow, and a more acceptable presentation they could scarcely desire to receive. In lieu of giving an engraving of very large dimensions, such as the "Return from Deer Stalking," and "Coming of Age," of former years, the committee have this year determined upon issuing two of a smaller size, yet of sufficient importance to hang on a wall: in this we think they have acted most judiciously, as in many instances the cost of framing large prints is a matter of consideration, and where it is not it is always convenient and agreeable to have variety, both of size and subject. But, we believe the principal reason of this departure from the usual course is, to avoid any unnecessary delay in the delivery of the prints—a delay that the working of a large plate would unavoidably have entailed. Mr. Cope's picture is one of his works exhibited at the Royal Academy within the last two or three years; it represents a young wife and her husband, most picturesquely grouped and attired, bending over the couch of their "first-born," who lies sleeping, and in a state of half-nudity, its round fleshy limbs giving strong evidence of health and vigour: the boy will make a stalwart man if his life is preserved, and a handsome one, too. This, the lower part of the picture, as Mr. Vernon has translated it, deserves especial commendation: the whole is very good, but there is a delicacy and softness in the flesh of the child, and in the coverlid of the couch, we have rarely or never seen excelled; the lines show a masterly power of cutting, united with great tenderness. Mr. Vernon, whose engravings must be well known to our readers, will certainly add greatly to his reputation by this work. The upper half of the composition, which takes in the parents and the heavy foldings of a curtain, contrasts somewhat unfavourably with the lightness and elegance of the lower part; it is almost entirely in shadow, the weight of which well-nigh overpowers the rest; we think this might have been obviated by throwing a little more reflected light on the face of the mother, and on the right arm and shoulder of the male figure; although the light in the picture falls the other way, such a liberty, with the artist's treatment, might have been taken without injury to his composition, while it would certainly have much improved the engraving, by leading the eye gradually from the highest lights to the deepest shadows, and preserving a more equitable balance between the two. Yet as the work now stands it is a print to be coveted.

The "Villa Fountain" is from a very beautiful landscape composition by Mr. Leitch, whose imaginary Italian scenes are most poetically conceived and artistically painted: this picture shows pre-eminently his skill in designing and arranging Roman architecture in the midst of the most delicious landscape. We have in the picture before us, temple and palace, gateway, and bridges on lofty arches, not quite as they might be supposed to have been left by the original builders, but more or less spoiled by the hand of time; shrubs partially hide, and noble trees overshadow, the beautiful remains of Roman grandeur. In the foreground is a terrace, on which are numerous female figures engaged in fetching water from the "fountain" flowing through a kind of gateway below: the middle distance is occupied by a pile of buildings leading from a bridge that spans a narrow stream, which is seen winding its way through a long tract of country interspersed with villas and half-ruined edifices. It is paying Mr. Leitch no higher compliment than he deserves, to say his picture forcibly reminds us of some of Turner's best compositions of similar materials. The engraver, Mr. Forrest, has ably done his part to make the print popular; he appears to have caught the painter's feeling throughout, and to have translated the work with great ability: there is a richness and a fulness in his style that tell most effectively, while at the same time he has not lost sight of the delicacy of handling which marks the highly-finished engraving. There is, however, one passage in the work to which we should have drawn his attention had we seen a proof before printing. The aqueduct in the middle distance, and the masses of trees immediately below should have been a little lighter—as they now stand they come too forward, and give an appearance of heaviness to that portion of the engraving: the printer might have obviated this by careful "wiping out."

WHAT IS PRE-RAPHAELITISM? By JOHN BALLANTYNE, A.R.S.A. Published by W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

After reading this pamphlet through very attentively, we do not seem to have arrived at any satisfactory solution of the question indicated in the title: Mr. Ballantyne writes sensibly upon certain characteristics of Art, but he has not answered his own query; we object only to the title given to his work, for he rather explains what Pre-Raphaelitism is not, than what it is. Assuming Mr. Ruskin's definition to be correct, that it is "the close study and imitation of nature," Mr. Ballantyne would class Wilkie, Mulready, and others with the Pre-Raphaelites, except for the absence of those peculiarities in which the latter indulge; and he is perfectly right in doing so. There is no doubt that the painters anterior to Raphael studied nature closely, but their ignorance of the other essentials of a true and graceful representation of what is natural, renders their pictures the very reverse of agreeable, and far more of what is beautiful: they wanted, in fact, the science of Art to aid them to interpret aright what nature revealed to them. We may well doubt whether Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Francia, Perugino, and other predecessors of Raphael would have painted as they did, if they had been born after the great master instead of before him; they would have been the first to recognise and imitate his truth, elegance, and beauty. Mr. Ballantyne has a thrust, a very gentle one, however, at Mr. Ruskin, for his advocacy of the claims of their modern followers, who, we are glad to find, are fast turning from the errors of their ways into a more rational and living style. Mr. Ballantyne's pamphlet is worth perusal, as a dissertation upon true and false styles.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE: THE IMPORTANCE AND DIGNITY OF THE EYE AS INDICATIVE OF GENERAL CHARACTER, FEMALE BEAUTY, AND MANLY GENIUS. By JOSEPH TURNLEY. With Illustrations by GILBERT, ANELAY, &c. Published by PARTRIDGE & Co., London.

We have always regarded the loss of sight the greatest calamity that can befall an individual, next to the loss of reason; not only because the deprivation of this sense shuts out from him the enjoyment of all that is beautiful to the eye, and to the mind through that organ, but because he himself appears to all the world as one whose lamp of intelligence is extinguished, and he walks among his fellows a man on whom a very heavy portion of the primeval curse has fallen, in that he has lost the light of life. How often, when regarding such an object, have we desired the godlike power—

"From the thick film to purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day."

True is it that the loss of sight has mercifully been supplied, in some degree, by extraordinary acuteness of perception in the use of other faculties; and the face of the blind is often expressive of the highest mental qualities belonging to our nature; yet, in every such case, there is still wanting that radiance which is necessary to illumine outwardly the understanding, just as we require the beams of the sun to light up, in all their beauty and infinite variety, the tints and colours of the landscape and the flower.

The language of the eye! what poet has not sung, who among all living creatures has not felt, its power, and its eloquence—more stirring than any words uttered by the lips of man? The eye, says Mr. Turnley, speaking of it as the inlet of thought to the brain, "is, of all the senses, the most reflective and powerful: by its rapid agencies man principally acts and thinks; and through its channels pass influences more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore,—influences which are as sparks of eternal light amidst kindred glories. By the aid of this acute sense, man is enabled to act amidst the social throng with order and excellence; through its agencies, his imagination is captivated, his affections secured, and an irresistible and seductive influence consummated over his will, his judgment, and every attribute of his nature." And while the eye acts so as to assist materially in forming the character of the man, it is also a medium of developing that character to his associates, as well as the feelings by which he is at all times influenced: love, anger, joy, grief, pity, contempt, all the good and all the evil passions of his heart, shine through that mysterious organ, and proclaim what is passing within him as clearly as if the words were written on his forehead with a pen of fire.

Mr. Turnley is happy in the subject he has selected for a book, and he has treated it happily, handling it scientifically and philosophically, as

well as poetically. He has divided it into chapters, the first half of which speaks of the subject generally, the last half of particular characteristics—Genius, Hope, Innocence, &c. &c. His style of writing is good, except where now and then it becomes a little inflated—an offence that one may readily pardon, considering the topics to which his subject necessarily leads him at times. We have read his volume with much pleasure, but wish the whole of the illustrations, from the frontispiece to the last, were away: the former evidences bad taste in a living author, the rest are neither ornamental to the book, nor aids to the understanding of its contents.

CHOICE FRUIT, after the Picture by G. LANCE: PARIS FROM THE POST ROYAL, after the Picture by T. S. BOYS. Printed in colours, and published by M. & N. HANHART, London.

A noble melon, grapes of prodigious size and quality, as it would seem, bunches of red currants, plums, &c., a bit of matting—Mr. Lance's matting is imperishable, it never wears out—are the materials of this chromo-lithographic picture: it is a large print, all the fruit being of its natural size, and it comes as near to the original as we think, any colour-printing of such a subject can approach: the tints are rich and glowing, and the painter's touches are well copied; but we miss the transparency Mr. Lance gives to his fruit; this, in the grapes and currants, is especially lacking, nor do we think the art of Mr. Hanhart, or any other printer, can produce it; and, therefore, pictures of this nature are not so well adapted to exhibit the merits of chromo-lithography as are landscapes and figures.

The view of Paris is almost all that can be desired. The picture has evidently been painted in a low tone, but it is very life-like: we object, however, to the strong shadow thrown over the terminating end of the Louvre; it is far too heavy, and looks a blot on the print. In nature, a shadow so cast could only be accidental, and, therefore, would not be so intense, particularly at such a distance from the point of sight: had it fallen from any object in close proximity to the building, it would still be too dark: we presume the fault here rests with the painter rather than the copyist.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY, BY ROGER FENTON, ESQ. Published by AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

The large number of photographic pictures taken by Mr. Fenton in the Crimea last year, formed for some months one of the most attractive exhibitions in the metropolis; these photographs were taken expressly for publication, and the first part has now appeared, containing two subjects from each of the several divisions, portraits, incidents, and landscapes. A work of this character is almost beyond the criticism of the reviewer; he has not to comment upon the art of the painter nor the skill of the engraver; nature, aided by the scientific talents of the photographer, does the work of both, and in this case the work has been done well. It seems almost unnecessary to recommend a publication to which so universal an interest is attached, for there is little doubt of its finding the patronage to which it is entitled, both as regards the nature of the subject and the beauty of the sun-pictures.

THE DISTURBER DETECTED. Engraved by W. T. DAVEY, from the Picture by G. CRUIKSHANK. Published by T. MACLEAN, London.

From Mr. Cruikshank's pencil we always expect to see something diverting, or some lesson of sound morality, and we are rarely disappointed. The "Disturber Detected" is of the former class, and, if we are not mistaken, is the first engraving from any oil-picture by this artist. The scene is the interior of a country church: seated in the front of the aisle's pew is the beadle—of the veritable Bumble species—at whose right hand is a group of village children, one of whom, an ill-favoured looking boy in a round frock, has let fall on the stone flooring a peg-top, to the disturbance of the whole congregation: the beadle is horrified, the squire casts a side-glance over the corner of his pew at the offender, the squire's family are all on the *qui vive*, the quaint pew-opener, whose head appears above the back of the pew, is shocked; the culprit is looking at the beadle as if anticipating the application of his official stick, while the companions of the boy regard him with various expressions, according to the ideas they entertain of the flagrancy or fun of the disturbance. There is one lad quite a study; a "good" boy, whose eyes are

fixed on the preacher, and who would have him believe that he never brought a top to church in his life. The engraving makes little pretensions to a work of Art, strictly so called, but it has in it an abundance of amusing character, and, as a cheap print, will find many desirous of possessing it.

THE ART OF PAINTING AND DRAWING IN COLOURED CRAYONS. By HENRY MURRAY. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London.

Messrs. Winsor & Newton have published a number of Handbooks, including almost every subject that comes within the domain of the Fine Arts, but the series would not be completed had they omitted to furnish a guide to the art of crayon painting, or pastel-painting, as it is now more generally called. This very pleasing method of producing pictures has been brought to great perfection by Mr. Bright, the landscape-painter; in figures, however, it has been but little practised in this country, though to a considerable extent in France. Mr. Murray's little treatise explains the best method of working the crayons, and preparing the various materials necessary for practising the art; the directions are concise but intelligible, and, we should think, amply sufficient for the purpose of the learner. An art so comparatively easy of execution, and producing such pleasing results in the hands of a moderate proficient, ought to find many desirous of practising it; to such we would strongly recommend Mr. Murray's little book.

THE ART OF FLOWER-PAINTING. By MRS. WILLIAM DUFFIELD. With Twelve Illustrations on Wood, engraved by DALZIEL. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON.

Another of Messrs. Winsor & Newton's Handbooks. Mrs. Duffield takes rank among our most accomplished flower-painters, and therefore may be regarded as an authority when she inculcates precepts having reference to an art which she practises so successfully. Her book professes to be nothing more than an elementary treatise in which instructions are submitted to the learner for painting a few flowers singly, with some general remarks as to grouping. So far as teaching without the aid of a master can be made effectual, the remarks of Mrs. Duffield will answer their proposed end.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF SEBASTOPOL, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS, SEPT. 8, 1855. By G. SHAW LEFEVRE. Published by J. HOGARTH, London.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre is an amateur photographer, who paid a visit to the Crimea in the autumn of last year, and has now published, at his own expense, a series of twelve photographic views; the profits arising from the sale of the work he purposes most appropriately to devote to the "Nightingale Fund." The series of pictures includes many of the most interesting points in Sebastopol and its immediate vicinity:—"The Glacier of the Redan from the Curtain of the Malakoff," "View of the Redan, looking towards the Great Ravine," "Carronade Battery—Sappers looking for Electric Wires," "View of the Russian Batteries behind the Redan," "The General's Bunk in the Redan," "Street in the Karabelnaia," "Interior of the White Tower in the Malakoff," "The 'Leander' at the entrance of Balaklava Harbour," &c. &c. The whole of these views are given with much clearness, and must afford a very faithful idea of the devastation and the bustle entailed by war. The name of the artist is deservedly honoured—near and far; and the younger branch of a renowned family upholds its high repute: there is something peculiarly gratifying in his thus giving to the world the results of his adventurous travel: and dedicating the fruits to the most interesting and important purpose that modern times have developed for the benefit of the age.

"I'M A-THINKING." Engraved by F. BACON from a Drawing by F. W. TOPHAM. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., London.

The subject of this pretty little print is, we should "think," a study from nature: a child, with a remarkably intelligent and pleasing face, has let the book she is reading drop on her lap, and, with her finger to her lip, seems meditating on something she has found in the volume she cannot quite understand. It is just one of those subjects which will enforce popularity from its simplicity, truth, and agreeable expression. The engraving, in a mixed style of line and mezzotinto, is carefully executed by Mr. Bacon.

MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA: A COLLECTION OF ANCIENT MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE REMAINS, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LORD LONDSEBOROUGH. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Part VIII. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

This very beautiful—and, to certain classes of Art-manufacturers, very useful—work, continues to make its appearance at intervals consistent with the careful execution of the plates. The first sheet in Part VIII. contains coloured fac-similes of Merovingian brooches, all of them of gold, or silver-gilt, inlaid with precious stones, and, in one or two instances, enriched with filigree ornaments. The second plate contains an engraving, very highly finished, of the miraculous bell of St. Muran, which, according to the Irish legend, is said to have descended from heaven, ringing loudly; "but as it approached the concourse of persons who had assembled at the miraculous warning, the tongue detached itself, and returned towards the skies; hence it was concluded that the bell was never to be profaned by sounding on earth, but was to be kept for purposes more holy and beneficial. This is said to have happened on the spot where once stood the famous Abbey of Fohan, near Innishowen, County Donegal, founded in the seventh century by St. Muran, or Muranus, during the reign of Aodh Slaine." The bell was for several centuries in the Abbey, and was used as a depository of various objects, held in especial veneration by the people: it ultimately fell into the possession of a poor peasant, residing in Innishowen, who sold it to Mr. Brown, of Beaumaris, from whom it was purchased by Lord Londesborough, in 1855, for 80*l*. Its form is quadrangular, standing about six inches high. It is of bronze, ornamented with a tracery of Runic knots; over the surface plates of silver had been laid, at a subsequent period, as Mr. Fairholt thinks; these plates are embossed "in the style known to have prevailed in the eleventh century. The centre is adorned with a large crystal, and smaller gems have once been set in other vacant sockets round it; only one of amber now remains." The entire ornamentation of this antique relic is very similar to that which is found on the old Irish crosses.

The next plate contains five representations of ancient fire-locks, all of them richly chased and carved; one of these weapons, a "wheel-lock gun," was originally the property of Charles IX. of France; "it is traditionally reported to have been the gun he used in firing on his Huguenot subjects during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The last plate introduces some Roman bronzes, one of which, an archer, was found, by Mr. Chaffers, F.S.A., in Queen Street, Cheapside, in July, 1842, while some excavations were being carried on there. The Roman plough is a singular example of Art-manufacture, and the Lamp is very elegant; the latter bears the Christian monogram on its side.

ECCLESIASTES, OR THE PREACHER. By the Rev. A. A. MORGAN, M.A. Published by T. BOWORTH, London.

We can best describe the nature of this handsomely "got up" volume, by quoting its lengthy title:—"The Book of Solomon, called Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher, metrically paraphrased, and accompanied with an Analysis of the Argument: being a Translation of the Original Hebrew, according to the Interpretation of the Rabbinic Commentary of Mendelssohn, the Criticisms of Preston, and other Annotators. The subject newly arranged, with analytical headings to the sections." As an illustrated book, embellished with large woodcuts from some charming drawings by Mr. George Thomas, it calls for our notice rather than as an attempt to versify the "sayings of the Wise Man." As we hope, however, to introduce specimens of these illustrations into a future number, we reserve what we have to say, both as to text and the engravings.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN GEOGRAPHY. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D. Part XIII. Published by WALTON & MABERLY, London.

Dr. Smith's unwearied labours for many years in the cause of classical science are too well known and too highly appreciated to need any enforcement here. The dictionaries he has already completed are among the few books produced in our own day of flimsy literature that take rank with those which have received the award of scholars in past time. Sound as authorities, and scrupulously laborious as compilations, embracing the fruits of the latest researches in scholarship, this new addition will be welcomed beside its fellows. It is intended to be completed this year; and will be an indispensable guide to the student of classical topography.

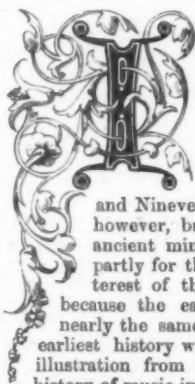
THE ART-JOURNAL.



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THE
MINSTRELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.



It would be exceedingly interesting, but it would carry us too far a-field, to give a sketch of the early music of the principal nations of antiquity, such as might easily be deduced from the monuments of Egypt and Nineveh and Greece. We may, however, briefly glance at the most ancient minstrelsy of the Israelites; partly for the sake of the peculiar interest of the subject itself; partly because the early history of music is nearly the same in all nations, and this earliest history will illustrate and receive illustration from a comparison with the history of music in mediæval England.

Musical instruments, we are told by the highest of all authorities, were invented in the eighth generation of the world—that is in the third generation before the flood—by Tubal “the Father of all such as handle the harp and organ.” The ancient Israelites used musical instruments on the same occasions as the mediæval Europeans; in battle; in their feasts and dances; in processions, whether of religious or civil ceremony; and in the solemnising of divine worship. The trumpet and the horn were, then as always, the instruments of warlike music—“If ye go to war then shall ye blow an alarm with the silver trumpets.”* The trumpet regulated the march of the hosts of Israel through the wilderness. When Joshua compassed Jericho, the seven priests blew trumpets of rams’ horns. Gideon and his three hundred discomfited the host of the Midianites with the sound of their trumpets.

The Tabret was the common accompaniment of the troops of female dancers, whether the occasion were religious or festive. Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, singing a solemn chorus to the triumphant song of Moses and of the Children of Israel over the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, —

“Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”†

Jephthah’s daughter went to meet her victorious father with timbrels and with dances:—

“The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
From Mizpeh’s tower’d gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.”

And so, when King Saul returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, after the shepherd David had killed their giant champion in the valley of Elah; the women came out of all the cities to meet the returning warriors “singing and dancing to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy and with instruments of music;” and

the women answered one another in dramatic chorus—

“Saul hath slain his thousands:
And David his ten thousands.”‡

Laban says that he would have sent away Jacob and his wives and children “with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.” And Jeremiah prophesying that times of ease and prosperity shall come again for Israel, says: “O Virgin of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry.”§

In their feasts these and many other instruments were used. Isaiah tells us: that they had “the tabret and pipe and wine,” and again § “the harp, and viol, and wine in their feasts;” and Amos tells us of the luxurious people who lie upon beds of ivory, and “chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David,” and drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the costliest perfumes.

Instruments of music were used in the colleges of Prophets, which Samuel established in the land, to accompany and to inspire the delivery of their prophetic utterances. As Saul, newly anointed, went up the hill of God towards the city, he met a company of prophets coming down, with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them, prophesying; and the spirit of the Lord came upon Saul when he heard, and he also prophesied.¶ When Elisha was requested by Jehoram to prophesy the fate of the battle with the Moabites, he said: “Bring me a minstrel; and when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him, and he prophesied.”

When David brought up the ark from Gibeath, he and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, psalteries, timbrels, cornets and cymbals.¶ And in the song which he himself composed to be sung on that occasion,** he thus describes the musical part of the procession:—

“It is well seen how thou goest,
How thou, my God and King, goest to the sanctuary;
The singers go before, the minstrels follow after,
In the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.”

The instruments appointed for the regular daily service of the Temple “by David, and Gad the king’s seer, and Nathan the prophet, for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets,” were cymbals, psalteries, and harps, which David made for the purpose, and which were played by four thousand Levites.

Besides the instruments already mentioned,—the harp, tabret, timbrel, psaltery, trumpet, cornet, cymbal, pipe, and viol,—they had also the lyre, bag-pipes, and bells; and probably they carried back with them from Babylon further additions, from the instruments of all peoples, nations and languages with which they would become familiarised in that capital of the world. But from the time of Tubal down to the time when the royal minstrel of Israel sang those glorious songs which are still the daily solace of thousands of mankind; and further down to the time when the captive Israelites hanged their unstrung harps upon the willows of Babylon, and could not sing the songs of Zion in a strange land,—the harp continued still the fitting accompaniment of the voice in all poetical utterance of a dignified and solemn character: the recitation of the poetical portions of historical and prophetic Scripture, for instance, would be sustained by it, and the songs of the psalmists of Zion were accompanied by its strains. And thus this sketch of the history of the earliest music closes, with the minstrel harp still in the foreground; while in the distance we hear the faint sound of the fanfare of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, which were concerted on great occasions; such as that on which they resounded

over the plain of Dura, to bow that waving sea of heads to the great Image of Gold:—an idolatry, alas! which the peoples, nations, and languages still perform almost as fervently as of old.

The northern Bard, or Scald, was the father of the minstrels of mediæval Europe. Our own early traditions afford some picturesque anecdotes, proving the high estimation in which the character was held by the Saxons and their kindred Danes; and showing that they were accustomed to wander about to court, and camp, and hall, and were hospitably received, even though the Bard were of a race against which his hosts were at that very time encamped in hostile array. We will only remind the reader of the Royal Alfred’s assumption of the character of a minstrel, and his visit in that disguise to the Danish camp (A.D. 878); and of the similar visit, ten years after, of Aulaff the Danish king, to the camp of Saxon Athelstane. But the earliest anecdote of the series we shall have hereafter to refer to, and may therefore here detail at length. It is told us by Geoffrey of Monmouth, that Colgrin, the son of Ella, who succeeded Hengist in the leadership of the invading Saxons, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by King Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, the brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. In order to accomplish this design, he assumed the character of a minstrel. He shaved his head and beard; and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a harper. By little and little he approached the walls of the city; and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

In Saxon times, before the date of the Norman Conquest, we find the various features of minstrelsy as they continued through the middle ages, already established. In the illustration



which we here give from a late Saxon MS. in the British Museum, (Cotton, Tiberius, C. vi.) the royal harper is surrounded by a band of minstrels, while the mime of the band is playing the common feat of tossing three knives and three balls.

The harper always continued throughout the middle ages to be the most dignified of the minstrel craft, the reciter, and often the composer, of heroic legend and historical tale, of wild romance and amorous song. Frequently,

* 1 Sam. xviii. 7.
† Jer. xxxi. 4.
‡ Is. xxiv. 8.
§ Is. v. 12.
|| 1 Sam. x. 5.
¶ 2 Sam. vi. 5.
** Psalm lxxviii.

* Numb. x. 9.
† Exod. xv. 21.

and perhaps especially in the case of the higher class of harpers, he travelled alone, as in the cases which we have already seen of Baldulph, and Alfred, and Aulaff. But he also often associated himself with a band of minstrels, who filled up the intervals of his recitations and songs with their music, much as vocal and instrumental pieces are alternated in our modern concerts. With a band of minstrels there was also very usually associated a mime, who amused the audience with his feats of agility and leger-de-main. The association appears at first sight somewhat undignified—the heroic harper and the tumbler—but the incongruity was not peculiar to the middle ages; the author of the "Iliad" wrote the "Battle of the Frogs,"—the Greeks were not satisfied without a satiric drama after their grand heroic tragedy; and in these days we have a farce or a pantomime after Shakespeare: we are not all Heracituses, to see only the tragic side of life, or Democrituses, to laugh at everything; the majority of men have faculties to appreciate both classes of emotion, and it would seem, from universal experience, that, as the Russian finds a physical delight in leaping from a vapour-bath into the frozen Neva, so there is some mental delight in the sudden alternate excitation of the opposite emotions of tragedy and farce. If we had time to philosophise, we might find the source of the delight deeply seated in our nature: alternate tears and laughter—it is an epitome of human life.

The other Saxon instruments, besides those already mentioned, are the flute, cymbal, viol, tabor, hand bells, lyre struck by a plectrum, and the organ: the latter was already the favourite church instrument: William of Malmesbury says, that Archbishop Dunstan gave many to churches, which had pipes of brass, and were inflated with bellows.

We give here an illustration of the organ, of much later date indeed, for it is from a MS. in the British Museum of early fourteenth century date (Royal MS. 14 E iii.), but it gives a good idea of the large organ in use throughout the middle ages.



The Northmen who invaded and gave their name to Normandy, took their minstrels with them; and the learned assert that it was from them that the troubadours of Provence learned their art, which ripened in their sunny clime into *la joyeuse science*, and thence was carried into Italy, France, and Spain. It is quite certain that minstrelsy was in high repute among the Normans at the period of the Conquest. Everyone will remember how Taillefer the minstrel-knight commenced the great battle of Hastings. Advancing at the head of the Norman host, he animated himself and them to a chivalric daring by chanting the heroic tale of Charlemagne and his Paladins; and then rushed into the Saxon ranks, like a divinely-mad hero of old, giving in his own self-sacrifice an augury of victory to his people.

From the period of the Conquest, authorities on the subject of which we are treating, though still not so numerous as could be desired, be-

come too numerous to be all included within the limits to which our space restricts us. The reader may refer to Wharton's "History of English Poetry," to Bishop Percy's introductory essay to the "Reliques of Early English Poetry," and to the introductory essay to Ellis's "Early English Metrical Romances," for the principal published authorities. We propose only from these and other published and unpublished materials, to give a popular sketch of the subject.

Throughout this period minstrelsy received the patronage, and was in high estimation with, all classes of society. The king himself, like his Saxon * predecessors, had a king's minstrel, or king of the minstrels, who probably from the first was at the head of a band of royal minstrels.†

This fashion of the Royal court, doubtless, like all its other fashions, obtained also in the courts of the great nobility (several instances will be observed in the sequel), and in their

measure in the households of the lesser nobility. Every gentleman of estate had probably his one, two, or more minstrels as a regular part of his household. It is not difficult to discover their duties. In the representations of dinners, which occur plentifully in the mediæval MSS., we constantly find musicians introduced; sometimes we see them preceding the servants, who are bearing the dishes to table; a custom of classic usage; and which still lingers at Christ Church, Oxon, in the song with which the choristers usher in the boar's head on Christmas-Day; and at our modern public dinners, when the band strikes up "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England," as that national dish is brought to table.

We give here an illustration of such a scene from a very fine MS. of the early part of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (marked Royal 2 B vii., f. 184^b and 185). A very



fine representation of a similar scene occurs at the foot of the large Flemish brass of Robert Braunché and his two wives at St. Margaret's Church, Lynn; the scene is intended as a delineation of a feast given by the corporation of Lynn to King Edward III. Servants from both sides of the picture are bringing in that famous dish of chivalry, the peacock with his tail displayed; and two bands of minstrels are ushering in the banquet with their strains: the date of

the brass is about 1364 A.D. In the fourteenth century romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, we read of some knights who have arrived at the presence of the romance king whom they are in quest of; dinner is immediately prepared for them; "trestles," says Ellis in his abstract of it, "were immediately set; a table covered with a silken cloth was laid; a rich repast, ushered in by the sound of trumpets and shalms, was served up."*



Having introduced the feast, the minstrels

continued to play during its progress; we find

* The king's minstrel of the last Saxon king is mentioned in Domesday Book as holding lands in Gloucestershire.

† In the reign of Henry I., Roger was the King's Minstrel. Temp. Henry II., it was Galfrid, or Jeffrey. Temp. Richard I., Blondel, of romantic memory. Temp. Henry III., Master Ricard. It was the Harper of Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) who brained the assassin who attempted the Prince's life, when his noble wife Eleanor risked hers to extract the poison from the wound. In Edward I.'s reign we have mention of a King Robert, who may be the impetuous minstrel of the Prince. Temp. Edward II., there occur two: a grant of houses was made to William de Morley, the King's Minstrel, which had been held by his predecessor, John le Boteler. At St. Bride's, Glamorganshire, is the insculpt effigy of a knightly figure, of the date of Edward I., with an inscription to John le Boteler; but there is nothing to identify him with the king of the minstrels. Temp. Richard II., John Camux was the king of his minstrels. When

Henry V. went to France, he took his fifteen minstrels, and Walter Haliday, their marshal, with him. After this time, the chief of the royal minstrels, seems to have been styled *Marshal* instead of King; and in the next reign but one we find a *Sergeant* of the Minstrels. Temp. Henry VI., Walter Haliday was still Marshal of the Minstrels; and this king issued a commission for impressing boys to supply vacancies in their number. King Edward IV. granted to the said long-lived Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others, a charter for the restoration of a Fraternity or Guild, to be governed by a marshal and two wardens, to regulate the minstrels throughout the realm (except those of Chester). The minstrels of the royal-chapel establishment of this king were thirteen in number; some trumpets, some shalms, some small pipes, and others singers. The charter of Edward IV. was renewed by Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal; on whose death Hugh Wodehouse was promoted to the office.

* Ellis's "Early English Metrical Romances," Bohn's edition, p. 287.

numerous representations of dinners in the illuminations, in which one or two minstrels are standing beside the table, playing their instruments during the progress of the meal. In a MS. volume of romances of the early part of the fourteenth century in the British Museum (Royal 14 E iii.), the title-page of the romance of the "Quête du St. Graal" (at folio 89 of the MS.) is adorned with an illumination of a royal banquet; a squire on his knee (as in the illustration given above) is carving, and a minstrel stands beside the table playing the fiddle; he is dressed in a parti-coloured tunic of red and blue, and wears his hat. In the royal MS. 2 B vii., at folio 168, is a similar representation of a dinner,

in which a minstrel stands playing the fiddle; he is habited in a red tunic, and is bareheaded. At folio 203 of the same MS. (Royal 2 B vii.), is another representation of a dinner, in which two minstrels are introduced; one (wearing his hood) is playing a cittern, the other (bareheaded) is playing a fiddle; and these references might be multiplied.

We reproduce here, in illustration of our subject, two engravings which have already appeared in the *Art-Journal*, in illustration of Mr. Wright's "Domestic Manners of the English." The first is a representation of a royal dinner of about the time of our Edward IV., "taken from an illumination of the romance of the Compte d'Artois,



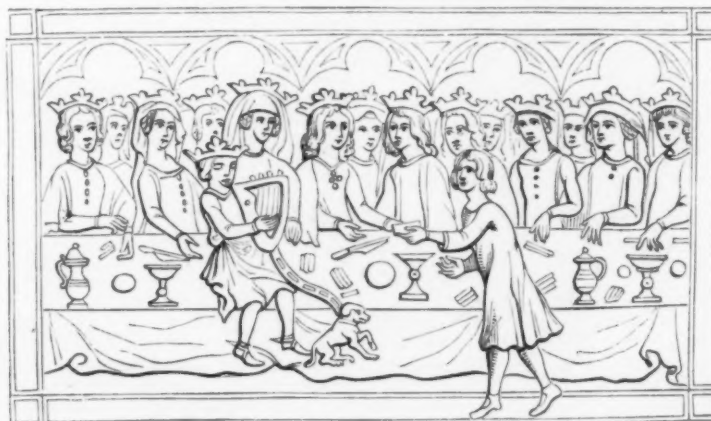
in the possession of M. Barrois, a distinguished and well-known collector in Paris."* The other is an exceedingly interesting representation of a grand imperial banquet, from one of the plates of Hans Burgmair, in the volume dedicated to the exploits of the Emperor Maximilian, contemporary with our Henry VIII. It represents the



Another occasion, on which their services would be required would be for the dance. Thus we read in the sequel of "The Squire's Tale," how the king and his "nobles," when dinner was ended, rose from table, and preceded by the minstrels, went to the great chamber for the dance:—

* *Art-Journal* for 1853, p. 246.

entrance of a masque,* one of those strange entertainments, of which our ancestors, in the



"Wan that this Tartar king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord ther as he sat ful hie;
Before him goth the loudé minstrelcie,
Til he come to his chambre of parements,†
Theras they sounden divers instruments,
That it is like an Heven for to here.
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dore," &c.

* *Art-Journal* for 1854, p. 275.
† Great chamber, answering to our modern drawing-room.

time of Henry and Elizabeth, were so fond, and of which Mr. C. Kean has lately given the play-going world of London so accurate a representation in his *mise en scene* of Henry VIII. at the Princess's Theatre. The band of minstrels who have been performing during the banquet, are seen in the left corner of the picture.

So in "The Squire's Tale" of Chaucer, where Cambuscan is "holding his feste so solempne and so riche."

"It so befel, that after the thridde cours,
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,"
Harking his ministrall her † stringes play,
Before him at his bord deliciously," &c.

The custom of having instrumental music as an accompaniment of dinner is still retained by her Majesty and by some of the greater nobility, by military messes, and at great public dinners. But the musical accompaniment of a mediæval dinner was not confined to instrumental performances. We frequently find a harper introduced, who is doubtless reciting some romance or history, or singing chansons of a lighter character. He is often represented as sitting upon the floor, as in the accompanying illustration, from the Royal MS., 2 B vii., folio 71 b. Another similar representation occurs at folio 203 b of the same MS. In the following very charming picture, from a MS. volume of romances of early fourteenth century date in the British Museum (Additional MS., 10,292, folio 200), the harper is sitting upon the table.

Gower, in his "Confessio Amantis," gives us a description of a scene of the kind. Appolinus is dining in the hall of King Pentapoliu, with the king and queen and their fair daughter, and all his "lordes in estate." Appolinus was reminded by the scene of the royal estate from which he is fallen, and sorrowed and took no meat; therefore the king bade his daughter take her harp and do all that she can to enliven that "sorry man."

"And she to dou her fader's heest,
Her harpe fette, and in the feste
Upon a chaire which thei fette,
Her selve next to this man she sette."

Appolinus in turn takes the harp, and proves himself a wonderful proficient, and

"When he hath harped all his fille,
The kingis heest to fulfille,
A wale goth dishe, a wale goth cup,
Down goth the borde, the cloth was up,
Thei risen and gone out of the halle."

In the sequel, the interesting stranger was made tutor to the princess, and among other teachings,

"He taught hir till she was certeyne
Of harpe, citole, and of riote,
With many a tewe and many a note,
Upon musike, upon measure,
And of her harpe the temprure
He taught her eke, as he well couth."

In the tale of Dido and Æneas, in the legend of "Good Women," he calls it especially the dancing chamber:—

"To dauncing chambers full of paraments,
Of riché bedes; and of pavements,
This Æneas is lodde after the meat."

[To be continued.]

* Among his nobles. † Their. ‡ Couches.

PROGRESS OF
BRITISH ART-MANUFACTURE.

THE PORCELAIN OF WORCESTER.

MESSES. KERR & BINNS—the present proprietors and conductors of the long-famous Porcelain Works at Worcester—have recently produced some examples of the Art, of which it is not too much to say, they surpass all the productions of their class that have been hitherto manufactured in this country. We allude chiefly to their attempts (in which they have eminently succeeded) to imitate the artistic character of the works of Limoges on a porcelain body; hitherto

they have taken as their models those in one colour, of Jean Courtois (1540) and in various colours those of Noel Audin (1695).

In the works of Limoges, all the shades are laid in with dark colour on white; but it is the peculiarity of the Worcester enamels that the shades are produced by the reflection of the blue ground through the white. A very delicate tone is hence given to the pictured subject,

which is still more advantageously "set off" by the intense colour of the cobalt, which forms the ground. It will be understood that the whole of the material of this imitation enamel is porcelain; differing therefore from the ancient produce as well as the Sèvres imitations, in which the porcelain is laid over thin sheets of copper.

We believe this attempt is the first that has succeeded to obtain such effects by such means,



and we cannot doubt that large difficulties have been overcome by patient and careful study to obtain a peculiarly delicate glaze, a very sensitive medium, and especially accomplished workmen for the perfecting of the task.

Our attention was first directed to these singularly beautiful works at the Exhibition in

Paris, where we found them very much admired, but where certainly they were not considered to be composed entirely of porcelain body—on which so valuable an effect had been produced by the apparently simple process of layers of white on a deep blue ground, the shading being produced by the thinner or thicker gradations of

the white, through which the blue was suffered to make its way to the eye. The engravings here given convey but a limited idea of the beauty of these works; yet, the reader will hence be able to understand that the subjects have been selected with much judgment and taste, and we give him the assurance that the



execution of the pictures, so to speak, is of a rare degree of excellence, drawn with severe accuracy; for upon this particular quality the value of the article mainly depends.

The subjects speak for themselves. Our selections are confined to the EWER and STAND, a VASE, a PASTILE BURNER, a PLATE and a TAZZA; but, if we understand rightly, various other articles are

produced by these manufacturers in this style—some of a very elaborate character, and some of a less costly description.

The designs are, we believe, for the most part from the pencil of Mr. R. W. Binns and the painting is by Mr. T. Bott. Our engravings are copied from photographs, but we imagine we are correct in stating that, although several of our

specimens are in the one tint—the white upon blue—others are in colours. Our acquaintance with these works, when we carefully examined them at Paris, justifies the high praise we bestow upon them in describing them as foremost among the most successful efforts in porcelain that have been produced in Great Britain, or probably in any other country.

We rejoice at these results, not only as upholding and extending the character of British Art-manufacture, but as restoring the ancient renown of Worcester, which has, for a long period, lain comparatively dormant. The porcelain productions of that city, executed some forty years ago, are held in the highest repute, and are sought for by collectors with great avidity. Unlike the manufactory at "Chelsea"—of which almost as little is known as of that of Etruria, except by its "remains"—the establishment at Worcester has never been abandoned; its history may be traced back to its founder, and it is a great satisfaction to report its progress in 1855, as in no way behind that of the best periods of its existence during the century it has lived and flourished.

The Royal Porcelain Works of Worcester were founded by Dr. Wall, who, in conjunction with some other eminent chemists, made assiduous researches to discover materials proper for the imitation of China-ware, and, in 1751, established a manufactory under the title of the Worcester Porcelain Company. "Printing upon porcelain," is said to have originated with Dr. Wall. To him is "generally assigned the ingenious method of transferring printed patterns to biscuit ware, which is now universally practised." A guide-book to the Porcelain Works, Worcester, contains some prints from copper-plates, which are believed to be from the earliest plates used in printing on porcelain, and these are excellent examples of design and drawing. In 1783 the manufactory was purchased by Mr. Thomas Flight, by whom it was transferred to Messrs. Flight & Barr; under their judicious management, and by their employment of competent artists, it obtained a renown which it kept for a long period undisputed. In 1790, a manufactory at Worcester was formed by Messrs. Chamberlain. With this manufactory that of Messrs. Flight & Barr was subsequently incorporated, and in due course it passed into the hands of its present proprietors—Messrs. Kerr & Binns—Mr. Binns having been for a long time previously the director of the Falcon Glass Works, the well-known establishment of Messrs. Apsley Pellatt in London.

Judging from the works they have already produced—from those of the highest and most costly character down to articles for ordinary and daily use—we but discharge our duty in expressing a confident belief that this manufactory will be restored to the palmy state it occupied at the close of the past and beginning of the present century.

The Exhibition of 1851—as far as porcelain is concerned—did much to convince the world that England was not behind any country of Europe in ceramic art. Until that event, we obtained comparatively little credit for our home productions. When aught that was especially graceful and beautiful was seen in "shop windows," it was usually looked upon as foreign. There was no gainsaying the facts supplied by the stalls of Messrs. Minton, Mr. Alderman Copeland, Messrs. Rose, &c.; and this branch of British Art-manufacture unquestionably derived immense advantages from "the Exhibition." Its fame was entirely upheld at Paris in 1855: our manufacturers were surpassed by none—if we except the government establishment at Sèvres. The issues hence are, it is known, produced without regard to cost; and there can be no fair comparison between those of "the Empire" and the private fabricant, either of England, Germany, or France.

We rejoice to know that the impetus thus given to a manufacture, only second in importance to that of Manchester, has produced its natural results. Few more satisfactory or encouraging proofs of this can be laid before the public than these works of the manufactory at Worcester.

It may not be improper to add that it has always had a large share of "Royal Patronage" from the early time of George III. to the present auspicious reign: and that a very considerable portion of the more famous visitors to Europe from all parts of the world have inspected the Porcelain Manufactory at Worcester.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. THE THIRTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition was opened to the public on the 24th of March, with a catalogue of upwards of eight hundred works. Although there are no really ambitious pictures in the collection, there is an absence of those experimental essays wrought on vague principles which are always inglorious failures, or, at least, painful eccentricities. There are some figure studies not of exalted character, but highly meritorious, and there are landscapes of a high degree of excellence. When we stand in the middle of the great room, and glance round the line and above the line, we feel at once that the general quality of the collection is superior to that of recent years; yet we cannot help feeling also that but few of these works are executed for reputation: they are kept down to the common market standard. This is always to be regretted, because Art cannot stand still. We may choose for half a century the same class of subject, but if we realise our works always in the same manner, this is virtually retrogression. We have observed that this society is more slow than others to adopt that prevalent taste for high and minute finish, which is daily gaining ground—since this is purely mechanical, and we cannot help thinking that more elaboration would add a tenfold value to many of these works, which seem but the repetition of others, that we remember in series during many past years on these walls. It might seem invidious to individualise prejudicially in these few prefatory remarks; the exhibition is better than those of many years past. We proceed, therefore, to select a proportion for brief observation.*

No. 7. 'Arcangelo,' R. BUCKNER. Such is the title given to one of those studies of Italian life which the artist has of late painted with much felicity. It is true that any undue coarseness or vulgarity would be highly objectionable, but the features are, perhaps, carried to an opposite extreme, they are refined overmuch.

No. 11. 'Streatley Mill, on the Thames—a Summer's Morn,' H. J. BODDINGTON. A large picture presenting a passage of scenery essentially English. The effect is that frequently introduced by this painter,—a sunny day, the sun being kept just out of the picture. The water, trees, weedy foreground, and other passages of the composition, are brought forward with the masterly feeling which characterises all the works of this artist.

No. 16. 'My Boyhood's Home,' J. O'CONNOR. A small work, the subject of which is principally a shady avenue of garden-trees, leading to a neat residence. The study is by no means easy, but it is brought forward with much spirit.

No. 18. 'Off the Hermitage Rocks, Elizabeth Castle, Jersey Coast,' J. J. WILSON. We are almost too near these rocks to be said to be "off" them; it is, however, the most pleasing work we have of late seen under this name. Of the manner in which the water is painted, it must, however, be observed that the forms want solidity.

No. 25. 'The Hay-Field,' J. J. HILL. The subject is a group of two rustic figures, a youth and a maid, the former whispering and the latter listening to that most ancient of all communications, a declaration. The figures are freely and substantially wrought,

* It is to be regretted that this society continues to charge a shilling for the catalogue; sixpence would be sufficient, and we believe at that cost the remuneration to the society would be better than it is. In this age a large quantity of printing is expected for a shilling.

they come palpably forward, and the work is altogether brilliant and effective.

No. 29. 'The Castle Rock, Linton, Devon,' J. TENNANT. A charming copy of a wild yet grandly beautiful scene, highly finished, yet full of force and character.

No. 37. 'Early Morning,' J. DEARLE. The time is accurately told by the dull grey aspect of the composition. We find here an absence of that woolliness of which we have spoken elsewhere.

No. 38. 'Bathing Buffaloes in the Pontine Marshes,' J. B. PYNE. An extraordinary subject, but pointedly characteristic of the source whence it is derived. The animals are driven into the water, and not permitted to come out until they have in some degree cleared the pool of the rank herbage with which it abounds. Such is the fidelity of interpretation, that the spectator sees at once that the Campagna is the theme.

No. 39. 'Summer Evening—Bantry,' ALFRED CLINT. The sunny lustre of the ripple as it rolls in upon the shore is a feature that instantly attracts the eye from its extraordinary truth—but the other parts of the picture are not less veracious.

No. 45. 'The Beauty Spot,' T. ROBERTS. A very pleasing fancy portrait, painted with delicacy and skill; a little too broken, perhaps, but exhibiting much power.

No. 46. 'The Lily,' C. BAXTER. A production equal to the most finished of this painter's works; a study of a lady wearing a Spanish hat, and holding flowers in her hand. The great charm of these captivating studies is their exquisite colour, the beauty of the faces, and the enchanting delicacy of manipulation with which they are worked out.

No. 48. 'Music,' W. UNDERHILL. A pyramidal composition, presenting three figures, the centre one touching the strings of a harp. The personages are grouped, perhaps, too methodically; they are, however, firmly painted, though faulty in the drawing of the extremities, and deficient in refinement of character.

No. 44. 'Cup and Ball,' and No. 63. 'Gleaners,' W. GELL. Two very clever and highly-finished rustic groups of children.

No. 65. 'Castel d'Ostia,' J. B. PYNE. This is the well-known fortress near the mouth of the Tiber. We do not, however, see the sea, and the castle itself is removed to a little distance from the eye. Figures and a team of bullocks are seen in the foreground. The picture sets forth the utmost wealth of the palette, but there is no passage of colour here that could be subdued without its loss being felt.

No. 66. 'Going to the Ferry on the Danube,' J. ZEITLER. A principal in this composition is a ruined tower, past which numerous figures are hastening to, we presume, the water's edge. As in all this artist's works, the showy manipulation is unique.

No. 83. 'Venice from the Lido,' J. B. PYNE. We are glad to see Venice without the Palace, the Library, the Rialto, the Columns, St. Mark's, in short, without the hundred and one historical edifices which every artist who visits Venice thinks he must paint. Something new—Venice in the distance—refreshing sight! We have been counting the bricks and stones of Venice for the last thirty years, and have, of course, established a nodding acquaintance with every one of them. But this is a charming picture, a gorgeous sunset over the sea, surpassingly beautiful in colour and touching in sentiment.

No. 84. 'Portraits of Daughters of Captain Hopwood, of Hopwood,' F. Y. HURL-

STONE. In the heads of these two children there is much of that graceful animation which eminently distinguishes the youthful features of the studies of this painter. The composition is pictorially treated; they are busied in gathering blackberries.

No. 88. 'Portrait of Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.,' J. R. SWINTON. We were much disposed to doubt the accuracy of the catalogue in this instance. If the portrait resemble the subject, he is the most youthful G.C.B. that ever wrote these frequently hard-earned letters after his name. The character of the head is that of a student—a poet—an enthusiastic minister of the Muses.

No. 89. 'Un Dicitore della Buona Fortuna,' W. SALTER. A rustic seer beguiling a couple of maidens too willing to be deceived. The figures wear the ordinary dress of the Italian peasantry, and in character they represent very perfectly the class to which they may be supposed to belong.

No. 90. 'The Farmer's Nag,' H. J. PIDDING. A small composition, of which the principal is a small grey pony, likely to be an able supporter of any moderately-fed yeoman.

No. 97. 'Cottage Pets,' J. INSKIPP. These pets are rabbits that are contained in a hutch, on which is resting a girl in the act of feeding them, whose head only comes into the picture. The head is, perhaps, more detailed than others recently exhibited by the artist, but the other objects of the picture are alluded to rather by colour than form. The day for this conventional freedom is gone by; nothing now in art can be accepted save that which is drawn and painted.

No. 107. 'Ursula of Velettri,' R. BUCKNER. A carefully-drawn and well-painted study of an Italian rustic maiden, very strong in individuality.

No. 110. 'Eavesdroppers—the Asking,' J. CAMPBELL. This is a very remarkable work; the artist has contrived to make a disagreeable picture of an agreeable subject; it is, however, full of merit, manifesting great power, abundant in character, and, altogether, a production of great promise. We look to this painter as to one who will be "great hereafter."

No. 120. 'My Servant-Girl,' J. INSKIPP. We doubt not the truth of the title; she is engaged in shelling peas. We have often wished that this painter would not colour the necks and features of his figures with the same glaze or tint; this identity is never seen in healthy nature.

No. 130. 'The Druid's Temple, Cumberland,' J. P. PERTIT. A large picture, showing in one of its nearer sites the masses of stone whence the title is derived. If this be like the locality, we cannot help very highly commending the taste of the Druids for the picturesque.

No. 131. 'Portrait of Edward Mackenzie, Esq.,' W. SALTER. A full-length figure of the size of life, presenting the subject in an erect attitude, easy and natural. It is forcible and unaffected.

No. 134. 'A Pifferaro,' T. GOODERSON. A very successful study, that of a rustic playing on the Italian bagpipe. There is in the treatment of the conception a striking originality, with an agreeable dash of romance.

No. 140. 'Gone to the Crimea,' H. H. MARTIN. This is a creditable production—a profile portrait of a lady absorbed in the contemplation of her husband, who is, as the title tells us, far away.

No. 141. 'Master Frank,' T. F. DICKSEE. This young gentleman is playing with a

drum and bells; it will, therefore, be understood that he is not yet in the second half of his first lustre. The infantine portraiture of this painter is always marked by excellent quality.

No. 149. 'Neglected Flowers,' T. M. JOY. These flowers may be either the children that pluck them, or the flowers themselves. To place the children in shade is an independent perhaps daring method of treating them, but it is, nonetheless, successful.

No. 150. 'Mrs. Jas. H. Hulme, Cliff House, Barlow, Derbyshire,' P. WESTCOTT. A portrait of an elderly lady, attired in black. The reality of the impersonation, and the effective simplicity shown in this work, are among the most desiderated qualities of portraiture.

No. 151. 'The Wild Wood,' W. W. GOSLING. A large picture, wherein the manner in which the trees are drawn is most masterly. The divergence of the branches, showing them as retiring into the picture or coming out of it, is amply and truly realised. We see our way well into the thicket, and, had we time, would take a stroll through the forest, although the foliage looks so uninviting. We have never seen foliage so repulsively cold; any kind of warmth would be nearer truth.

No. 154. 'The Orphans,' S. S. MORRISH. Two little figures very pleasantly wrought, and in sentiment fully sustaining the title.

No. 155. 'Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, painted on the spot,' H. WILLIAMS. A subject so unique could never be mistaken for anything else; the complicated details are very elaborately worked out.

No. 159. 'On the Welch Coast,' J. HENZELL. The principals here are two fish-girls, unquestionably like what they are proposed to represent, but from their reality deduction is amply made by the newness of everything around them. The picture is a study of textures, to which everything is sacrificed. The rocks look new, the dresses are rubbed threadbare for the nonce, the rocks and stones are theatrically new, and even the atmosphere is new without being fresh. Very little is wanted to bring the whole into every-day harmony—a glaze were enough.

No. 164. 'A Line-of-Battle Ship firing a Gun at a Waterspout in a Storm,' C. A. MORNEWICK, Junior. A production of considerable power: an original subject treated with masterly skill.

No. 166. 'Bantry Bay, South of Ireland,' ALFRED CLINT. A very romantic subject, brought forward with such an expression of space, that everything maintains its relative site, and nothing is lost. The eye is very artfully led from distance to distance till the entire ample space is closed by remote mountains, the interval being broken, and here and there forced into light by the flitting shadows of the driving clouds. We read here of the most common phenomena of nature, and these, after all, are the most difficult of description in painting.

No. 178. 'Welsh Children Woolpicking,' E. J. COBBETT. From the treatment of the subject it seems probable that the artist has seen this incident and has represented it as it appeared to him. A cottage is the scene of the labours of the group, on which the light is broken in a manner to bring the figures substantially forward. The children are painted with the utmost nicety, the transparent shades being realised with perfect truth.

No. 179. 'Narrative of an Engagement,' T. CLATER. The narrative is read from a newspaper to an attentive audience in a shoemaker's shop, the shoemaker himself being the principal figure of the group. It

is among the best of the artist's productions, all the still life in the composition has been most conscientiously worked out.

No. 186. 'Loch Long,' G. COLE. A well-chosen subject, the composition is charmingly diversified with the most romantic features of lake and mountain. The sky and the distant hills are passages distinguished by much fine feeling.

No. 190. 'Portrait of the Lady De Mauley,' J. R. SWINTON. We cannot help thinking that in the portraiture of which this is a most favourable example, the best points of identity are sacrificed to sentimentality. We see continually in such works the nose lengthened, the upper lip shortened, the eyes enlarged, and the cheeks almost colourless. In this portrait we see much of this kind of affectation, which after all is very much less difficult to paint than any of the thousand and one diversities of natural expression.

No. 199. 'Tenants of the Forum Romanum in the Nineteenth Century,' F. G. HURSTONE. The title suggests a comparison, but it is rather of the present and the past of the locality, than between the impersonations before us and those who might have basked there in the sun of two thousand years ago. The faces of those who vowed by Hercules and the Temple of Apollo, were quite as handsome as those who now swallow miles of macaroni, and supplicate you for a *bajocco*. This is the class of subject which this artist painted years—long years ago—and he has never been more successful in anything else.

No. 201. 'The Golden Age,' F. UNDERHILL. The artist is right in substantive effect but he is poetical in prose. The golden age is something to dream of; but we find ourselves here invited to join the dance by nymphs with the most common-place faces. We cannot therefore raise ourselves beyond our every-day age of iron. These same ladies we have seen as late as last summer haymaking in Essex and hopping in Kent; the Arcadian delusion is at once dispelled. There is very much to praise in the picture, but were it a little more classic it would be very much nearer the spirit of the proposed subject.

No. 217. 'Landscape with Cattle crossing a Stream—Kenilworth Castle in the distance,' H. HAWKINS. A very interesting subject full of material, the ruin pronounces itself at once to be Kenilworth.

No. 218. 'A quiet Morning on the Coast of Arran,' J. W. OAKES. This is striking and forcible in its treatment. It is generally low in tone, and the aspect of the sky threatens rain, an effect which we feel at once to have been closely imitated from nature.

No. 223. 'River Scene and Cattle,' T. F. WAINWRIGHT. This picture reminds the spectator of Cuyp. Imitations like comparisons may be odious, but it is better to succeed in some degree in following a good master than a bad precept. The light and warmth of the work are at once felt, and there is otherwise much to commend.

No. 226. 'Scene near Great Marlow, Bucks,' A. F. ROLFE. A small picture, firmly painted and generally agreeable in composition. No. 237, also by this artist, and entitled 'View of Windsor Castle from Romney Island,' is not less creditable.

No. 238. 'Good News,' J. NOBLE. A small life-sized head—that of a lady intent on reading a newspaper. It is agreeable in expression and life-like in colour.

No. 244. 'Caves in the Lias—South Wales,' W. WEST. When we look at this work we are surprised how little of subject-matter with judicious painting will make a picture.

The material is only a passage of sea-cliff running into the picture; but the perspective is most accurate, and every cleft and fissure is carefully drawn and painted; the whole presenting an infinity of elaboration. It is truly a geological study, but it has perhaps too much pretension to give it a geological title.

No. 248. 'Prophecy of the Destiny,' S. ANDERSON. This title is too obscure to assist in anywise the picture, or to elucidate the point of the subject. There are two figures—one of a child sleeping, clasping what seems to be a doll; and standing in contemplation of the sleeping child is a female figure, perhaps the sister. The light is well managed, but the multitudinous folds of the drapery confuse the composition. It is, notwithstanding, a very touching and impressive picture, and cannot fail to give pleasure.

No. 250. 'Pilate's Wife saying to him—"Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him,"' Matthew xxvii., 19,' J. Z. BELL. The figures in this composition are well executed, but they are deficient in character and nationality. There is also a want of state and presence in the principals. It happens too frequently that artists paint nothing but the models they see before them, without reference to what might have been the impersonations of the characters presented.

SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

No. 263. 'Sunshine and Showers—a Fishing Weir on the Thames,' H. J. BODDINGTON. A large upright picture with a menacing sky; in execution the picture is perhaps less fortunate than are usually the productions of the painter.

No. 267. 'Pastoral Scene at Maxfield, near Hastings,' J. J. WILSON. The composition shows a small farm-house, with trees and other appropriate incidents; and were it not that the foliage is unnaturally cold and metallic, there is more truth in this and the other like subjects painted by the artist than in his marine subjects. By the way, the title is a misnomer—the subject may be rural, but it is not pastoral.

No. 273. 'Lady Godiva,' A. J. WOOLMER.

"The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife of that grim earl who ruled
In Coventry."

Almost any semi-nude female study may be turned into a Godiva. We find her here undressing for her penitential promenade. There is a shadowy allusion to a caparisoned horse under a distant portico; but for a subject so popularly understood, it is not enough that the figure be painted with much sweetness as to character and colour. If a story be proposed, it should be told in conscientious drawing and painting—a sketch is not enough for perspicuity of narrative.

No. 275. 'A Scene near Dolgelly,' J. SYER. This composition is got up with breadth and force; the proprieties of the theme are developed with good taste, and all the insignificant and unimpressive incident which might be brought forward in such a picture is with good feeling omitted. The principals of the composition are a torrent foaming as it rolls over its rocky bed, a screen of trees, and a glimpse of distance,—harmonious in colour and decided in manipulation. The treatment is somewhat loose, yet, on the whole, there are few better landscapes of our school.

No. 280. 'Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell,' R. BUCKNER. A full-length portrait, presenting the subject in the act (we presume) of leading troops to an attack;

but this idea is by no means supported by the dark background. The hands strike the spectator at once as being altogether too small.

No. 281. 'The Shepherdess,' J. J. HILL. She is asleep, but not in a very easy posture, with her dog lying by her. The treatment is that generally followed by this painter—the group or figure being presented in a broad and open field of view.

No. 283. 'The Merry Thought,' H. J. PIDDING. This title is given to a study of a country girl, who is laughing at some quaint conceit. The features are in a high degree expressive of hilarity.

No. 286. 'Abd-el-Kader,' R. BUCKNER. It is not like those portraits of the Emir that are usually considered authentic. Whether Abd-el-Kader sat for this head or not, we cannot say: if he did not, it is at least bad taste to exhibit the work with a title which may lead to a supposition that it is an authentic portrait.

No. 295. 'The Broken Bridge in the Hartz Mountains,' J. ZEITZER. The subject is brought forward in a manner to convey an impressive idea of the difficulties of travelling in such a region; it is wild and dismal enough for the abode of all the demons of the tempest.

No. 303. 'A Mountain Shepherd's Home,' J. P. PETTIT. This home is a cottage, immediately behind which is a rocky perpendicular eminence, a striking feature of the mountainous character of the region whence the subject may be derived. It is very carefully painted, but it will be felt to be too grey in colour.

No. 313. 'A Neapolitan Peasant Boy,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. For the class of subject, there is perhaps too much refined sentiment. The head, like all similar youthful essays of this painter, is a charming study.

No. 316. 'Preparing for a Bal Masque,' J. NOBLE. A pendant to this work is numbered 318, and entitled, 'The Return from a Bal Masque.' In each is seen a trio of ladies; but in the composition showing the preparation the subject is most perspicuous.

No. 317. 'Autumn,' C. BAXTER. A small picture, containing one figure, that of a girl carrying a small basket of fruit. Like all the heads painted by the artist, the especial characteristics of this are sweetness and simplicity. It is everywhere highly finished, and most captivating in colour.

No. 330. 'Going to Market—Road-scene near Llangattoch, Breconshire,' J. TENNANT. A large picture, presenting an expansive diversity of Welsh scenery, and leading, as is customary with this painter, the eye to remote distance, till the objects are veiled by the filmy atmosphere.

No. 335. 'Storm—Fishing Boats running into Harbour,' ALFRED CLINT. We are placed here close in shore, at high water, with a gale blowing off the sea. The water is still deep, and immense volumes of water are thrown in upon the rocks; a large ship, already a wreck, is driving rapidly in among the breakers; and the small craft are running in shore for shelter. The description is impressive, and the heavy surging sea is painted with a daring sharpness which can only be ventured on from close study of the forms assumed by water under violent agitation.

No. 336. 'Virgin and Child,' W. SALTER. This is a subject rarely treated in modern art: it is a small picture, showing skillful grouping, and much brilliancy of colour.

No. 337. 'On the Coast, near the Valley of Rocks, Linton, Devon,' W. WEST. Altogether in the good feeling of the works already noticed by this painter, who renders these stratified rocks with great truth.

No. 338. 'On the Barmouth Waters, North Wales—Mid-day,' H. J. BODDINGTON. An effect frequently treated by this painter: it is here realised with the success which usually attends him in these essays.

No. 345. 'Running into Port,' G. COLE. From the title alone we learn that there is a storm coming off the sea: it is sunset, and the aspect of the heavens warns the scared small craft to their places of safety. The story is told in simple but forcible terms.

No. 349. 'Nature's Toilet,' T. R. POWELL. A small composition, presenting a semi-nude female figure dressing by aid of the reflection in a garden basin. It is very attractive in colour, and otherwise skillfully executed.

No. 360. 'The Embroideress,' E. J. CONBETT. A most pleasant fancy portrait, very ably treated.

SOUTH-WEST ROOM.

No. 385. 'Ehrenbreitstein, and Bridge of the Moselle,' V. DE FLEURY. This view is taken on the Moselle, a little above the bridge, and looking over towards the "Gibraltar" of the Rhine. Although the importance of the fortress is diminished by the bridge and near objects, it presents an imposing view, which is enhanced by judicious treatment.

No. 391. '***' G. WOLFE. This is a sea-coast scene, very earnestly painted, but deficient of breadth.

No. 392. 'Drying the Nets,' J. HENZELL. The dispositions here are creditable, but the work partakes of the disqualifications we have already noticed in the works of this painter: there is a marked crudity of colour which is not natural.

No. 403. 'The Weald of Sussex, Chanctonbury Downs in the distance,' G. COLE. There is some excellent subject-matter in this district: we are surprised that it is so little visited. This is one of the best works we have seen exhibited under this name.

No. 419. 'The Rheinfels, looking towards Thurnberg,' E. J. NIEMANN. A subject that very few painters would select. The objects in the foreground are fallen ruins, and the aspect near and far is wild to a degree.

No. 434. 'Portrait of Lady Eden,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. A very graceful impersonation: it is among the best of the painter's works.

No. 435. 'Return from the Ball—Sunrise,' A. J. WOOLMER. These preparations for, and returns from, the ball, constitute at present a very favourite class of subject-matter; and they are principally ladies who, in the latter case, are represented as returning home at all hours of the twinkling stars, even till the sun is well up in the sky. We find here accordingly a lady, as usual, charming in colour; but, whether she is in boudoir or bed-chamber, cannot be determined by the upholstery of her whereabouts. With the exception of the figure, the composition is beautifully indefinite.

No. 436. 'A Fall in the Snow, near Presburg, Hungary,' J. ZEITZER. A small picture; the best we think exhibited by its author.

No. 438. 'The Rendezvous,' J. NOBLE. A small picture, presenting a gentleman wearing the cavalier costume of the seventeenth century. It is agreeably coloured.

No. 449. 'Laying Monster Tubes from the New River,' J. B. PYNE. This subject transcends even the utilitarian; it has scarcely as much of the picturesque as we sometimes see in an engineering draught; but even to this subject is communicated a surpassing charm: it is the effect of sunshine under which these huge tubes, and all about them, are brought forward. This is an essay truly masterly.

No. 452. 'Flowers,' MISS RIMER. This study is much in the taste of a foreign school: it is, however, painted with firmness and truth.

No. 453. 'Study of Trout,' H. S. ROLFE. A couple of fish, in which every natural characteristic is most perfectly realised.

No. 459. 'A Country Boy—from Nature,' W. HEMSLEY. This little picture sustains the reputation of the accomplished artist—and that is saying much.

No. 462. 'A Welsh Ford,' G. SHALDERS. The subject is brought forward under a subdued light, with the moon rising. The sky, distance, and the general breadth of the composition, are highly commendable.

No. 465. 'Lock Katrine, Looking towards Ellen's Isle,' J. DANBY. Really a brilliant and powerful production. We look up the lake at a late hour of the day, when the sun casts a profusion of golden and mellow light on the entire scene. This series of works will remind the spectator of Richard Wilson, whom, perhaps, they sometimes suggest too positively.

No. 466. 'The Old Avenue,' A. J. WOOLMER. Well and substantially treated, though not without manner. There is more of reality here than of that playfully obscure allusion of which we have elsewhere spoken in these works.

No. 472. 'The Rest,' C. BAXTER. A new class of subject for the painter; and one in which, be he ever so successful, he will never surpass those charming essays upon which his reputation is so firmly based. The figures here are a rustic mother with her two children.

No. 479. 'Home through the Heather,' E. J. COBBETT. Those who are thus moving homeward, are a group of cottage children laden with fern. The figures are distinguished by much sweetness and simplicity.

No. 504. 'Near the Head of Loch Katrine,' G. COLE. This recalls at once the locality. The light and atmosphere are very felicitously managed.

No. 506. 'The Bridge of Sighs,' E. BARNES. This composition seems to have been suggested by Hood's Poem: it contains a group of figures removing from the water, by torchlight, the body of a woman who has drowned herself. We are surprised that the subject has not been treated more frequently. There is much to praise in the picture: it is worthy of being painted larger, being characterised by all the earnestness of good Art.

No. 536. 'A Portrait,' J. R. SWINTON. A study of a female head; very loose in execution. Such works in exhibition do not assist a reputation.

No. 537. 'Une Soirée,' J. HAYLLAR. The title is not intelligible as applicable to the picture, of which the subject is a small society of men, whom the most unprejudiced person would at once pronounce to be *garrotteurs*. They are engaged in a rubber. The French title does not suggest any mirthful idea. The future fate of these gentlemen is evident: they are even beneath the respectability of the ticket-of-leave.

No. 551. 'Near Barmouth, North Wales,' ALFRED CLINT. This work is very successful in its description of space; it presents to the eye a vast expanse of country, comprehending all the elements of the beautiful.

No. 568. 'The Exercise of the Fan,' T. ROBERTS. The subject has already been treated in a large composition; here it is interpreted by a single figure, that of a young lady, with that number of the "Spectator" before her which suggests the flirtation of the fan as a science. The head is very delicately painted; indeed, it is, throughout, a careful study.

No. 571. 'A Garden Scene,' J. FRANKLIN. A small composition, freely touched, containing an agroupment attired in the taste of the seventeenth century.

No. 574. 'Ferry-boats at Gean on the Danube,' J. ZEITLER. The spirit of these sketches is equalled by very few that we ever see in this dissipated but sometimes pleasant manner.

No. 584. 'Toinette,' J. E. COLLINS. A study of the head of a girl in green drapery. It is fresh in colour and otherwise creditable.

No. 589. 'The Youthful Days of Mary Queen of Scots,' F. COWIE. So rarely do we see anything new in the way of subject-matter, that we cannot pass it without remark. We find Mary here with her uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, and his wife, Anne d'Este. She is kneeling before him, and he is amusing her with tales of his wars. It is a happy subject, and bespeaks reading and thought.

No. 603. 'Job and his Friends,' C. ROLT. The force and substance which the artist has given to the patient man diminishes the reality of the other figures. The artist has had recourse to the Nineveh marbles for his costume.

No. 619. 'A Sketch,' P. WESTCOTT. A profile of a man's head, natural in colour and firm in manner.

No. 625. 'The Ballad,' A. BOUVIER. A small composition, agreeable in colour, but very faulty in drawing.

The Water-Colour Room contains a great variety of essays, among which the most prominent are—No. 637, 'The Green Market, Amiens,' J. DOBBIN; No. 645, 'Flowers,' V. BARTHOLOMEW; No. 655, 'Brig lying-to for a Pilot,' C. P. KNIGHT; No. 661, 'Summer Fruit,' MISS ADAMSON; No. 662, 'Interior of St. Paul's, Antwerp,' S. READ, a production of great merit; No. 668, 'Valley of the Medway,' R. P. NOBLE; No. 673, 'Flowers—Hollyhock,' MISS ASHBY; No. 674, "What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?" R. W. CHAPMAN; No. 692, 'Grapes and Quince,' MISS STEEDMAN; No. 697, and following numbers, 'Souvenirs de l'Opera,' J. R. POWELL; No. 711, 'Portrait in Crayons,' T. SENTIES; No. 712, 'Portrait of Mrs. Frances Hammond,' MISS ROBERTS; No. 713, 'Roses,' MISS F. JOLLY; No. 724, 'The Rev. H. H. Beamish,' S. B. GODBOLD; No. 728, 'Miss Pickard,' CLARA E. F. KETTLE; No. 731, 'Portrait of Miss Burnaby,' J. HAYTER; No. 738, 'Robin,' MRS. WITHERS; No. 739, 'Moor Hen,' P. HOLLAND; No. 752, 'The Path through the Glen,' A. STANLEY; No. 762, 'Rydal Lake, Westmoreland,' C. PEARSON; No. 769, 'Enamel on Porcelain, after Etty, in the Vernon Gallery,' A. ROGERS; No. 777, 'Ravine near the Summit of Carnedd, Carnarvonshire,' W. EVANS; No. 785, 'Abbeville,' S. READ; No. 792, 'Richmond Park,' R. P. NOBLE; No. 799, 'Wickham Church, Kent,' R. NOTTINGHAM; No. 806, 'Little Red Riding Hood,' W. BOWNESS; No. 809, 'Fern Island, Coast of Northumberland,' T. HARPER; No. 815, 'Grapes and Pomegranates,' MISS STEEDMAN; No. 817, 'Study from Nature,' W. BOWNESS, &c. There are only three sculptural works—'The Industrious Girl,' and 'David playing the Harp whilst a Shepherd,' G. FONTANA; 'Bust of Marshal Pelissier,' F. B. TUSSAUD.

The catalogue, as we have observed, is more lengthy than usual, and the best works are those of the members; but it must be observed that, inasmuch as they themselves occupy all the best places, there is still little temptation for non-members to contribute pictures which they may have carefully elaborated.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

J. T. Peele, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 7 in. by 2 ft. 3 in.

A LOVE of Art, no less than the desire to cultivate any taste or faculty which nature has implanted in us, will develop itself in whatever circumstances an individual may be placed, although the rapid growth of such taste and faculty can only be expected when it is under the influence of an atmosphere most favourable to it. The records of many artists bear evidence to the truth of this assertion; and we find another instance in the history of Mr. J. T. Peele, the painter of "The Children in the Wood." He was born at Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in 1822, but migrated with his family, at the age of twelve, to America. After wandering for a considerable time from one State in the New World to another, in the hope of finding a locality that presented some prospect of success in business, the family at length settled down at the town of Buffalo, on the borders of Lake Erie. In this remote place the artist, for the first time in his life, saw an oil-picture by gaining access to the studio of an itinerant portrait-painter, whose works, whatever their merit or demerit may have been, awakened the Art-spirit within him, and made him ambitious of becoming a painter. But his father discouraged all such pursuits: he entertained the idea that Art was a "low occupation," and that idleness had prompted his son to select it, and he threatened to eject the boy from his home if he did not relinquish his purpose. In spite, however, of opposition and all kinds of difficulties he persevered; and as his father would not furnish him with money to buy materials, he begged a few dry colours and a little oil from a house-painter, manufactured a palette out of the lid of a cigar-box, and set earnestly to work on the portraits of his brothers and sister, whom he caused to sit to him day after day as models.

After some considerable lapse of time the father yielded to the inclinations of the youth, and supplied him with small sums of money, to purchase materials, and at the end of a year or two he ventured to receive sitters for a trifling remuneration, and made so much progress that his father began to take a more liberal view of the profession, and furnished him with the means to study in New York, where he remained a year and a half—not greatly to his advantage, however; for while in Buffalo he studied nature alone, though without any definite knowledge of principles to guide him, in New York he was exposed to the danger of imitating the works—and these too, it may be assumed, not of the best order—of others.

On leaving New York, Mr. Peele came over to England, at the request of his friends here, who promised him patronage, which it was subsequently found could not be realised. After remaining in this country for three years, without profit in any way—for his means would not admit of studying in London—he returned to New York, partly abandoned portraiture, and commenced ideal pictures, in which children form the principal feature. His success was commensurate with the industry and talent displayed; he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, and enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished American artists. At the end of seven years he once more visited England, where he seems now to have finally settled down.

Mr. Peele, since his residence among us, has been a constant, though not a large, contributor to our exhibitions. In his pictures he aims at, and generally succeeds in, embodying the principles of high Art into the portraiture of children; and thus to remove the objection against the insipid and conventional style in which these charming little models are generally represented.

His picture of "The Children in the Wood" is, skilfully treated, but the "babes" are of a more humble position in the social scale than those which the old ballad speaks of. It was purchased by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, from the Society of British Artists, and is now in the collection at Osborne.



JOHN THOS. FEELE, PINX^t

H. BOURNE SCULP^t

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE LOAN COLLECTION

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

A FEW WORDS ON OUR NEAR NEIGHBOURS' TASTE AND OUR OWN.*

BATTLE PICTURES—"PUNCH" AND THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—ARY SCHEFFER—CONCENTRATION IN ART—PAUL DE LA ROCHE—CHOICE OF SUBJECT—COURTIER'S PICTURE OF "THE DECADENCE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE"—PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND DECORATION.

Present—MAGISTER and AMICUS.

Amicus.—I dare say they do send many a fine young fellow to the wars, for there is a deal in these battles of Vernet's to stimulate martial adventure and stir the mind. They certainly do this. They stir the mind; and I, for one, would not give a fig for a picture that does not do this in some way or other. Mere workmanship does not satisfy me, however good it may be; and, although I confess I should not like a battle-piece in my room, if battles must be painted, they should be thorough no doubt, and not sham-fights.

Magister.—They cannot be left wholly out of Historic Art, any more than out of History; and maybe are as indispensable in the one as in the other. But no,—they have not quite this excuse, inasmuch as a history—such as Napier's of the Peninsular War, which describes a series of battles and military manoeuvres—gives an actual account of what took place in each engagement, as far as records and recollection and documents go, without indulging in imagination or being forced upon it. While, on the other hand, the painter can only execute his work by means of his fancy. All he can do is to take a principal fact, and present it by the most likely groups, &c., that he can select from his ideas. These must be drawn from himself and cannot be actual, except by a chance so remote that it can hardly be taken into account. The life and death interest of a battle is so absorbing, that the coolest head cannot carry out of the field any dependable recollection that would serve faithfully the painter's art—the strangest contradictions as to details proceeding even from those who have been close actors. At such a time near combatants and dear friends are in total ignorance of what each other is doing; such is the dust, smoke, turmoil, thunderstorm, whirlwind, and hurricane of a mortal struggle! And the General guiding all is so occupied with his dreadful game of chess and its stake, that of course he does not notice the groups of his men or the incidents of the contest, except from a military point of view. So much is all this the fact, that there appears to be next to no chance, out of all the battle-scenes that have ever been painted, that any one representing a near point of view should be a truth.

Amicus.—Vandevelt used, I think it is said, to follow the fleets of his country in his own yacht, and make sketches of conflicts at a distance.

Magister.—At a distance; but those were naval conflicts, in which the ships, sky, and seascape formed the subject, and not hand-to-hand struggles. Thus such may be more easily faithful to fact than land conflicts, the higher class of which, as works of Art, cannot be depicted except from near points, which nothing but an instantaneous photograph could give data for, and which it would require a bold artist to manipulate, even if he could get more allowance from the general to be "in the way" than even the *Times* reporter.

Amicus.—But other historic works of Art, even of the most peaceful kind, cannot pretend to be actual facts in their details.

Magister.—Not wholly so, but there is more opportunity to obtain these, as the actors are not absorbed to the same degree, and there may have been spectators to leave records affording precise information, &c. &c.; but the more peaceful scenes do not, I suppose, require the same excuse for representation as we were thinking that battle-scenes do. In this view battle-

scenes are introduced into Art only as forming an indispensable part of History, while other historical subjects are chosen for their moral or pleasing nature, requiring no excuse for representation. You said you would not like a battle-scene in your room as a constant subject of contemplation. But there are other subjects of history that would be always acceptable.

Amicus.—Historical incidents, however, rather than historical events. For my own room incident, for a neighbouring gallery event; but *à propos* of photographs, what a photograph that would have been—to have been painted by the sun when it broke out after three days rain on the evening of Waterloo—just as the last French charge was made and over!

Magister.—It often occurs now, in reading history, what invaluable things photographs would be of such-and-such events, and such-and-such characters! Photographs are already part of history, and will become still more as the art advances. But *à propos* of the 18th of June, 1815, I think if I had a photograph of that day, I would keep it to myself for the present. To speak in parliamentary phrase, it would be a curious return to get—the number of representations of that action that have been made and sold in Great Britain during the forty years that have elapsed since it took place—sufficient, I should think, for the present century.

Amicus.—We can't ignore Waterloo!

Magister.—But we need not emphasise it.

Amicus.—Or we should have to rechristen Waterloo Bridge and no longer foot it in Wellingtons!

Magister.—Bluchers were as *mal-à-propos*. I would not rechristen Waterloo Bridge; but were we to build a bridge now I certainly would not call it by that name. That battle—if once our strength—is now one of our national weaknesses. I have a theory that about eleven at night—unless there be some other special subject of interest—a party of Englishmen always begin to talk about Waterloo!

Amicus.—It comes in about the third cigar?—perhaps so. Well, we have other battles to "fight o'er again" now, and to paint—the Alma, and Inkermann, and Sebastopol. And so we may hang these over the other for the time being—as they do the modern pictures over the old ones in the Louvre.

Magister.—One quality of the great Duke's was his being to time—and his retirement from this mortal scene, be it spoken in reverence, accorded with this. Let us learn by him: and now that he has left us, and there is no annual banquet to celebrate the great day, leave the record of Waterloo to the page of history.

Amicus.—In Art we can well afford this, especially as we are agreed that we do not admire gory scenes. Still, however, we must not, I fear, flatter ourselves that we are really so very peaceful in our tastes. We may, it is true, turn away in disgust from the presentment of the more horrible actualities of war; yet it may not be denied, that if you see a shop-window with an engraving or picture of a battle in it, there are sure to be plenty of people looking at it. And see that ingenious caterer for us all, the *Illustrated London News*, who so well knows how beats the pulse of the public. There is never an action takes place, but a picture of it soon, marvellously soon, appears in that publication.

Magister.—Yes, marvellously soon, especially if you take into consideration the drawing and woodcutting. But this promptness and information must be little short of miraculous to the good country people, who doubtless religiously believe, as an article of faith, in the authenticity of all the details and pictured episodes, and of the actions and expressions of the people who are slaying and being slain!

Amicus.—What happy unsophistication; what would I not give to be in such a primitive state!

Magister.—Really, without hyperbole, however, some of the battle sketches produced in that periodical are among the most remarkable efforts of the time. They are done sometimes with great rapidity, by one of the artists especially, who thinks nothing of designing and dashing off a battle-piece *impromptu* on the wood

block, ready for cutting, while the printer's devil waits for it!

Amicus.—The marvel of that depends upon how long the printer's devil has to kick his heels in the hall before he gets it. Those sable gentry have often to wait a good while—waiting is one of the "institutions of their existence."

Magister.—I mean but an hour or so. These works, indeed, are looked at merely as sops for the public thirst for "true and particular representations of a late interesting and exciting event," and are apt not to be viewed enough as works of Art, although they satisfy so many requirements of it. There may be also some "pride of position" and Art birth-right about some of your regular built artists, which would seek to draw a line between the talent requisite for a regularly constructed picture, or statue, or *aquarelle*, and that manifested in these sketches. Assuredly all clever sketches might not "finish" equally well, but I have seen many sketches of the nature of which we have been speaking in the *Illustrated News* which would finish, to the best of my belief, admirably well, and which for spirit, action, variety, and expression, were not to be surpassed.

Amicus.—And how wonderfully some of them give the idea of distant multitudes with but a few hasty but artful strokes, on examining which you can hardly conceive how the effect is produced!

Magister.—Many of the impromptu pictures in that journal are true works of genius. They are, to be sure, in some degree ephemeral, but so are leaders in the *Times*—the more the pity for both—but they are none the less excellent for that.

Amicus.—Certainly I have seen nothing in France equal in their way to our illustrations in *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*. Is not that rather strange? One would have expected just the reverse.

Magister.—It is hopeful for our Art strength here, showing its real resources when called upon. There has been of late years a substantial demand for pictorial illustrations of the characters, events, and humours of the day, also for comic sketches of them, and it is well responded to. I quite agree with you that one would have anticipated that these were just the points in which the readiness of invention and execution, and the laughter-lovingness of our near neighbours would have given them advantage over us, and yet it is not so, for undoubtedly these two periodicals are superior to anything of the kind they produce. The demand for "periodical" Art is one of real commercial character, and behold how excellent is the supply. Long may these publications strive to keep their Art-work up to the highest level that the people demand. In this way they do vast good to the people and to Art; teaching the people through their eyes, that short road to the brain, and spreading among them a love of graphic pictorial and formative representation. I look indeed upon the class of publications which the *Illustrated News* and *Punch* represent, to be most valuable adjuncts to our progress. Their advantages are not confined to us, or even to those who speak our tongue,—as the language of the eye is universal—but spread their benefits through the world. What a public they have! They are true circumnavigators! Here—in this country—they have become integral portions of our Art. Taking their rank moreover as sketches, the light craft of the Art, they do a deal of good by whipping up your regular seventy-fours and three deckers to greater exertion. It would not do for the men of heavy metal to fall astern of these sloops and gun-boats! I believe that one influence of the excellence of our present periodic graphic illustrations is to raise the general standard of composition. Their excellence would never permit illustration in this country to sink again to the level of many of the plates in Boydell's illustrations of Shakspeare,—of which—I mean the bad ones—and other tame pedantic representations of that ilk, the last century bore no small crop. The wood-drawing and engraving of the present day is for Art what printing is for Literature. We can never again have a "dark age" in it.

* Continued from p. 90.

Amicus.—Then long life to them! I hope, however, that the "events of the day" may soon direct their pencil to softer scenes. We were talking of battle-pieces and Vernet's power in them, and the general vigour displayed by the French artists in their treatment of these subjects; but there is a style which is the direct reverse of this, in which France is also great. Are not Ary Scheffer's productions the perfection of taste and abstract refinement? A frankness of sentiment appears to hover about them! The beings of his pictures appear to live in a cloud region of essential existence. An angel element of pure air!

Magister.—There is indeed a peculiar delicate spirit in his creations that charms us, in spite, not unfrequently we must allow, of defective proportions and eccentric arrangements, just as we are smitten by the sweet expression of a female face of which the features are not regular. I know no works in which the magic of taste is more fascinating than in his.

Amicus.—And yet he seldom in them, in extent, goes beyond an ode or a sonnet.

Magister.—That is a chief cause of their quality, and he is led to it by his love of concentration, which he possesses in perfection. Everything superfluous is shored away. Nothing is left that does not tell its story compactly. In this, combined with refinement, lies his strength. I wish our artists would keep this a little more in mind; as the orator emphasised action, so would I, had I the powers, emphasise concentration as the essence of true force in Art. *Three figures are enough for the highest effort in Art.* Those in general are the best subjects that require no more. At any rate they supply the best-mode of an artist's laying out his time. For in a picture treated in the multitudinous manner, and in which the crowd is relied on for effect—and I hate a crowd of all kinds—a quantity of work that might be so, or might be thus, or might be here, or might be there—and is not essentially and vitally compacted with the main group and thought takes a long while to do, and is not of adequate effect, and only dilutes the work. While, on the other hand, how forcible is "everything in its place"—nothing but what is wanted—which must be so as it is done—and not anyhow else. As a high work of Art is not from any chance point in nature or history—but from a selected point, so should the details be selected. And the more the grosser particles are boiled away, the purer is the essence, the stronger the spirit, and the truer the result as a work. Just as with the poet, whose mission is, not to lead you over heavy acres where you have to make a long excursion and traverse many a weary step to collect spare flowers, but so to conduct you at once to the springy turf of a fresh meadow, rich with perfumed plants, or to a garden, where every step affords a fresh floweret. As in the drama the highest effects are produced by a few characters, and in music the most exquisite and affecting airs by a few simple chords, so is Art most forcible when she is closest to her theme, as comets are swiftest when nearest the sun.

Amicus.—At the same time it is evident that some of the most remarkable works of Art contain a multiplicity of figures, as the School of Athens, of Raphael, or the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo.

Magister.—Rather, perhaps, many groups than one multiplicity. Several pictures in one, each with their separate interest—but no crowd, and no superfluity—and thus neither of these works produce their full effect until the mind separates them into groups and separate interests. To these subjects many figures were essential. They could not be represented otherwise, but this is on a very different principle from that—not, by the bye, to be called a principle—which introduces a quantity of make-up figures to fill up the canvas, while the interest is confined to one small portion. Also in the case of both these great masters, I doubt whether their many-figured works would have excited so great admiration, had not their reputation been supported and their power exercised by works of lesser extent, and more concentrated sentiment. For my part, in the Sistine Chapel

itself, I am more impressed by the simple and individual figures of the Prophets and Sibyls than even by the great wonder and triumph of powers that occupies the end, simply because they are each a concentration, while the "Last Judgment," taken as a whole, and not in groups, is a diffusion; and the class of works produced by Raphael, on which his fame most firmly reposes, is surely that to which belongs the "Madonna del Sesto," with its wonderful divine infant; the "Madonna della Seggiola," &c. The great master, however, should of course be equal to the various requisitions of his art, among which are, doubtless, the filling of large architectural spaces, and the record of historic events comprising numerous personages, and in either case a large number of figures may be essential. As a general axiom, however, the stories best worth telling, are those which can be told with fewest figures.

Amicus.—The "School of Athens" reminds me of the great picture of De la Roche's in the Hemicyle, at the École des Beaux Arts, that has just been injured by fire. It was evidently suggested by Raphael's work.

Magister.—It is fortunate the injury has occurred during the artist's life, so that it may be repaired by his hand, and still be De la Roche's instead of Mr. Somebody else's, the picture repairer. As you say, its plan is in some respects that of the School of Athens. It is a child worthy of the parent, and especially in the harmony of its plot—a collection of pictures in one—not a crowd, but a series of groups, each to be regarded in turn; and this is favoured by the horse-shoe form of the wall on which it is executed, bending round the spectator, prevents the whole work being presented at once. Its treatment is strictly in accordance with the architectural arrangement. It is a noble, thoughtful, philosophic composition, or series of compositions, full of dignified repose, and of the biographic-historic class, but not of the dramatic and thrilling interest on which this great artist so often loves to found his works.

Amicus.—Not like the "Death of Elizabeth," or "Cromwell regarding in its coffin the body of Charles," or of the "Murder of the Duke of Guise?"

Magister.—All of which are full of vigour and reality, both in conception and execution. They may savour, especially the last, somewhat of the ruthlessness of French art, but that acknowledged, his themes are selected with a keen perception of dramatic point, and of the capabilities of the painter's art. They are, after their kind, excellent subjects. It is evident that De la Roche not only paints but thinks.

Amicus.—And I must say, the French artists as a body seem to be more alive to the importance of subject than we are here. The stories they choose are assuredly not always those that we should select, but they are stories—they tell something—whereas it is more common with our artists, than with theirs (I think,) to be satisfied with a something that will make only a picture, superficially—which stops at the eye—at the portal—and claims no admission to the master of the house—the mind.

Magister.—And any one acquainted with exhibitions for the last twenty years, must have noticed how apt our artists are, as to subjects, to run in flocks. One person finds a mine, and more rush to it than it can accommodate. As at the diggings, when some keen explorer has found a precious nugget, crowds fly off to participate in his gains.

Amicus.—And when all the nuggets are gone, and but siftings remain, the earth is washed over and over, till the grains get very small indeed!

Magister.—And hardly worth picking up. A notable instance of this was the number of paintings we had at one time from the "Vicar of Wakefield." A remarkable picture or two was produced from this exquisite tale of English domestic life; and forthwith every one rushed to good Dr. Primrose's parish, as to a new spa! and we had Moseses, and Olivias, and Sophias, and Mr. Burebella, till one was quite weary of them! The Wakefield fever continued in great force for many years, and even now is hardly extinct. However, by this, I do not mean, by any means, to cast any slur upon any of the

really charming pictures that have been suggested by Goldsmith's work—but only to regret that, while so many precious fields of subject and suggestion lie around unexplored, that our artists should choose to follow each other as closely as on a sheep track, and risk giving a first impression of satiety to the Art-lover, by being so gregarious in their search for pasture.

Amicus.—There seems to me more to be said in the way of excuse for this, as respects the "Vicar of Wakefield," than in most cases; inasmuch as the amount of good instruction, kindly feeling, unaffected piety, moral, and variety of scenes of English country life, as fresh as the name of the family itself presented by that novel, is without rival in any work of fiction. However, if the painters are bad enough in this respect, what are the sculptors;—for ever a nymph preparing for the bath, or a nymph coming out of a bath! as if these handsome young ladies had nothing to do but to wash themselves!

Magister.—And this while such a wealth of female characters is offered on every side by the historian and poet. This is a point that illustrates how few people really think for themselves, or how much people are obliged to others for thinking for them, whichever way you put it. Our old subjects are, however, I suppose, new to the French; so, perhaps, there may be a good many among their subjects which appear new to us, which are hackneyed to them; so we must not emphasise the discrepancy of the two nations too strongly; and, after all, it is more important to have a subject good than new: for an old subject may be made a new one by original treatment; but a bad subject cannot be made as good as a good one by any excellence of execution:—at best, then, it is a struggle of elements; while with a good subject you have wind and tide with you.

Amicus.—What a noble field for the display of the highest qualities of Art is taken by Couture in his great picture which was in the centre saloon of the Beaux Arts Exhibition.—The "Decadence of the Roman Empire" I think it was called. On the whole no picture in the French portion struck me so much, or so fully came up to my idea of a grand work. A theme for all time! The moral essence of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" presented at a glance! Resting on no individual historic fact—although a fact—but its interest bound up in man's good and evil nature; poetic, philosophic, epic in its highest sense—presenting, in awful warning, the causes that sapped the mighty Roman strength, the fungus of evil and luxury that eat away its pith and core.—The scene rises up before me.—Stretched on couches round the board in a gorgeous hall, are grouped the imperial Romans with the most exquisite forms of womankind. Steeped in orgies they conduct their carnival, and mingle love, wine, feast, music and thoughtlessness in one unholy wreath. Here the gay reveller clasps at his fair companion, nothing loth. There she fills for him his overflowing cup, and binds his brow with scented flowers. There the thoughtless laugh, the gay, the impious jest, wreathes the young lip, crimsoned with the blood of the grape, and welcomed by long eyes floating in indolence and love. Wine—more wine is brought, with fruit, by the laden attendants, while the voluptuary lolls overcharged with feast, and the faded flowers droop from the brow of the sated reveller, across whose racked brain the scene seems to swim and totter.—While from above—the marble statues of the ancient Romans that surround the hall appear to frown in sorrow down from their stone brows on the sybaritic scene of weakness and luxury that points with prophetic hand to the extinction of their country!—There—that is pretty well for one breath, is it not? but words will not describe a picture—at least mine can't. I think old Fuseli was about as good a hand at describing pictures as I know, especially when he was on his own ground—Michael Angelo. His words sometimes make the great Florentine's works glow before one, but it is given to very few to do this. I should think Eugene Sue could if he were to try—

perhaps he has done so, only I have not seen it—describe a picture as well as any one. For really he has the wonderful power to make us feel more by his description than if we were actually witness of what he describes. I recollect reading an account, I think it is in his "Juif Errant," of a black panther killing a white horse in a caravan;—He gives it with such extraordinary power, that I am sure I felt more horror in reading his description than I should had I really been present at the death of the poor brute.

Magister.—It is often a grief that the tendency of his works is what it is, for his powers of description are magical, and of dialogue, too. The French, who would not object to him on the score we do, hardly appear aware of the genius they possess in him, and even prefer to him those inferior spirits who possess only, in degree, those powers which make him so Samson-like in power. And as regards this picture of Couture's, the same thing may be said. Our neighbours do not seem to me to appreciate it high enough, nor to be aware of the treasure they possess in it. I agree with you, it is an admirable example of the power of subject, and that its moral renders it a work for all times. Its subject is thus the foundation of its excellence. The largeness of its theme inspired the artist throughout—gave wings to his power, and held him aloft above the usual level of Art: for it is excellent at all points. Its conception and composition are large, clear, well presented, and perfect in their adaptation to the painter's art. Had it not these qualities, it still would be admirable for the grace and drawing of the individual figures: and had it not the grace nor drawing, it would still remain a marvel of excellence of colour, and effect of light and shade.

Amicus.—I have heard it remarked that its general effect and colour reminds one of Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana."

Magister.—Perhaps;—and they are both feasts. That only shows, however, that its colouring is good.

Amicus.—I noticed bits in it wonderfully like Etty.

Magister.—Praise again! For there have been few masters of colour equal to our countryman. His "Eve before the Flood" is a bouquet of the most exquisite and well-arranged gorgeous flowers, and yet as true as Nature's self.

Amicus.—There was one figure especially like Etty; a female in the background with her hands up, behind a recumbent figure on the left-hand side representing Vitellius, dashed in and left half finished, as it were, yet giving the impression of finish, exactly after the fashion of some of the secondary figures in Etty's pictures.

Magister.—I recollect. With an ivory-like complexion. Etty's best flesh—was like flesh so beautiful that it was just like ivory.

Amicus.—Like Pelops' shoulder?

Magister.—The poetry of flesh, so firm, so pure, so polished, so delicate, and yet so vital!

Amicus.—I heard, while in Paris, that Couture had a pendant to this great picture—one representing the decadence of France—then in his studio.

Magister.—And how represented?

Amicus.—Oh, a gorgeous masquerade of French life and character—very severe and very sybaritic! but I only say what I heard. There was a quality in the picture that we have been speaking of that struck me as unusual—at least in degree—and yet not in the least stiff, and that was its ornamental arrangement and balance of parts. In the exact centre of the picture there was a group of forms made by, I think, the statue of Cato, and a male arm holding a cup, and a female's pressing grape-juice into it, which being, as it were, the text of the whole tableau, was at the same time its centre boss.

Magister.—And that is praise again; for a picture or a statue is none the worse, as a work of high Art, but the better for being essentially a work of decoration too. In many of the finest works this decorative element is evident; and a consequent degree of uniformity and balance, not, however, obtrusive. The works of Raphael, Angelo, and Fra Bartolomeo, and fine Italian art in general afford many instances of

this. And in the sister-art the Venus de Medici has acquired much of her fame by being, as regards general arrangement, a piece of ornament. This renders it decorative on its pedestal wherever it is placed. The same with the group of the Cupid and Psyche, which presents a perfect vase form. The view of Painting and Sculpture that does not comprise ornament, or take it into consideration, is assuredly not complete. Paintings and sculptures are the highest kind of decorations, as men and women are the highest kind of animals—gifted with reason, if you like, instead of instinct—and with moral and intellectual attributes, in place of those of mere sensation; but still their structure in their material parts are on the same principles; and it is the small view of Art, and not the large one, that overlooks this. In this respect our European neighbours—French, German, and Italian—have all the advantage of us. With them pictures and sculptures are not looked at in so isolated a manner as they are here. There appears rather an unwillingness here among the followers of the two most intellectual branches to a claim of kindred being made by decoration, decoration being somewhat regarded by our painting and sculpture in the light of a poor relation, and hardly to be owned.

Amicus.—Like what Charles Lamb said of the monkeys!

Magister.—And the general public, and even Art-lovers, have much the same ideas; for although the number of collections of paintings are on the increase here, you often find them in the plainest possible houses, where you would not expect such treasures. While, on the other hand, with the French, you find all the kindred of Art more associated, and the higher branches relied on but in part for the attraction of their apartments. It is astonishing what the Parisians lavish on these occasionally.

Amicus.—Yes, I forget what Madame told me she had spent upon her boudoir, but something enormous.

A NOVELTY IN FANCY-WORK.

A YEAR has now elapsed since the publication in the *Art-Journal* of a series of articles "ON DESIGN AS APPLIED TO LADIES' WORK."* On resuming the subject the following questions naturally suggest themselves, namely: Have the papers been productive of good? To what extent have the designs furnished by the shops improved in their ornamental character? and, Has the taste of those for whose benefit the designs are made been equally progressive? The answer to all these questions will, it is believed, be satisfactory; and it must be gratifying to the Editor of this Journal to reflect that not a little of the improvement in the public taste may be attributed to his increasing exertions, which now extend over a period of nearly eighteen years.

Although Fancy-work can never aspire to the dignity of a fine art, yet, the beauty and variety of which it is susceptible, the universality of its application, and its adaptability as an employment for the leisure hours of the affluent and easy classes, will always render it one of the most important of the Industrial Arts. Between the fine Arts and those of industry, there appears to be the following grand distinction. The former depend for their effect and value chiefly upon design, to which the technical execution is entirely subservient, hence the estimation in which each individual work is held as the single production of genius. The latter, on the contrary, are valued for the mechanical dexterity with which they are executed, and the frequent repetition of a favourite design is considered no deterioration of its value. In the one, the artist is identified with the *originality* of the design, and on this ground rests his claim to distinction; in the latter the workmanship is too frequently admired, while the very name of the designer is forgotten, even if any person were curious enough to inquire it. With needle-work, espe-

cially such as is practised by ladies, it is to be feared this will ever be the case; the pleasure of executing the work is the object they have in view; few will take the trouble to make designs which they can purchase for a trifle. Some few may acquire such a knowledge of the principles of design as may enable them to select good patterns, and in this we have endeavoured to assist them; but by far the greater part of the lady-workers will be content to take what is offered them at the shops, or make their selection independently of any governing principles of taste. They seek pleasure, not toil, in their fancy-work, and are content to follow it with as little labour as possible.

Under these circumstances it is gratifying to remark a general improvement in the character of the ornamental designs exhibited in the shops, and also in some contemporary publications. This progressive improvement is especially perceptible in the designs for fancy-work published weekly in the *Lady's Newspaper*. This paper is the only one which has adopted, and with apparent success, the plan of expressing colour by a variation in the strokes produced by the graver. It were much to be desired that this practice should become general in ornamental designs. Were it always adopted for designs intended to be coloured, it would not only obviate the expense of coloured engravings, but it would be scarcely possible for the copies in needle-work to exhibit inharmonious arrangements of colour, unless the copies themselves should be defective in this respect.



The greatest improvement, however, which has yet taken place in designs intended for ladies' work, is that which has been patented by Mr. George Curling Hope, of Hastings, for braid-work. But, before entering into a description of his "Patent Impérial Appliqué," it will be necessary, in order to appreciate his improvement, to make some preliminary observations on the description of fancy-work to which it is adapted.

Braid-work, as usually executed, consists, as our lady-readers are aware, in tracing the outline of a design with narrow braid, which thus constitutes the only ornament. Running patterns are usually selected for this work in order to avoid the inconvenience of frequently cutting and joining the braid. The design of the border as represented in the lighter part of the scroll wood-cut, answers this requisition; but, it may be asked, is the design satisfactory, and in what respects could it be amended? The grand defect is, that the design is not sufficiently apparent to the eye, for it is not otherwise distinguished from the ground than by the narrow edging of braid, which although only the *outline* of the pattern, really appears to constitute the *whole* of it. Designs, as I have before remarked,* should be varied from their grounds either by texture, by colour, or by light and shade. Now, in the above cut the ground and the pattern are exactly alike, and the eye cannot follow out the design without considerable effort, and even then the effect is unsatisfactory. Nor is this an extreme case; I have examined many patterns for braid-work, and found them deficient in this respect, and not unfrequently imperfect in their outline from the endeavour to avoid cutting the braid.

The only designs adapted for braid-work on a

* Inserted in vol. vii. of New Series, for the year 1854.

* See remarks on this subject in vol. vii. of New Series, pp. 74, 75, 136, 137.

plain ground of one colour are "strap-work," or geometrical tracery, or scrolls, which require no filling up, and in which the requisite continuity of outline is obtained, without departing from the braid-like character, which ought to be a continuous design of unvarying width.

Referring once more to the wood-cut, let the reader try the simple experiment of filling either the ground or the pattern with a darker tint; the design will immediately become distinct, and a more satisfactory result will be obtained. If a white outline be preserved, the effect will be still better. But, it may be asked, how is this effect to be produced on the actual work; it looks well on paper, but how is it to be carried out in practice? It would be easy to vary a lace ground by a pattern in muslin, the outline being over-cast or sewn, like that old point-lace; or to make the pattern in open stitch, on a muslin ground; but, although a design in satin on a merinos ground, or of velvet on a cloth ground, would look extremely well edged with braid, it would not be easy to execute such a design, so as to preserve the sharpness of the contour, and avoid ragged clumsy edges. I have, however, seen a very rich effect produced by forming a design of coloured flowers and green leaves of coloured satin, on a ground of claret-coloured merinos. The difficulty of the work would, however, prevent its becoming general.

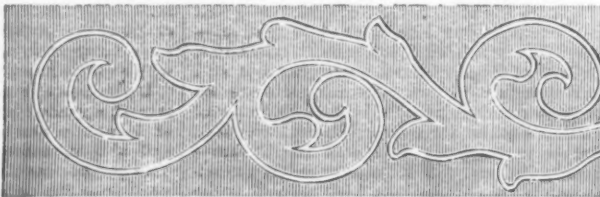
By the invention of Mr. G. C. Hope, the difficulties and defects above alluded to are obviated. Instead of applying the braid upon cloth or other textile fabric of an unvaried colour, in the "Patent Impérial Appliqué"—for this is the name given to it by Mr. Hope—the design round which the braid is to run is produced in a different colour from the cloth forming the ground; thus producing the same effect as has hitherto been attainable only by cutting out figures from another coloured cloth, and laying them on the ground, a process which necessitates the consumption of a double quantity of cloth. This, as I have before observed, is also very inconvenient to work, from the edge of the figure rising above the ground.

The darker part of the border pattern is intended to show the effect of the same design when produced in a colour or shade different from the ground, and edged with coloured silk braid, or gold or silver twist.

The invention is a very happy one, and will not only be a great improvement upon braid-work generally, but will, if I am not mistaken, induce towards establishing a better taste in design, and a more harmonious arrangement of colours. The colours being applied to the cloth by the patentee, are more likely to be harmonious when selected by a person who has studied design than when chosen according to the fancy of the person working it. As the variation in the colour is obtained by printing one colour upon another, there are some few difficulties of a chemical nature to be overcome. Time will probably remove these. Among some of the combinations of colour which are at present ready are scarlet

on black or claret; green, on dark green, black, or claret; blue on black; white on scarlet, blue, or marine; white grounds with two or three coloured figures.

The braid should generally be of a neutral colour, gold, silver, black, white, maize, &c. Every one who has studied the beautiful effect of Indian embroidery and decoration, must have perceived how much of the richness of the



NO. 1.—BRAIDING AS USUALLY DONE.

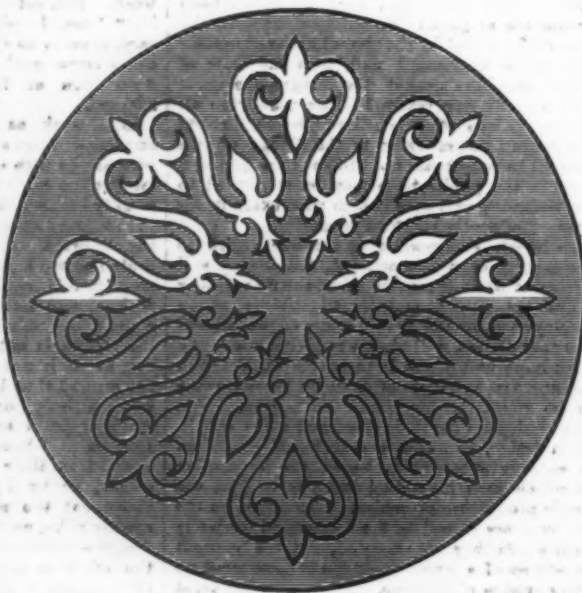
design is produced by the decided outline which always surrounds the figures when the ground is of a contrasting colour.* The English embroiderers of the middle ages, who were very celebrated for their skill, always surrounded the flowers which were embroidered for the decoration of rich ecclesiastical vestments, with a raised edge of gold twist. The moderns cannot



NO. 2.—PATENT IMPÉRIAL APPLIQUÉ.

do better than follow such good examples. It is only necessary to see some specimens of Mr. Hope's "Patent Impérial Appliqué," to be convinced not only that it is infinitely preferable to the common kind of braid-work, but that it is capable of producing very rich effects.

The circular wood-cut underneath is intended



as another illustration of the superiority of Mr. Hope's process over that now in use: we submit the matter to the judgment of our lady-readers especially.

* The reader is referred for some remarks on this subject to the before-mentioned articles in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1855, pp. 136, 137.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

AMALFI: GULF OF SALERNO.

G. E. Hering, Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 10 in. diameter.

The painter of this picture, like many other men, began life in a far different course from that which nature evidently intended him to pursue. He was engaged in a banking-house, where he busied himself more with sketching in blotting-books, than in attending to balance-sheets and ledgers. His family, seeing the inutility of keeping him to an employment so little suited to his tastes, allowed him to follow his own inclination, and sent him to study painting at Munich; subsequently Mr. Hering visited Italy, Hungary, and the East, returning to England after an absence of seven years.

Italy is the land with which the pictures of this artist are, without a single exception, identified; the first work he sent to the Royal Academy was in 1836, when he exhibited the "Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome," and from that year to the present, the annual exhibitions of the Academy and the British Institution have seldom, if ever, opened without one or more specimens of his chaste and elegant pencil; for these terms, perhaps, express his style better than any other. It was, however, some time ere his pictures got so placed on the walls of the exhibition-rooms as to afford a fair opportunity of judging of their merits; he was indebted to the poet Rogers for first bringing him into notice, and it was with reference to this picture of "Amalfi." The work was painted in 1841, and sent to the British Institution, of which Mr. Rogers was then a director. Going to the Gallery one day, prior to the pictures being hung, he made inquiry after the painting sent in by Hering, who had a short time previously been introduced to him, and, finding it worthy of a good position, caused it to be well placed. The result of the poet's judgment and kindness was the purchase of the picture by his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. Hering always speaks in terms of grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Rogers's act, as the first step towards his future success: he had never before sold a picture out of an exhibition-room. His works are now among the best illustrations of Italian landscape-scenery that grace our public galleries.

Amalfi is a small town in the kingdom of Naples, and is built on the steep declivity of a mountain, which overlooks the Gulf of Salerno. The artist's poet-friend thus refers to it:—

"He who sets sail from Naples, when the wind
Blooms fragrance from Pothipo, may soon,
Crossing from side to side that beautiful lake,
Land underneath the cliff where once, among
The children gathering shells along the shore,
One laughed and played, unconscious of his fate;"

There would I linger—then go forth again;
And he who steers due east, doubling the cape,
Discovers in a crevice of the rock
The fishing-town AMALFI. Haply there
A heaving bark, an anchor on the strand,
May tell him what it is; but what it was
Cannot be told so soon."

This little fishing-town—for it is nothing more now—was once a large commercial port, renowned for its trade with Egypt and the East. The whole region round about the bay of Salerno is one of great interest, not alone for its picturesque beauty, but because it was the favourite haunt of some of the great painters of past years—Guido and Domenichino, Spagnoletto, Caravaggio, and Lanfranc; and since their time few artists visit Italy without including it in their travels.

Mr. Hering's picture shows but little of the town. He has taken his sketch from an elevated point overlooking the bay, while an exceedingly picturesque arch of red brick offers a striking foreground feature; the effect is that of a tranquil mid-day, somewhat cool. The artist has caught the true spirit of the Italian landscape—that air of listless luxuriance that pervades both the scenery and the people of Italy.

This picture, which is painted with great tenderness and transparency of colour, is in the collection at Osborne.

* Tasso.



A. G. HARRING FINE

A MAFFEI
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

A. G. HARRING FINE

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XIV.—THOMAS CRESWICK, R.A.



ENGLAND is, of all countries, that in which landscape-painting has reached the highest point of excellence, and where it meets with the most liberal encouragement; and, perhaps, in the latter fact, we may find the cause of the former, inasmuch as a demand usually produces a supply. Nor would it be difficult to assign a reason why this class of Art is so generally esteemed among us: the English are proverbially lovers of the country—of its scenery, its occupations, its amusements, its retirement and quietude. The nobleman or the untitled landed proprietor, whose estates have been handed down through successive generations, exults in his broad acres as his eye surveys park and pasture, woods and bending corn-fields; and, while he feels they are the sources whence his wealth is procured, and his position in society maintained, he admires the beauty of the landscape—he plants and cuts down, he opens out views and closes up spaces, to aid Nature in forming the picturesque. The merchant and the prosperous tradesman, unlike those of most continental cities, leave the mart, the counting-house, and the shop, when the labours of the day are over, for their suburban villa, with its neatly-trimmed lawn and well-stocked garden, and half-a-dozen acres of grass, perhaps, for the cow and the poultry; and these become aids to the enjoyment of real rural life. And, descending to a yet lower scale of society, the mechanic, whose mind has not become vitiated, and his senses dulled by the gin-shop—the great curse of England—finds relief from his ceaseless toil, on the few holidays that fall to his lot during the year, in wandering with his wife and little ones into some remote outskirt of the city or town wherein he dwells, that they may breathe the air of scented flowers, and refresh their eyes with the verdure of the green fields. "The architecture of castles and palaces," says an American

writer, "the statues of local divinities, the designs of escutcheons and sepulchral monuments, address the feelings both of love and pride which bind generations of men together;" but there is something which addresses the feelings, and invites the admiration of every human being—though its voice speaks more eloquently and persuasively to some than to others—and that is Nature, in her grandeur and her simplicity, in her tempests and her calm. In such contemplation the peer and the peasant, the lettered and the ignorant, stand on equal ground; science, philosophy, education, a cultivated taste, are needless, as they are inoperative, to create a love of the beautiful, or for its appreciation. A man can no more shut his heart against its influences than he can effectually seal up his eyes to the brightness of the meridian sun; and though he may be unable to explain how he is affected by the light of the one and the magnificence of the other, he feels his sensibilities awakened, and is glad.

We are not among the number of those who regard landscape-painting as an Art requiring little mental capacity, nor even as one of a comparatively inferior character. The eye that is ever resting on the amplitude and the glory of the works of a Divine Maker—the imagination that is filled with their beauty and their power, receives what must expand and elevate the mind. Can that be an inferior Art which portrays the thunderstorm as it echoes from peak to peak of Alpine mountain, till every living creature is awed by its terrible majesty—that paints the sun as he wakes up a world from its slumbers, or decks it with a "robe of molten gold" as he sinks in the western horizon—that brings before our eyes the rushing of the cataract, or the murmur of the rivulet, so that we fancy our ears catch the rippling of the one and the roar of the other—that leads us beside pastures of living green, or into the cool recesses of the shady woods—that shows us the husbandman binding his sheaves, or dotting the meadow with tiny mounds of newly-mown grass? Is that an Art of inferior degree which compels the closest studies of the subtilties and the delicacies of Nature in her ever-changing moods, her infinite varieties of material, and her operations; which requires a certain amount of botanical knowledge to delineate the forms and the anatomy of trees and plants; of the science of geology, with reference to the shape and colour of rocks and other irregular masses; of so much of meteorology as to understand the laws that regulate the action of the sun with reference to light and shade, the motion of the clouds, and atmospheric appearances; and of chemistry, with regard to the uses and properties of colours? We do not say that every good landscape-painter has all this knowledge in himself, so as to be able to give a rule for whatever he does; but he must possess a practical knowledge—though he may be partially ignorant of theories—or he will never become a faithful



Engraved by]

THE ENTRANCE TO THE COVER.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

copyist of Nature; and if landscape-painting requires so many varied attainments, each being in itself of a high character, such an Art must not be lightly spoken of, as one of secondary degree. We doubt much whether any class of Art offers to those who practice it so much real enjoyment, for, whether sketching in the fields, or working in the solitude of the studio, they are always surrounded by the beautiful; like the children of Israel, when thick darkness overspread the land of Egypt, they have ever "light in their dwellings."

The name of the artist to whose works we now propose to introduce our readers is closely identified with our school of landscape-painters. His biography may be written in a few lines: the story of his life is on his canvases. Mr. Creswick was born at Sheffield, in 1811; of his lineage and his first essays in Art we know little; but we believe that he acquired some knowledge of painting in Birmingham. However this may be, he soon found his way to London; for in 1828 he had taken up his abode in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras, and

exhibited two pictures in the Royal Academy, one of which attracted our attention especially, for on turning to our Catalogue of that year, we find a mark of approval against "No. 37. Llyn Gwynant, North Wales—Morning, T. Creswick." As the works of a young artist, especially if he be a landscape-painter, admit of little else than a kind of general criticism, we briefly pass over the first few years of Mr. Creswick's appearance before the public, with the remark that he became a regular contributor both to the British Institution and the Royal Academy, each successive year bearing witness to his industry, his progress, and his popularity. Looking over our piles of catalogues of this period, we see a commendatory note against many of his pictures, the scenes of which are laid chiefly in North Wales, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the adjacent counties.

In 1836, Mr. Creswick removed to Bayswater, where he still resides and where he had as a neighbour another of our distinguished landscape-painters, the late Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A. He must have visited Ireland about this time; for some of his exhibited pictures were

views taken in that country, such as "Blackrock Castle, Cove of Cork;" "Glengariff, County Cork." We have, however, rather an indistinct recollection of a picture painted in 1838, of a very different character from these; it was called "The Wayside Inn—Market-day," a cleverly-painted composition, representing one of those picturesque incidents of rural life which this age of iron horses has almost driven off the road.

Calcott and Collins were at this period the two artists whose delineations of English scenery were held in the highest respect; yet it was quite evident there was another rapidly advancing, not to push them from their thrones, but to share in the honours they had acquired. Creswick, however, was no copyist of either; he followed Nature alone, and so closely, that in many of his early pictures there is such an undue preponderance of the vivid green peculiar to our trees and herbage, as to be painful to the eye on canvas, however welcome it is in the real landscape. There was also some apprehension in the minds of those who were watching



THE HAWKING PARTY.

his progress, that the delicacy of touch and attention to detail which his works showed would degenerate into prettiness—an error that a painter finds difficulty in amending if it once becomes a practice. But the pictures he exhibited in 1841—five at the British Institution, and three at the Royal Academy—entirely removed whatever apprehension existed: he seems all at once to have struck into a new path, one uniting vigour and boldness of handling with delicacy, and greater variety and harmony of tints with the fresh verdure of Nature. Two of the pictures of this year may be singled out as decided examples of improvement. "A Road Scene" (British Institution), into which a blacksmith's shop is introduced; and "A Rocky Stream" (Royal Academy): these are both most vigorously touched. The former is an evening scene; the dim light of closing day is very skilfully managed, and the reflection of the blacksmith's fire on the adjacent trees is perfectly illusive. The "Rocky Stream" is a small picture, but—our readers must pardon an unintentional pun—it is a gem of the purest water, boldly and vigorously painted, the strength happily mixed with delicacy.

The "reign" of Mr. Creswick may be dated from 1842, when he exhibited two pictures at the British Institution—"Afternoon" and "June"—which surpassed all previous efforts. These were followed, at the Royal Academy, the same year, by three others, concerning one of which, "The Course of the Greta through Brignall Wood," we expressed the following opinion:—"The subject of the picture is a bower of greenwood, woven by Nature over the course of the Greta, amid the rocks and stones of which struggles a shrunken thread of water. The foliage is painted with the accustomed excellence of this artist, and a portion of it conveys perfectly the effect of the light of the sun breaking without the screen of leaves. It would be difficult to exaggerate in praising the works of this accomplished artist. He paints facts; at least, he always seems to do so, for his works are full of what appears strict truth; and, at the same time, he always contrives to make a poem of a picture, no matter how insignificant may be the scene: a solitary tree, a lichen-covered rock, a bubbling rivulet, become most graceful when touched by his almost magic

pencil." In the autumn of this year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

It would be vain to attempt—and, indeed, it is altogether unnecessary—to give a *catalogue raisonnée*, in our limited space, of the works of so productive a painter as Mr. Creswick, we shall, therefore, only just note down a few of his pictures, the recollection of which has not yet left our memory. Where an artist, as he has done, adheres so closely to one range of subject-matter, and with very little alteration of treatment, it is difficult to avoid sameness of description. Welsh glens and mountain-streams, skirts of forests and avenues of lofty elms, luxuriant valleys and winding rivers, however variedly disposed in Nature or in Art, are not the materials on which to comment without hazard of

repetition and monotony; hence the landscape-painter taxes the ingenuity of his critic or biographer far more than the painter of historical or *genre* subjects.

A "Welsh Glen" (Royal Academy, 1843) is a picture that those who have once seen it will not soon forget. It is a bright summer's-day, but the stream, flowing down between lofty perpendicular rocks, crowned with thick foliage, is in deep shadow, presenting to the eye a solitude of exceeding beauty and solemnity, *nullo penetrabilis astro*, for the only ray of sunshine that lights it up falls on the crest of the rocks and on the trees. The "Mountain Torrent" (Royal Academy, 1844) is a highly poetical treatment of a similar kind of subject. The scene lies, we should think, in Scotland, the rocks being bolder and more rugged than those generally found in Wales, and the torrent broader



Engraved by]

THE PLEASANT WAY HOME.

[J. & G. P. Nichol's.

and wilder in its impetuous rushings: the tumultuous dashing of the water is finely expressed in this work.

In the British Institution, in 1845, was a picture, not very large in dimensions, which was rather a novelty from the hand of this painter; the subject was an Old Water-mill; so venerable it seemed, that the oldest inhabitant of the parish in which it then stood could scarcely remember to have heard the clicking of the wheel, decayed and worn out. Every item in this work is painted with exceeding fidelity, yet it leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind by its truth; it suggests a thought of bankruptcy, ruin, and distress. In the same room, and at the same time, hung another work, totally different from all previous—and, so far as we recollect, from all subsequent—pictures by Mr.

Creswick, a passage or Alpine Scenery, painted, we presume, from a sketch by some other hand, for we do not remember to have heard that he has ever travelled into the country of the Alps; at all events he has never, we believe, made it the subject of his pencil except in this instance. The picture is painted with great power and feeling, but we prefer the artist in England. Of five pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, two especially deserve to be pointed out for their picturesque composition and freshness of colour—"The River in the Glen," and "Rain on the Hills;" it is impossible to imagine any landscape scenery more beautifully painted than are these subjects.

Have any of our readers ever journeyed into the Weald of Kent in the autumn of the year? if so, they must have witnessed such a sight as no other country

in the world—and we may add, if we consider the general aspect of the landscape, no other county in England—can furnish: a vast range of hop-gardens, over which the eye traverses till it meets the horizon, or rests upon the thick masses of foliage of some distant wood; the tract itself relieved from monotony by noble oaks and elms, that frequently serve to shelter the plants from unfavourable breezes. The vineyards of southern Europe can show no scenery more picturesque and luxuriant than these gardens, which Mr. Creswick made the subject of a charming painting, exhibited at the British Institution in 1846. The peculiarity of the subject required, on the part of the artist, much patient labour, united with taste and skill, in the management of materials possessing great uniformity of character; these qualities are quite apparent in his picture. "Haddon Hall" has been a favourite spot with this artist; he has frequently painted it from different points of sight; one of his most interesting views to us, was that exhibited in the Academy in 1846, representing the well-known flight of steps leading from the garden to the terrace, with the ancient yew-trees and spreading elms: the subject is treated with great originality, but with unaffected truth. "The Valley," exhibited at the same time, is a well-remembered picture: a large open landscape, taking in an extensive and varied range of country, the whole lit up—except the immediate foreground, which is in shadow—with the most glorious sunshine. Another contribution of this year, "THE PLEASANT WAY HOME," engraved on the previous page, is a scene to cause envy in those who, like ourselves, are compelled to trace their way

home through lines of bricks and mortar, instead of such a noble avenue of green leaves, dancing to the music of the summer's breeze, as we see here.

There was a picture exhibited by this artist at the Academy, in 1847, which bore the simple, yet comprehensive, title of "England;" and certainly our rich and verdant landscape was never more exquisitely represented than in this work, the largest we recollect from his pencil; it is, we imagine, a composition, not a sketch from Nature; but England boasts many such scenes,—a wide expanse of country, corn-fields, and pastures well watered, homesteads, and distant spires that mark the spots where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

This picture ought, on every account, to have found a place in our National Gallery. Indeed, this painter never at any former period came out in such power and general excellence; while we are quite sure he has never surpassed his productions of 1847, an *annus mirabilis* with him: let those who can, recall to mind his "Doubtful Weather," and "The London Road a Hundred Years ago," to prove the truth of our assertion. How magically the light plays over the barren heath in the former picture, and how charmingly it alternates with the broad transparent shadows!—in the latter, the landscape is not only rendered with the most poetical feeling, but there is in the composition a group of figures introduced such as we have never seen from his hand: whoever owns one of these three works, possesses a treasure of Art he cannot value too highly.



Engraved by]

SPRING-TIME.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

Among the five pictures contributed to the Academy Exhibition the following year, we remember one that, had Collins been living at the time, we should have ascribed to him, both on account of the subject and the treatment. A coast-scene was a perfect novelty from the pencil of Creswick, yet in his "Home by the Sands" we have a work as truthfully and skilfully painted as if he had all his lifetime been accustomed to study by the sea-shore, in place of glens, woodlands, and

"Rivers by whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

The sands are traversed by groups of country-people returning from market with their purchases, in carts, in baskets, &c.; the tide has ebbed out, leaving here and there pools of shallow water which reflect the evening sun; the whole shows most careful and accurate study of Nature. There was also another sea-side scene exhibited at the same time, called "A Squally Day;" it pleased us far less than the other, though the intent of the artist is carried out with unquestionable ability.

In 1850 the name of Mr. Ansdell appeared, in conjunction with that of Mr. Creswick, against a picture exhibited at the British Institution, under the title of "Southdowns;" the "Downs" or landscape being, of course, painted by the latter, and the "Southdowns," or sheep, by the former. Each did his part marvellously well; so well, indeed, as to induce them to work together again at various subsequent times,—just as Mr. F. R. Lee and Mr. T. S. Cooper are accustomed to do. The "Wind on Shore," an Academy picture of the same year, gave another proof of the talent of Mr. Creswick in depicting coast-

scenery; it would be hard to say whether in such subjects, or in those with which his name is more frequently connected, he shows greater excellence. He was elected Academician at the end of this year; and here we must conclude our reference to particular pictures, which we have selected almost at random from those that are most vivid in our "mind's eye."

We have spoken of the year 1847 as Mr. Creswick's great year; a few, perhaps, of his subsequent pictures will bear comparison with it, but certainly not those which have appeared during the last three or four years. If he has not fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf," he has adopted a low and dingy scale of colouring, which, in a very short period comparatively, must place them on a level with the smoke-dried old masters that are now rarely to be found but in the shop of the broker. This practice is not new to him; it was tried once before for a season or two, but he had the wisdom to perceive his error and to amend it; let us hope he will do so again. Humanly speaking, many years of active labour are before him; the pastures of Old England are as green as ever; her forests and her dingles have lost none of their bright verdure; her mountain-streams and rivulets still flow joyously and sparklingly: the eye of the painter cannot surely be blind to this; why then should he try to tempt us into the belief that Ichabod is written on the forehead of our land, or that he himself cannot see as he once saw? Though we have many other excellent landscape-painters, whose works always afford us exceeding pleasure to contemplate, we are most unwilling to have our admiration of Mr. Creswick lessened—we do not mean by comparison with others, but with himself: of late, such comparison is certainly unfavourable to him.

A NEW PLEASURE. THE MARINE AQUARIUM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Tis said that Xerxes offered a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure."
BYRON.

HAPPY are they who to admiration of the beauties of nature—inseparable from a feeling and reflective mind—add a knowledge of the causes and effects of what the Giver of all Good has so abundantly scattered, not only over the face of earth, but underneath the waters. Yet so universal are the wonders of creation that those who go "abroad in ships" do not encounter greater marvels than are to be met with in standing pools, or mingling with the murmurs of tiny rivulets "at home." To the lover and observer of Nature nothing is barren, nothing "common or unclean": the blade of grass, the drop of water, the sparkling pebble, the stiff clay, the teeming mould, the rocky fragment, the glittering sand, the whispering shell, the bursting bud of the wayside flower, the penetrating sunbeam, the pale ray of the queenly moon, the crystal salt in the chasm to which the wave seldom returns—all are suggestive of thought, and all may be sources of enjoyment—while all, insignificant as they seem, are essential parts of a mighty whole.

In the bright summer or cooler months of autumn, we who reside in London think it as much a duty as a pleasure to inhale the freshness of the country, and return from our rambles to our city homes laden with "specimens" of the material world, or flowers and ferns that will keep "green memories" amid the snows of winter; we enrich our "fern-houses" with tributes from our Glens or Highlands, and few things cheer us more than the remembrance of *how* the little plant was obtained, and *who* assisted in the gathering. Dried leaves have too much of death about them to convey unalloyed pleasure to the living, and we consider "Ward's cases" to be acquisitions for which all town dwellers are bound to hold the inventor in high esteem—the living memory of many a mountain ramble is enshrined in a "Ward's case," or even beneath a simple bell-glass. But we Islanders are too fond of the element to which we owe our safety as well as our restraint, not to seek its shores, if we cannot cross its waves; and until lately the only mementos we could bring away of the storm or quiet of the deep were dried "flowers of the sea," or beautiful shells, the least perishable of all the forms that enclose life: our own, alas, soon mingle with the dust to which they are doomed to return, while the dwelling of the periwinkle and the limpet seem to endure "for ever."

The "new pleasure" to which we invite our readers, has to do, not so much with the homes of the limpet and the periwinkle, as with the manners and customs of their inhabitants. We have become in some degree familiarised with the snail family, and understand their value in keeping the plants that flourish in our glass-bowl from being coated with "fur" or slime. We have advanced a good many steps in our treatment of gold fish; we no longer doom the little animal to an eternal swimming mill, without the relief of shade; we permit him to meander through groves of the delicate *Vallisneria*, and in the centre of his crystal palace we build him a miniature Stonehenge, wherein he can play at hide-and-seek, and enjoy a cozy nap without disturbance, or even observation; we introduce to his habitation a tiny shoal of minnows—most frolic-loving things—which, when we tap the glass, flock to the surface and greedily devour the fragments of "pastry-cook wafer" which, though they never did banquet thereupon in their natural state, they much enjoy in their captivity. We have learned from Mr. Warrington to treat the tiny stickleback with as much respect as we were taught in childhood to bestow upon the beaver, and recommend our

young friends to purchase a miniature aquarium especially for them, and so have the pleasure of observing the care bestowed by father stickleback in the formation of his family mansion, and the parental attention he pays to the protection and education of his young masters and misses, whom he keeps from the jaws of devouring minnows. We understand all such creatures better than we did, and it may be they return the compliment.

Our own especial "new pleasure," however, is the MARINE AQUARIUM. Concerning this drawing-room "romance of nature," we borrow a pen better qualified than ours to deal with the object to be attained, i. e. the arrangement of a collection of animals and plants in salt water, in such a manner that, by the working out of natural laws, the whole may be permanently self-sustaining and self-purifying, without frequent change of the water being necessary.

The circumstances which brought about the growing taste for such an agreeable adjunct to our homes as the Aquarium, were mainly some experiments on the domestication of marine life, commenced—almost simultaneously—about five or six years ago, by Mr. R. Warrington and Mr. P. H. Gosse.* Then came some popular, accurately written, and beautifully illustrated books on the subject, by Mr. Gosse, followed by the opening to the public, in the spring of 1853, of the large and magnificently appointed aquatic collection of the Zoological Society, in Regent's Park, London, which produced as important effects on the branches of natural history to which it relates, as did the previous great event of 1851, in Hyde Park, on the sciences at large.

No sooner was it found possible thus to make daily acquaintance with the 'manners and customs' of a great variety of curious organisations previously hidden from all except professed naturalists, than many old notions on their natural history became exploded, and indeed it would be easy to name more than one accepted text-book, dozens of pages of which must be cancelled by the aquarium-experiences of the last four years. Of course the desire to have Aquaria at home became obvious. In fresh-water, it was an easy matter to plant aquatic vegetation among gravel at the bottom of a vase, and to put in fish and other animals; but the attempt to set up a marine collection and to maintain it in a healthy state, involved many difficulties. The supply of sea-water was uncertain and costly, and even when obtained, its purity, and that of the vessel in which it was brought from the coast, could not always be depended upon. In cases of accident, too, the whole of the live-stock might perish before a fresh importation of water could be made. At length Mr. Gosse stepped in with a formula for the manufacture of an artificial sea-water from its constituent salts, which, after adequate trials, has been found nearly to answer every purpose of actual sea-water.†

It then became necessary to obtain the animals and sea-weeds from the coast. This, to residents inland, was a matter of difficulty. Amateurs could not always find the time and means to visit the sea-side and collect for themselves. Nor was it always practicable to employ an agency for the purpose; to hire a man to procure and transmit so small a quantity of specimens as would merely suffice for a vase or tank, would obviously be working at a disadvantage both to collector and purchaser. In short, it became essential that some one in the metropolis should be found willing to 'set-up shop' in this kind of 'marine stores'; to establish a regular communication with the coast; to receive consignments at stated intervals; and to be willing to retail them in any quantities according to the variation of the tastes and means of purchasers."

This important object has been attained: and although we furnish in a note some information

for the guidance of our readers, we have no doubt there either are—or will be—in London as well as at the sea-side, many other ministers to the wants of purchasers."

We commenced our salt-water "Aquarium" under the most favourable auspices. The accomplished secretary of the Zoological Society was so good as to order for us a tank of "suitable" dimensions, and permit one of his intelligent keepers of "marine stores" to arrange the interior of our mimic ocean; he also gave us the necessary quantity of sea water, "dipped up" from the Atlantic, and some excellent advice; but we furnished our tank as young house-keepers are apt to furnish a house—with much more than was necessary. Every specimen we could collect was floated into "the tank." We should not, during the days of our young experience, have hesitated to have introduced a juvenile shark or cod fish into our marine menagerie. It was in vain that the Hermit crabs gathered in their claws, that swimming crabs and other crabs crowded from the bottom, and endeavoured to reach the summit of the rocks to escape with life from the noxious gases generated by dying and sickly fish without a sufficient counteracting influence of marine plants; it was in vain that the pied *Crassicornis* bloomed and died within a day, that the *Actinia bellis* (the hardy daisy), refused to implant itself among our pebbles—that the *Sabellas* crept out of their cases, and the delicate *Actinia dianthus*, and even the hardy *Meembryanthemum* let their tentacles droop in unhealthy inertness; still we continued adding instead of withdrawing, pouring in half-pints of innocent periwinkles, and half-dozens of springing shrimps, until in a few days the water became offensive, and the whole contents of "the tank" was obliged to be thrown away! We were "all in the wrong,"—and in addition to the information derived from the secretary of the Zoological Gardens, from the kind counsel of Mr. Gosse, as well as from his books, varied and beautiful as they are; from that also of Doctor Farre, who wrote concerning the interest of those sea-creatures some twenty years ago; in addition to our sea-side experience during the autumn, and our daily access to Mr. Heale's picturesque cottage at Ilfracombe, where, beneath a bower of roses and woodbine, his bright and pretty daughter has become as familiar with "*Madrepores*" and "*Sabellas*" and "*Actinies*" of all kinds, as the generality of village maidens are with primroses and buttercups; in addition to the inspirations of "Glaucus" and the concentrated wisdom of the pretty square books published by Mr. Reeve; though we waded ankle-deep at least in Watermouth Bay, and explored "tide-pools" and wide-spreading sands in the bewitching localities of Ilfracombe and Torquay; in addition to the advice of friends, the information of books, the frequent inspection of the Vivarium at the Zoological Gardens, the "peeps" graciously afforded into the "tanks" of Mr. Gosse, Mr. Warrington, and others learned in Zoophytes—and, moreover, acquaintance with the varied creatures to be seen in Mr. Lloyd's sale-room, in the bowers of Capstone Cottage, Ilfracombe, or in the pretty "Shellery" of Mr. Pike, at Brighton—we had to learn the lessons that are taught only by EXPERIENCE.

Atmosphere and light, and the least difference in position have such an effect both upon

* "This commercial link has been satisfactorily supplied by Mr. Lloyd, of 164, St. John Street Road, Islington. Mr. Lloyd, from whom we have derived much information, not only sells one, two, three, or, if it be wished, as many dozens of those charming creatures the Sea-Anemones, and Madrepores, and curious fan-shaped Tube-worms, together with sea-weeds in proportion, but he also keeps on hand numbers of glass jars and vases ready stocked, and with all the contents in a flourishing and domesticated condition, of such sizes as can be conveniently carried away in the hand, thus saving to the non-scientific all trouble and anxiety on the score of the accurate adjustment of the "balance of life." Here then we have an entirely new trade established in a locality where originality would seem to be most difficult;—even in London, where it is proverbial that "anything may be had for money;" and, as if to make the proverb more universally true, we have just shown that it is now possible to buy a mimic ocean, fully equipped. Mr. Lloyd also sells the marine salt we have adverted to, together with Aquarium vessels empty, of all sizes and shapes, both rectangular and curvilinear, specific gravity tests, and all other appliances, not only for marine, but for fluvial collections."

* Mr. Gosse, writing in the "Magazine of Natural History," in Oct. 1852, states that "priority of publication is universally acknowledged to give a title to whatever honour attaches to a new discovery, and this I shall not dispute with Mr. Warrington."

† Previously, however, (in 1839) Dr. Schmitzer had made marine salts, for the formation of artificial sea-water, after his own analysis of the Channel water off Brighton.

weeds and waters, that nothing but observation, in fact—will enable you to maintain a marine Aquarium in health and respectability. If you give too much light the water resists the intrusion, and becomes opaque; if too little, the animals pine away. You must have practice and patience: in truth there is as much pleasure in both these virtues as in the peace and prosperity of your "Aquarium." We tried the sea-water three several times, and with the same result; we ceased to overstock our sea farm, yet still the creatures died! The water was thrown away and the shingle washed over and over again; and an Irishwoman, a "help," who assists all our experiments, declared, "No wonder people got say-sick crossing the sea, if the water was all like that!" At last, by Mr. Gosse's advice, we put our Aquarium under Mr. Lloyd's care; he nearly filled it with the composed water, replaced our weeds and shingle, and arranged the flagging *Actinia* in what he considered the best situations. The next day the water looked nearly clear, a delicate *Dianthus* had adhered to the glass, several *Bellis* had fixed themselves in the shingle, and those hardy fearless *Mesembryanthemums* were in their full bloom of activity. We felt singularly elated—we should have been so glad to have shown our mimic caverns, over which floated banners of the green *Ulva*, to Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Gosse, or even to the triumphant Mr. Warrington, who has kept his sea-water unchanged for upwards of five years, and whose venerable prawns prowl about perpetually, seeking what they may devour.

But soon after, another kind friend sent us a bountiful supply of animals and most beautiful sea-weed from Falmouth: we did not—however tempted by the swelling beauty of the *Gemmacea*, or the graceful bend of the *Dianthus*—overstock our tank with animal life; but we had a weakness for the picturesque, and we loaded it with sea-weed; child-like, "because it looked so pretty!" Though we knew that the *Ulva latissima* is all sufficient for the purpose of keeping the water pure—still we were tempted, and the water soon became discoloured and turbid. Mr. Gosse says water under these circumstances can be brought back to purity by being placed in a dark closet, but we had not a "dark closet," and so were obliged to get another supply of Mr. Lloyd's prepared salt, and replenish our ocean; since then, we have been greatly successful, the water is "clear as crystal" now, and it has continued so for more than ten weeks.

The desire to know something about, and to possess some specimens of, those "living flowers," is becoming so general, that "agents" can be met with at most of our sea-side resorts, who will procure a sufficient number of "zoophytes" to effect a commencement; but, we repeat, without patience you cannot prosper.* Your tank may be on the plan of those at the Zoological Gardens, oblong, formed of plate-glass and slate, and bound with iron (mine contains about 18 gallons, the cost 4l. 10s.); you can have smaller vessels, from a finger-glass upwards; but all require patient observation, care, and cleanliness: whatever you put in must be first cleansed—of course, in salt-water.

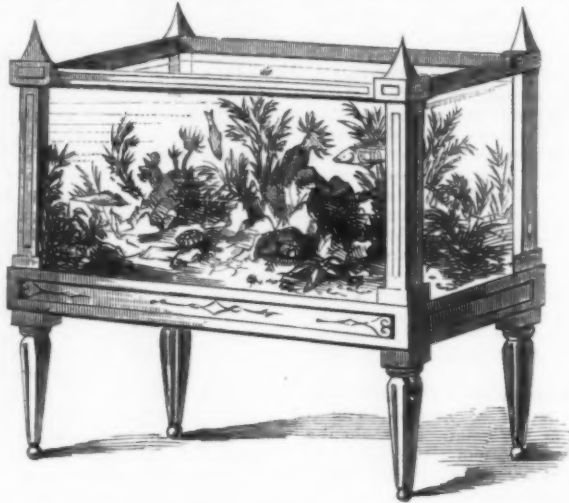
Very recently, however, improvements have been made in tanks; and such improvements should be made extensively known; for in many ways they greatly augment the "new pleasure;"

* Among the most intelligent agents we have met with is Mr. M. C. Pike, of Pool Valley, Brighton: he is a naturalist who has earnest joy in his vocation; and although Brighton is not the best place for variety of marine productions, he has established relations with other places, and can be useful in supplying the wants of collectors at very reasonable charges, and the information he gives with what he sells cannot fail to be instructive. He is a "dealer in shells, sea-weeds, and minerals;" but he supplies a small globe furnished with "sea things" for a few shillings; and may certainly be a valuable auxiliary to all who desire the new pleasure to be derived from the "Marine Vivarium." Of Mr. Heal and his daughter at Ilfracombe we have already spoken; they were among the earliest practical assistants of the naturalist, and have been, in a measure, taught their business by Mr. Gosse. We believe there is also a valuable agent at Weymouth. Ilfracombe and Weymouth, we understand, yield the best specimens. No doubt in many others of our sea-coast towns there are persons able as well as ready and willing to assist the collector, and it will give us pleasure to make them known.

first, as avoiding all danger to the inmates; and next, as supplying articles of furniture so elegant as to be accessories to the drawing-room. I allude chiefly to the tanks manufactured by Messrs. Lloyd & Summerfield, of Birmingham. By a patented process, these gentlemen have substituted glass for wood and iron, in many cases where, heretofore, wood and iron were indispensable. In several of the large shop-windows of London, the whole is of glass—pillars, supports, and sashes. Thus, in the tank, the plates of glass are brought together by glass pipes, neither wood nor metal being used anywhere. The advantages are so obvious, that hereafter, we imagine, this principle will be

adopted universally, as at once more elegant, and more healthful to the inhabitants of tanks, either of fresh or salt-water, but especially the latter. We engrave one of these tanks; and it will be understood that it is entirely of glass.

But Messrs. Lloyd & Summerfield, we believe, designed these articles not so much to serve as tanks as for Fern-houses; although it is apparent that they are quite as well suited for the one as for the other. They are produced in very great varieties: some being larger and more shallow; others being without legs, to stand on tables; others are made to serve as fountains, standing on a graceful glass pillar, through which runs a metal pipe connected with a supply of water.



These gentlemen also manufacture a variety of globes, large cups, vases, and basins; so that all the wants and wishes of those who cultivate Aquaria may be hence supplied—taste as well as convenience having been studied. Examples may be seen at the Crystal Palace; and, if our impression be correct, those entirely of glass very little exceed in price those of mingled glass and iron.

A fresh water Aquarium is much more easily managed than a salt one, and the active movements of the fish increase its interest; but fish are by no means as varied and curious as the zoophytes. Wherever Nature is, there is interest and beauty, so you can choose one or the other—or you may have both. In addition to your tank you will require a syphon, a syringe (of either glass or zinc), and a long-handled wooden spoon, with a sponge tied on the handle end; you must also have a little glass "test," to regulate the density of the water.* If a town-dweller, we suppose you will obtain the prepared salt from Mr. Lloyd; although Mr. Gosse and Mr. Warrington prefer the sea-water, and it continues pure and healthy in their tanks; I have no doubt that when it can be procured pure, and not near the sea-beach—where it is necessarily injured by extraneous matter—it is far better than the artificial water. But whether you use the sea or the composed water, you must, first having washed and seasoned your tank for a few days (and all vessels, large or small, require a little salt water to stand in them for a day or two), put in a thin layer of sand, then a layer of shingle, then arrange a few carefully-washed rocky stones according to your own fancy, let them be rugged, because the *Actinia* can the better grasp them, and you can place your sea-weed to greater advantage; an arch, which you can easily build or have cut at a stone-mason's, is always pretty, and the sea-weeds hang well from the top; then put in your sea-weed, taking care that it is growing, and has its roots fixed to bits of rock or stone; the *Ulva latissima* (the delicate sea lettuce), and the corallines, are quite enough as a commencement;

the "copper beech" of the ocean adds much to the beauty of your marine garden, the only difficulty being in the arrangement of light; it loves deep waters, and will fade beneath the rays of a strong sun. Having arranged your plants, leave them alone for two or three days, and then introduce the hardiest of your *Actinia*.

Mr. Warrington told us of a worm that conceals itself in the sand, beneath the shingle, and, in gratitude for its shelter devours all impure and dead substances; the prawns do this also, but we would not put prawns into new water, nor until the lower organisations of animal life had been fully established in their several localities: the *Bellis* (daisy) hanging from some rough stone; the *Dianthus* wandering imperceptibly along the glass, now looking like a knob of jelly, then extending like a telescope with a number of the most delicately cut fibres at the end—a living white carnation; the *Gemmacea*—so worthy of its name; and every class and colour of the *Mesembryanthemums* from the scarlet strawberry to the delicate olive green, are all safe tenants, and may be introduced at the same time. The *Crassicornis* we have not been able to keep alive more than a week—with one exception; a very small one fixed itself upon a fragment of rock, and we placed it near "high-water mark;" there it lived and bloomed seven weeks, at last dropped off and died. A very intelligent correspondent at Falmouth tells us that he takes his *Crassicornis* out of the water every day for a couple of hours, shakes a little gravel over them and returns them to the water, and that "they live months;" he does this "because," he says, "they are in their natural state frequently left exposed by the receding tide." I regret that I have not time to air them, as ladies air their lap-dogs—but the practice has reason in it.

It may be that the daisies (*Bellis*) will not fix, but "bloat" themselves out and roll about in the water; this is a bad sign, yet they may change their minds, and root well for all that; if, after three or four days, they are not fixed, they will lose their firmness and colour, become spongy, and not withdraw their tentacles when touched; then lift them to the surface of the water in your fishing-spoon, and you will soon perceive by the aroma that they are dead. Nothing dead must on any account be suffered to remain in the water, so throw them away, and put in

* The syphon is necessary to draw off the water without confusing your arrangements; the syringe to throw in, (if used for five minutes once a day), a supply of fresh air; the "spoon" to remove the dead animals; and the sponge to clean the glass.

others. Ascertain that your "test" globule floats upright, and when you force it down, if it rises slowly, very slowly to the surface, the water is fit; there is always, even when you cover your tank (which I strongly recommend you to do), an evaporation which renders your water too salt; you must prevent this by occasionally pouring in from a teacupful to half a pint of fresh-filtered water, watching the movement of your "test;" you may also introduce the active and beautiful *Anthea cereus*, but I find it wiser to introduce the small not the large specimens. My large *Anthea cereus* all died after two or three weeks, but I have two small ones which are growing; one fixed itself at what may be called "high-water mark" on the glass, the other floats on a leaf of *Ulva*, and never changes its quarters, while its sister moves an inch or so every day, but always near the surface; half-a-dozen periwinkles must be thrown into the water (taking care they do not remain on their backs), they will prevent the accumulation of decayed vegetation, and mow from off the glass the mossy growth which would soon obstruct your view of your favourites, if permitted to accumulate. Avoid disturbing the bottom of your tank; and note down the number you put in: a certain quantity of water can only afford nourishment to a certain quantity of animal or vegetable life, so I would entreat you not to overstock. You will require some (say for a tank of 18 gallons three or four,) prawns (not shrimps, who must burrow in sand, and do not float about like the beautiful prawns); they are the most gentlemanly scavengers you can imagine. All *Actinia* throw off a sort of cobweb, which in the absence of prawns I frequently sweep off with my sponge or a feather. I can see to a hair's breadth if my *Actinia* move during the night, or during my absence; they suffer from cold, and I lost several that I had just received from Mr. Dunstan, of Falmouth, simply because the water which warms the corridor where the tank stands, grew cold in the night, and the thermometer fell below freezing point; several *dianthus bellis*, and *gemmae* were flat and dead in the morning. Crabs of all kinds are very active and interesting, but they are so restless and revolutionary in their movements, that I would not recommend them as inmates of an Aquarium; they scratch, and dodge, and tear everything; the hermit crabs—in fact, the whole crab family are the same: in mischief they are the very monkeys of the sea. I have still some beautiful madrepores which I brought from Ilfracombe in September; I know nothing more beautiful than the madrepores, when they bloom from out their caves; but do not let the large *Actinia* creep too near them; if once their tentacles embrace a madrepores, a prawn, a crab, a periwinkle, the next day they will disgorge the shell, but the substance will have been extracted. Sometimes, if my *Actinia* do not bloom freely in deep water, I remove them to the more shallow, and *vice versa*, which a young friend calls "giving them change of air;" though sometimes when I have removed a green, or a grey, or a scarlet *Actinia*, for the purpose of getting a nice bit of colour at a particular point, so as to add to the beauty of my tank, the obstinate thing has either slid away or died, as if in sheer perversity. I have, therefore, learned, if they seem healthy and happy in one situation, not to attempt to remove them to another.

I pray it may be understood that my notes upon this "new pleasure" are simply intended for the instruction of tyros, who will be saved much disappointment by going to the A, B, C of the "Aquarium," and then learning, from learned books and experience, what I—myself a learner—could not presume to teach. During the past winter, those "blossoms of the sea" have afforded me a great deal of enjoyment. Every bit of weed and rock—every zoophyte—has its little history. I have beguiled some lonely midnight moments by placing my candle, so as to produce different effects of light and shade on my mimic ocean; and those dim links between vegetable and animal life have carried me back, without an effort, to the delicious scenes from whence they came.

How patiently have we watched the receding tide, to enable us to explore the mysteries of

some tide-pool, difficult of access, but richly repaying our exertions by the abundance and variety of its inhabitants! How have we deplored the loss of a "specimen," and, like all bad workmen, quarrelled with our tools—"the hammer was too heavy," the "chisel too light!"—and, when we made sure of "such a magnificent *Bellis*," how foolish we have felt when it disappeared from our grasp, sinking into its rocky crevice, scarcely leaving a trace of its retreat! We triumph to this day in a *dianthus*, remembering how nearly our boat was upset beside a group of rocks off Torquay, while endeavouring to obtain the prize. What a delicious day that was! The overpowering heat of the southern sun, tempered by a breeze cool only by contrast, yet still refreshing! The sky, bright as in Italy! The distant plash of oars, as boat after boat passed to and from the delicious bays which indent the Devonshire coast with their mysterious beauty: there, a bold headland, purple and green amid its dark-brown rocks and golden veins, stands sentinel of sea and shore, shading without obscuring the low-roofed cottages, whose trellised roses and verdant lawns, hanging midway on yonder hills, realise an English Arcadia!

We frequently sought amongst the weeds which the lavish waves had heaped upon the strand for *Actinia*; and if we moved a stone, it seemed as if the bay produced nothing but crabs, such scrambling multitudes rushed forth and disappeared. We found one or two marvellously large "strawberries" there—one, who still hangs at the corner of our tank, like a pendant of "Love lies bleeding" always in active bloom, seeking what he may devour—a fragment of beef, a bit of chicken, a dead "*bellis*" or a minnow—a most gluttonous creature! and this reminds me that he is the only *Actinia* I have ever fed, though Mr. Warrington indulges his captives, at long intervals, with little scraps of mutton; and the blue old lobster, at the Zoological Gardens, has his food as regularly as the lions and tigers. But if you feed the zoophytes with palatable food, I doubt the possibility of keeping the water pure, and the water produces sufficient for their existence; though I dare say their growth would be increased by a more liberal supply.

It is quite amusing to observe how the little children, both at Torquay and Ilfracombe, have caught the taste of the times, and come to the sea-side visitor with a bunch of "zoophytes," as they used to do with a young bird or a bouquet of wild flowers. They patter along the shore with their bare feet, turning up the sea-shag, and astonishing the crabs and sand-hoppers; or plash boldly into the pools. One little fellow brought me a worm in great triumph, calling it a sea-serpent; while his sister—brown, though blue-eyed—produced a green *Actinia*, which survived until Christmas: it is pleasant to remember the children toiling up Capstone Hill, attracted as much by the music of the brass band as by the hope of selling "zoophytes."

We need only recall our own hours of most wearisome do-nothing-ness at watering-places, in days long syne, to properly estimate what this "new pleasure" was to us during our rambles along the coasts of North and South Devon—the lane-walks affording us such specimens of ferns and wild flowers as we never gathered before, and the shore rambles sending us to our lodgings with our living sea-flowers, to be turned into every available glass and basin, with the cheering and inexpensive speculation of how they would look "at home."

* While at Ilfracombe last year, it was our happy fortune to meet there Mr. Gosse, with his "class;" it cannot be inappropriate here to say that this amiable and excellent gentleman, and accomplished naturalist, annually forms "classes," who accompany him to the sea-side, partly to obtain health, partly recreation, and partly knowledge, under the certainty that, in his valuable society, and that of his excellent lady, they will acquire much of all. We cannot do better—in gratitude for the pleasure and instruction he has given us—than print the "card" he has this year issued; for, although it is intended only for private circulation, he will not, we think, object to the publicity we give it, inasmuch as it may be the means of enabling some of our readers to enjoy this "new pleasure" under the best possible auspices and circumstances:—

"MARINE NATURAL HISTORY CLASS.—In the summer of 1853, I met, at Ilfracombe, on the coast of North Devon, a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who formed themselves into a Class for the study of Marine

It is impossible to admire these beautiful creatures, and the simple labours by which they exist, without thinking of HIM who, insignificant as they appear, works for them and in them. Surely, if HE cares for them—which cannot except by the contentment they exhibit, acknowledge His bounty—how much more will HE care for us!

The amiable and enlightened Doctor Landborough claims a remote antiquity for these wonders of the shore. In one of his charming books,* he says, "the *Sertularia* that wave their plumes in the sea in the present day, are not in the least more skilful than those that lived immediately after the Deluge. But they can boast of kindred who were great before the flood—which have for ever passed away—though their existence is proved by their wonderful remains, buried in the rocks in every place of our land, and they can more proudly boast of kindred yet alive in foreign climes—numerous almost as the sand of the sea-shore, which have achieved what human power could never have accomplished, and with unwearied assiduity, are still carrying on works which the united efforts of myriads of millions of mankind would in vain attempt to effect. We speak of the coral-forming zoophytes of foreign seas."

Surely there is both simplicity and dignity in a pursuit which leads us to a more intimate knowledge of these dwellers in the sea, and when I perceive the birth of an *Actinia* and observe the little creature—hardly bigger than a pin's head—working its oars and seeking its own food, I cannot but feel that by "studying the nature and habits of these little denizens of the deep we see the kind hand of God, where our forefathers never thought of looking for it, and where we should not, in all probability, have seen it, but for the invention of the microscope. In the very lowest department of Zoology we deal with things that have life. Who, of earthly mould, can give life and voluntary motion to the smallest creature? This is God's doing; and it is not only marvellous, but pleasant to our eyes!

I have thus endeavoured to add my mite to a treasury, the wealth of which is open to all, earnestly desiring that many may share with me the enjoyment to be derived from this NEW PLEASURE. The longer we live the more we are impressed with the conviction that there can be no happiness that is not participated: it is a solemn yet a pleasant truth that we become happy by making others happy.

The "season" is now approaching when thousands will quit for a time the "busy hum" of cities for the breezy melody of the sea-shore: under such circumstances it becomes almost a duty to be idle; but surely "idle time" will not be "idly spent" by those whose daily strolls are ministers to a "new pleasure!"

Natural History. There was much to be done in the way of collecting, much to be learned in the way of study. Not a few species of interest, and some rarities, fell under our notice, scattered as we were over the rocks, and peeping into the pools, almost every day for a month. Then the prizes were to be brought home, and kept in little Aquariums for the study of their habits; their beauties to be investigated by the pocket lens, and the minutest kinds to be examined under the microscope. An hour or two was spent on the shore every day on which the tide and the weather were suitable; and, when otherwise, the occupation was varied by an indoor lesson, on the identification of the animals obtained, the specimens themselves affording illustrations. Thus the two great desiderata of young naturalists were attained simultaneously; they learned at the same time how to collect, and how to determine the names and the zoological relations of the specimens when found.

"A little also was effected in the way of dredging the sea-bottom and in surface-fishing for Medusæ, &c.; but our chief attention was directed to shore-collecting. Altogether, the experiment was found so agreeable, that I propose to repeat it by forming a similar party every year, if spared, at some suitable part of the coast.

"Such ladies or gentlemen as may wish to join the Class should give in their names to me, early in the summer; and any preliminary inquiries about plans, terms, &c., shall meet the requisite attention.

"P. H. GOSSE."

"58, HUNTINGDON STREET,
"ISLINGTON, LONDON.
"March, 1856."

* "Popular History of British Zoophytes." Reeve & Co.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The splendid old building, the Hôtel de Cluny, is about to be isolated; the surrounding houses are now being pulled down for that purpose. This museum is daily increasing its stores of Art.—The celebrated manufactory of porcelain at Sèvres is to be converted into barracks; the porcelain works will be carried on in a new edifice to be built in the park at St. Cloud.—The Exhibitions of Lyons and Bordeaux have been very brilliant this year; in that of Bordeaux, 49,717*l.* have been expended in purchases by the society of the *Amis des Arts*.—The Gallery du Luxembourg is about to receive several of the late purchases made at the Grand Exhibition, and will be augmented by about twenty paintings of high merit. Among them are "Hay-making," Rosa Bonheur; "Christ Mocked," by Gosse; "Burning of the Kent Indiaman," Gudin; "Funeral of St. Cecilia," by Bouguereau; "Tepidarium," by Chassereau; "Christ in the Garden," by Jalabert; "E. Lesueur at the Chartreuse," landscapes by Troyon, Français, and Lecomte.—The restoration of the "Hemicycle" of P. Delaroche goes on well; the damage it received will scarcely be apparent when the repainting is finished.—The picture by M. Gosse, subject "St. Vincent de Paul converting his Master," and which has been for twenty years in the Luxembourg Gallery, has been given to the church of the Seminary of St. Pé.—The Emperor has bought the fine painting of "The Lake of the Four Cantons," by Calamé; the Empress that of "The Virgin and Child," by Deschwanden.—M. Sauvageot has been named conservator (honorary) of the museums; this gentleman had collected a valuable museum of articles of *virtù*, and has presented them to the nation, on condition that he has the care of them, with suitable apartments. We find in this collection an immense quantity of the Palissy ware, Italian majolicas, sculptured ivory and box-wood coffrets, statuettes, diptychs, mirrors, &c., Limoges enamels, Venice glass, portraits of the sixteenth century. It is said that an English *virtuoso* offered him 500,000*l.* for the collection, but he preferred the enjoyment of the same in the Louvre, in a room named the "Musée Sauvageot."—The fine weather has given an impulse to the improvements of Paris; houses are being pulled down on all sides; the town will soon deserve the title of the "Ville des Boulevards;" indeed, little that is old will shortly be left in Paris. Three of those beautiful little tourelles of the medieval times will soon be destroyed in one street, the Rue Hautefeuille.

OBITUARY.

MR. W. F. VARLEY.

WE have received from a correspondent the following biographical notice.

On the 2nd of February, died, at Ramsgate, aged 71, William Fleetwood Varley, artist, youngest brother of the celebrated landscape painter. He was a man condemned to know the severest changes of fortune, having entered the profession under the tuition of his brother with the fairest prospects before him, when a needle shot from an arrow on the playground of an academy entered his eye and nearly blinded him for some years; he in a measure regained his sight, but his eyes were ever afterwards too weak to admit of his pursuing the profession with an ardour sufficient to obtain eminence.

As a teacher he was highly patronised in Cornwall, Bath, and Oxford; at Bath he broke his right arm, which, not having been properly set, frequently gave him great pain, especially in cold weather. He married, had a large family of daughters, seven of whom, with one son, survive him; he now pursued his profession with great respectability, and to the advantage of himself and family.

When at Oxford, by the reckless frolics of a party of students, some of whom were his own pupils, he was nearly burnt to death. From the agonies he then endured, he was never wholly himself again, but gradually sunk in health and in circumstances, and, though assisted by his brother, he, with his numerous family, experienced every species of distress, even to the bitterness of want, and became a nervous, ruined man.

His death took place under happier circumstances than he had known for years, he having enjoyed the calm comforts of a domestic home for many months, under the roof of his excellent son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Conder, tended by a kind and affectionate daughter.

SPRING.

FROM THE STATUE BY B. E. SPENCE.

THIS statue has been recently executed in Rome, where the sculptor resides: Mr. Spence is also the author of two other figures, "Lavinia" and "Highland Mary," which have been engraved in our series at different periods. He has here treated the subject as it is usually represented in Iconology, where the pleasant season of Spring is always symbolised as a beautiful young female in a dancing attitude, crowned with a chaplet of flowers, and with a wreath of flowers in her hand: oftentimes flowers are seen shooting up beneath her feet, and young animals are playing at her side. The association of these objects with the impersonation are sufficiently obvious: poets and painters have in all ages thus represented her.

Joy to the teeming earth!
Once more from sleep awaking;
Blossom and bud are everywhere
In dell and forest breaking:
Fresh from the sunny south,
Dancing o'er hill and plain,
Come the light footsteps of young Spring;
—Joy to the world again!

O'er verdure-covered realms
She holds supreme dominion,
The fairest things that nature hath
Attend her bright pavilion;
Proclaiming Winter past,
The storm-fiend fled and dumb,
And that the time of singing-birds
Full pleasantly is come.

Hail to thee, beauteous Queen!
Of love a heavenly token,
In that the covenant with man
Shall not be void nor broken:
Immutable and sure
He sees the promise stand,
"Seed-time and harvest shall not cease
For ever through the land."

Yes, every thought of thee
Should be undimmed by sadness,
Though they are gone whose song of yore
Welcomed thy look of gladness.
Do not immortal flowers
Around their pathway cling?
Are not all seasons of their world
A never-ending Spring?

There is, to our mind, a peculiar gracefulness in Mr. Spence's conception of this figure: it conveys the idea of easy, elegant movement; the step is light and buoyant, yet well poised; the head, a little inclined, is indicative of motion; and the drapery, adhering closely to the front of the person, and slightly flowing behind, aids the idea which should be conveyed, that of progress. The outline of the whole figure may be so clearly made out—in some parts, as in the exterior lines of the lower limbs, it is perhaps rather too much defined, when the arrangement of the dress is considered—that it is easy to discern how carefully and correctly it is modelled; the sculptor evidently being unwilling that a suspicion should arise in the mind of any critic of his work of a desire to conceal defective modelling by covering it with drapery; just as we have known some painters who, unable to draw the hoofs of animals—not so easy a task, by the way, as might be supposed—often hide them in long grass or other herbage as a veil to incorrect drawing.

We should like to see the works of Mr. Spence more frequently in England than we do: he is a sculptor of great taste and ability; and although we cannot but be perfectly aware there is, comparatively, only small encouragement of his Art here, yet we are quite sure he would be appreciated in the way to which he is justly entitled. It is not meant to be implied by these remarks that Mr. Spence receives no commissions from this country, for we know he has executed several; but he rarely exhibits them, and therefore his name is not so familiar with the public as it deserves to be.

MODERN PAINTERS.*

Is it decent that Mr. Ruskin should assert Turner to have been killed by criticism? We have heard Turner within the walls of the Academy profess the most profound contempt for all and any criticism, and we know that he felt what he said. He has done kind things, but who will mock his memory with the maudlin assertion that he was a man of what is called "fine feeling"? He had a large and a solid reputation, which never could be injured by any of the absurd comparisons of his latter works to "salad oil and mustard." He has enjoyed a more extensive popularity of that kind most valuable to a painter than perhaps any artist that ever lived, and if he were content with the result, that was one of the best proofs of his good sense. It has been seriously asserted by painters of high position, men never given to facetiae, that Turner's latter works were experiments on the intelligence of the public. This we cannot believe. What he did, he did earnestly, whether it were a picture painted on the walls of the Academy in twenty minutes, or one of the tree-stems, described by Mr. Ruskin, elaborated under a microscope during twenty days. He might have been soured from time to time by senseless observations on his works: but Turner sensitive!—commend us to a rhinoceros for a thin-skinned animal. Some proportion of what has been said of Turner is true, but it is the severest visitation that could rest on his memory to say that he perished of the infliction of criticism. We would vindicate him from that. But really he was never thoroughly himself after the publication of the first volumes of "Modern Painters." Were not his worst works painted after the appearance of these volumes? This painter's fondest friends may have placed "Modern Painters" above even him, and they may have assumed to discover in those productions that Turner was working up to the spirit of these essays, while, alas! he was only working down to them. Mr. Ruskin knows that even to a good cause apologies and recantations on the part of an advocate are most prejudicial: he is bound to defend Turner, for in doing so he defends himself, and, like a good pleader, he is little scrupulous. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin believes that the empiric toxicology of his volumes was too much for a man, whom certainly all who knew him would pronounce to be the last to be affected by such a treatise—a man who had lived so entirely with nature as to be altogether unimpressionable by all the charlatanism of his time—a sorcerer in his Art—but (we would not be uncharitable) one whom everybody knows to have been one of the *feræ nature* of society. But Mr. Ruskin seems now to have done with Turner; we trust it may be so, for his interpretation of the examples he instances from his works are such as to place in a very ridiculous light that which, according to the simple rendering intended by the artist, may be really beautiful. But to return to the book: we had expected in the chapter entitled "The Fields," to have seen something about that kind of nature for which artists usually look in the fields—something in reference to those who have painted the fields; but there is no allusion of this kind: the chapter is made up of excur-sive speculations on the favourite colours of ancient poets and medieval painters. There are dissertations on the "pictures" of Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, Homer, and other poetic painters of less note. After having considered, as usual, a multitude of things altogether beside Art, the author proceeds to deductions. "There are, it seems to me, several important deductions to be made from these facts. The Greek, we have seen, delighted in the grass for its usefulness; the medieval, as also we moderns, for its colour and beauty. But both dwell on it as the first element of the lovely landscape; we saw its use in Homer, we see also that Dante thinks the righteous spirits of the heathen enough comforted in Hades by having even the *image* of green grass put beneath their feet; the happy place in Purgatory has no other delight than its grass and flowers; and finally, in the terrestrial

* Concluded from p. 115.



SPRING

ENGRAVED BY T M KNIGHT FROM THE STATUE BY B E SPENCE

LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS

paradise, the feet of Matilda pause where the Lethe stream first bends the blades of grass. Consider a little what a depth there is in this great instinct of the human race. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, &c. * * * The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in these words. All spring and summer is in them, the walks by silent scented paths, &c. Such is the material of which this chapter is composed; there is nothing of practical Art. Let the author write as many books as he pleases, but let him not assume that they are useful to the artist—at all auxiliary to the practice of Art. Another example of elaborate trifling is found in Mr. Ruskin's interpretation of the Italian word "bruno." "I was for some time embarrassed by Dante's use of it with respect to skies and water. Thus, in describing a simple twilight—not a Hades twilight, but an ordinarily fair evening—(Inf. ii, 1), he says, the 'brown' air took the animals of earth away from their fatigues; the waves under Charon's boat are 'brown' (Inf. iii, 117); and Lethe, which is perfectly clear, and yet dark as with oblivion, is 'bruno-bruno,' brown, exceedingly brown." There is yet much more about this word, which, indeed, the author might have spared himself the trouble of writing, for it is well understood as simply meaning dark, and is a common word for twilight. All these dull diversions—and there are many of them—are analogous to what we have observed in the writer's notices of pictures: he fixes on a ripple or a wrinkle, and writes a page or a chapter on it, as the case may be. Hunt, the painter of "The Light of the World," has succeeded Turner in Mr. Ruskin's estimation, and many opportunities are found of mentioning him. In speaking of "affectation," it is said, "I know no painters without it, except one or two Pre-Raphaelites (chiefly Holman Hunt), and some simple water-colour painters, as William Hunt, William Turner, of Oxford, and the late George Robson; but these last have no invention, and, therefore, by our fourth canon, chap. iii., sec. 21, are excluded from the first rank of artists; and of the Pre-Raphaelites there is here no question, as they in nowise represent the modern school." It might be very fairly asked of Mr. Ruskin what he means by "affectation." He does not mention the names of any painters who are signalled by "affectation," but we hear of some of those who are without it; they are chiefly artists who paint elaborately what they see; conversely, therefore, all who do not work on this principle are "affected." In the chapter entitled "Of Modern Landscape," really a fine subject, there is scarcely a page about painting; it turns entirely upon a consideration of certain of the modern poets. We are told that nothing is more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in anything. He is educated a Presbyterian, and remains one, because it is the most sensible thing he can do if he is to remain in Edinburgh. He cared for neither painting nor sculpture, and was incapable of forming a judgment upon them. Byron is rather sulky and desperate than melancholy; Keats is sad because he is sickly; Shelley because he is impious; Scott's heartfelt and sincere love of nature is summed up in a few words by himself—"I, Scott, am nothing, and less than nothing; but these crags, and heaths, and clouds, how great they are, how lovely, how for ever to be beloved, only for their own silent, thoughtless sake." We may not, perhaps, agree entirely with Scott for the reasons he gives wherefore the rocks should be beloved; but we cannot help admiring Scott's humility of spirit as a contrast to the insufferable egotism of Ruskin. Scott is not allowed to be so subtle a colourist as Dante, which, under the circumstances of the age he could not be, but he depends quite as much upon colour for his power or pleasure. He does not say much about things, but the one character

which he gives is colour. If he has a sea-storm to paint in a single line, he does not, as a feeble poet would have done, employ some term descriptive of the temper or form of the waves: he does not call them angry or mountainous. He is content to strike them out with two dashes of Tintoret's favourite colours—

"The blackening wave is edged with white,
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly."

"There is no form in this; nay, the main virtue of it is, that it gets rid of all form. The dark raging of the sea, what form has that? But out of the cloud of its darkness those lightning flashes of the foam, coming at their terrible intervals,—you need no more." What are meant here as Tintoret's favourite colours? If black and white are Tintoret's favourite colours, how has he employed them? He was a great flesh colourist, finishing sometimes with glazes, at others with the carnation impasto: as a curious example of the latter, we refer Mr. Ruskin to the well-known head in the third or fourth saloon of the Pitti, painted, as it were, with a trowel. He may have used black and white as dead colouring; but where do black and white occur in Tintoret's works as a presumption of colour? They are employed generally for effect, either as principals or auxiliaries; and, where the one or the other prevails to any extent, there is a proportionate denegation of colour. Are we to believe that Mr. Ruskin is praising Scott for the simplicity of his tint? If so, how are we to reconcile what he says in an antecedent chapter, when he asserts that the colouring of nature cannot be too brilliant and luxuriant? Wherefore is it necessary to go so far away as Tintoretto in a question of painting, what perhaps Tintoretto never attempted? Had we desired a comparison, and especially in a question of painting water, we should have instanced at once Vandewelde, who, in his latter years, painted the sea in little else than black and white. But he did not paint the sea without form. If a sea without form be here commended, how is this to be reconciled with what is said in a former volume of the forms of the sea, in a description of Turner's picture of the slave ship! In that work (we speak only from memory) much of the force of the picture depends on the forms of the sea. Of this kind are the arguments under the heading "Of Modern Landscape," a chapter which does not contain a sentence on the subject of modern landscape. Instead of treating of painters the entire essay is of poets; we have no objection to this; but, if there be any difference between versification and the practice of painting, this chapter should not have been called an essay on landscape. Mr. Ruskin concludes his volume with a chapter on the teachers of Turner; and concludes finally with a disquisition on the recent war. It is asserted that Turner, having suffered under the instruction of the Royal Academy, had to pass nearly thirty years of his life in recovering from its consequences. We have never seen anything in Turner's works that the Academy could have taught him: he drew figures execrably—worse than Claude; and the Academy does not teach clouds and sunshine. If he learnt anything of figure-drawing there, he must have been extremely well taught, that thirty years were necessary to his unteaching. We know living engravers who have continually improved his drawing in their plates from his works. In youth he is said to have wasted his time in painting subjects of no interest, as parks, villas, and ugly architecture in general; and, in late years, to have devoted his strength to meaningless classical compositions, such as the "Fall and Rise of Carthage," "Bay of Baie," "Daphne and Leucippas," and such others; which, with infinite accumulation of material, are yet utterly heartless and motionless; dead to the very roots of thought; and incapable of producing wholesome or useful effects on any human mind, except only as exhibitions of technical skill and graceful arrangements. The very qualities which are disparaged in the production of these works, are abundantly bepraised in the antecedent volumes.

Our notice of this volume has been what we ourselves consider slight; although, to a certain

class of readers, it may be already too long, and would have been tedious, had we followed the author analytically through all his propositions. We have from time to time counselled him for his good; but he is slow to acknowledge a benefit. We press his hand once more with this advice;—if he wish to gain credit for knowing something of Art, he must cease to sneer at the works of men of undoubted talent; men whose power is acknowledged in the face of the world; artists from whose reputation he could not detract one iota, were he to continue his so-called artistic diversions for a hundred years. Farewell, John Ruskin; if you are true to your word, we meet again in a brief space in the great room of the Royal Academy. Oh! that our friend would paint a picture!

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.—The men of Manchester are talking of erecting a Crystal Palace of their own for an exhibition, on a grand scale, of works of Art of every kind. The *Manchester Guardian* says—"The plan is to have a vast exhibition in Manchester, to embrace and be limited to everything that can be fairly comprised within the title of 'Art-treasures,' which will not only include pictures, engravings, sculpture, and statuary, but every variety of works of Art—(as distinguished from works of industry, manufactures, machinery, and mechanism)—that can be collected, of all ages and countries, especially articles of taste and *virtù*, bronzes, marbles, medals and coins, gems in cameo and intaglio, works of Art in every metal and in many other substances, glass and china, ivory, wood, and stone,—in short, everything that is not mere workmanship, but may fairly be classed as Art. It is intended to have this Exhibition on a scale commensurate with the importance and dignity of this great metropolis of the manufacturing district; and the means proposed are a large guarantee fund, and the erection of an edifice of the magnificent character, if not the full dimensions, of the Crystal Palaces of Hyde Park and Sydenham. We may express a confident opinion that the grandeur of the scheme, the vastness of the scale on which it is proposed to be accomplished, will give to it an attraction so universal and absorbing, as to secure its being, as a whole, self-supporting and remunerative. The Art-contributions from the private collections of Lancashire alone would cover acres of space. Everything augurs well for the success of an undertaking, conceived in a large and liberal spirit, and the plan of which is of proportions so colossal." We cannot at present understand whether the building is to be of a permanent kind or not: we can scarcely suppose that, with the example of the Sydenham Palace before them, gentlemen so shrewd and calculating as we know those of Manchester to be, can contemplate the erection of such another edifice, with a similar object, except for temporary purposes.

ST. ALBANS.—It is intended to attempt the restoration of the fine old Abbey Church of St. Albans, one of the noblest examples of Saxon architecture in the kingdom. A meeting, at which a large number of the county gentlemen, and of those interested in the preservation of our ancient architectural monuments, attended, has recently been held, when a liberal subscription was entered into for the purpose. It is supposed that St. Albans will be the seat of one of the new bishoprics which rumour states the government is about to create.

TAUNTON.—Mr. Cole, C.B., Inspector-General of the Department of Science and Art, lately visited Taunton, to aid a movement now making in the town for establishing a school of Art, which appears likely to be successfully carried out.

DUNDEE.—The travelling picture-dealers, driven out of the highways of the country, are seeking a mart for the disposal of their merchandise in nooks and corners. We have before us a catalogue of pictures recently offered for sale at Dundee, from the gallery of "the late Captain Rennard, of Southampton, a well-known collector." The names which figure pre-eminently in the list are, among others, those of Van Stry, N. Poussin, Sassoferrato, Tintoretto, Vandewelde, Panini, Paul Veronese, Brughel, Guercino, Cuyt, Jordaens, Blomaert, Spagnoletti, Murillo, Calcott, Danby, Cooper, Hogarth, Reynolds, Duncan, P. Nasmyth, Morland, Etty, &c. &c. The specimens realised from 2*l.* to 10*l.* each; not an unprofitable speculation, we should imagine, with nearly one hundred lots at the disposal of the auctioneer.

SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT

TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER V.

The midnight Sun—Repose in the Wilderness—The World lies sleeping—Beatific influence of a beating—Inertia to witness—Good fortune of the Painter—He enters protest—Woe is me! for the *semper cadens*—Treasure trove!—A Dog that's new—A better Time coming—Penitence—Results—The Prince at Tewkesbury—Edward the King—The Son of Henry—Richard of Gloucester—A Leave-taking—Elizabeth Woodville and Elizabeth "Porphyrogenita"—Her Brothers, also born in the Purple—An olden Tale of Wood-craft—Where are the Sheriff's eyes?—The Liege-man's Resolve—Doings of little Fiction—The Birds are coming!—Felicia Hemans—Wordsworth—Aristophanes—Division of Labour—Commissariat of the Magpie family—The Counsel of Antipas—The Ethnarch before the Sanhedrim—Simeon, whose name was Samsa—The Tetrarch beside the Fountain—Espousals of the Asmonean Princess—The Feast of Tabernacles—The Death of Aristobulus—Arraignment of Mariamne—Defection and Death of Alexandra—The Son of Mariamne—Costobarus the Idumean—Gadiah and Dositheus—Lapidation of Tere—Last Hours of Phocas—Antipater the Son of Doris—The Close of all.

THE interest attaching itself to the Exhibition of works by German Artists, last year holding its third anniversary in London, was much increased by the many beautiful landscapes adorning its walls: those of Norwegian Forest and Fjord were more particularly remarkable, but among them was not one of those life-like reproductions of the MIDNIGHT SUN, for which Becker of Darmstadt, Saal of Heidelberg, and other German artists, have obtained a merited reputation.†

Among the works of the last-named painter is one, much admired in the Austrian capital, and subsequently at Prague,—representing the Alps that rise above the Guldenbrands valley, as they lie under the deep crimson and rich rose tints of the midnight sun, in the months of June and July. The picture is one of unusually vast dimensions, a circumstance which I mention here, because, in a painting of this kind, size—if not, as in architectural effects, an element of beauty, is at least an advantage to be appreciated.

The scene chosen by the artist is a wild valley strewn with rocks, between which there grow painfully and reluctantly a few coarse herbs and stunted shrubs; in the back-ground is a range of high peaked mountains covered with snow—although we know that the season is midsummer, and the day that of St. John's festival—their grand and silent forms are reflected in the dark waters of a wide extended Fjord, now still and silent as themselves: over this waste of mountain, rock, and water, there shines the strange, weird, mysterious light of the midnight sun.

In the farthest distance the higher Alps are tinged with a delicate rose-hue, while the shadows of the lower range are blue and cool; but the bare gigantic rocks of the fore-ground are glowing like molten steel beneath the fervid beams, for they are still fervid, midnight though it be. Towards the far left of the picture, which exhibits a vast space, as we have said, the light is varied; a less glowing, yet still brilliant tinge of red is shining over all, and in the pale blue sky of this portion of the work are scattered, at wide intervals, great piles of clouds in strange fantastic forms, yet such as we have all seen at times in our own beautifully varying heavens.

But perhaps the most peculiar characteristic of this truly wondrous scene, and that which most effectually distinguishes it from every other, familiar to the dwellers in more southern climes, is the clear perception forced upon you that, despite the glowing sunshine, it is midnight; profound solitude, dead silence, inviolate stillness, all betoken the hour of universal repose: the painter has not permitted any human form to appear; silently, and with very

slow movement, a rein-deer is crossing a low hillock, but, beside him, not a living mortal is seen. Yes, you are made to feel that it is midnight, and if you could venture to speak in that solemn presence, it would be in the lowest of murmurs only. But can you speak?—by no means, it is not the time for converse, nor yet for movement, and being here, in the midst of this great pause of life, you sink down quietly into the couch of soft mosses and beside the stilly waters, and you take part in that calm and trusting repose in which the beautiful creation is all lying, child-like and helpless, yet softly breathing and in blest security, beneath the beneficent guardianship of the Father Supreme.

The rein-deer mentioned as passing across this strangely solemn "place of rest,"—for to this, notwithstanding the rudeness of the features, is the scene here depicted consecrated by the potency of the hour—the reindeer, I say, contributes greatly to the force of the general effect, by its singularly unrestrained and leisurely demeanour: this is not the moment for haste, there is nothing waking but himself, the beautiful world around him is all his own; his step—say, he scarcely makes a step, he is only about to do so in good time—gives clear intimation of his perfect ease, and this attitude of the animal has been judiciously adopted by the painter, being, as it is, in perfect harmony with the profoundly touching scene he has depicted.

There is a picture of similar character and also of great merit, but with different treatment, by Leu of Dusseldorf, to which I would fain call your attention; but uncertain whether both may not have been exhibited in our country last year, I refrain from doing so, since, in that case, they will most probably have been discussed by the Critic in Art, who takes possession of the whole subject, and does not confine himself, as is the case with the present writer, to the mere choice of the theme.

"Blessed is he who hath got himself well beaten, for he shall mend his manners,"—such is the purport, or nearly so, of an adage not unfrequently heard in Imeritia, and if we cannot subscribe cordially to the truth of its averment, neither is this a convenient opportunity for proving the fallacy thereof. Let us even assume it true for the moment, and that accorded, how fortunate is your case, oh ye painters, and how effectually shall your manners be mended!

For such an amount of "stick-meat" as they are making you eat! *Ye Bogh!* as the Muscovite says,—and a learned man is your Russ, when the *batogs* are in question—they have provided you with rods of every growth and thickness; you have but to choose and must by this time have decided which tree you like best, unless you are very difficult indeed: at all events you will have acquired a critical judgment in the discrimination of varieties.

Right and left you are getting it—blows are raining from every point of the compass and all at once, so that, beneath which side of the hedge you were best take shelter must be a question just now puzzling you mightily, the rather as you do not all seem to be largely gifted in the bump of find-which-way-the-wind-blows-ativeness, if we are to judge by the fashion in which you place some of your poor creatures *à l'abri*, when you have first exposed them to pitiless storms. For proof of this, I refer you to *qui de droit*.

"They are being very uncivil persons, these Critics!—and why should we care for them? We won't! for say they have some show of right on their side, when they abuse Blank Blank, of Blank, and demolish What's-his-name, and tear in pieces no end of other fellows, yet my picture of—never mind its title—is a good one, and if they have not the wit to discern its merit, so much the worse for them."

Well, that is all very true perhaps, and, argumentative beside,—if we had but the wit to discern its force, and clever too perhaps, and above all useful, for criticism will be doubtless put down by its eloquence, or if not, it ought to be, but in despite of your oratory, the critics are now grumbling, and they will grumble. Why,

they maintain—But no, we won't repeat their talk of "this not right" and the other "all wrong"—why should we, since you don't intend to profit by it? Let us rather confine ourselves to what concerns our own especial matters, and hear what they say of that ceaseless iteration whereof they make their plaint. One deplores what he is pleased to call "the yearly increasing tendency of artists to repeat themselves," and adds, "this perpetual repetition would be bad enough if the pictures were good, but as things are!"

"Enough of him!"

Hear the next then—"This never-ending recurrence of poor and meaningless subjects has been long matter of universal complaint. This year we are more than ever oppressed by —"

You don't like that neither? Let us try a third—"Weak and shallow! what has become of the rich invention once—"

You wave your hand impatiently, you will not have that *non plus!* but there is then no hope of pleasing you, for all is in the same tone! One declares that "even of the good pictures, people are disposed to speak reproachfully, after counting the number of times each subject is repeated in every essential point, all over the galleries." He further asks, "Why must we have the same Italian boys in all sorts of disguises and in half a hundred exhibitions?"

Complainant then proceeds to specify cases wherein the same figures are presented perpetually with only the slightest difference, but we do not give place to the instances—our remarks are general—not particular: he adds piteously, "These children we have seen ever so many times!" And hath he so! the poor good man! But are you not ashamed so to bechate him of his reasonable expectations? and have not things come to an evil pass when a good friend and warm lover of yourselves and your works is reduced to self-gratulation over "this dog, because he is new to us?"

For observe; what the writers I now cite are complaining of is, not things bad—but things old—"iteration"—omitting the malediction—"iteration is the burthen of their Jeremiads,—Who shall deliver us from these weariful self-repeating?" they exclaim; and they are right. One remarks, and certainly not without cause—"There is an utter absence throughout, of pictures from Scripture, from English history, from English poetry, and even from English fiction."

And they are your friends who speak thus, they are those who wish you well, and who wish well to Art. Yet these it is whom you compel to ask you—Is there no such thing as a Goldsmith in the land! has no tradition of a Lempiere ever penetrated your haunts! or could you not at least contrive an introduction to some penny story-book, (in this our day, when the supply of intellectual needs is not particularly meagre,) with, it may be, an apology for a picture upon its front, by way of rousing up your imagination a little!

Nay, but wherefore will you suffer these discourtesies to be addressed to you? and how long shall the regrets of your friendly monitors be rendered yearly more profound? "No scripture subject—no history—not even fiction."—You will surely not let further cause be given for these too justly merited accusations, since it is certain that the power of preventing them is in your own hands.

Of the scriptural subjects we will not now speak, we are not in fitting mood for the discussion: but what prevents you from turning to history? that of every nation lies open to you, not one shall refuse its stores,—or to poetry, and in that bright region you shall find equal riches; meet as cordial a welcome. For the realms of fiction, I do make mine avowal that they be somewhat of the widest; they demand a peculiar kind of courage from him who shall enter on quest therein, but at worst you shall find a very plethora of provender, and if it be not of the daintiest, let us have it nevertheless, since better may not be; food of any kind is better than famine. Give us something. Let it no longer be said, as of late it hath been and with too much truth, "Our English artists are neglecting books and men, they shun galleries and whatever tends to promote the love of Art

* Continued from p. 104.

† Since writing the above, it has occurred to us, that the two previous exhibitions of the German artists may have made our youngest student acquainted with these works, but the writer was not in England on either of those occasions, and cannot at the moment refer to the obvious sources of information.

in its highest phases, as if some pestilence were in the air of all that elevates. Many have even severed all connection with the realms of fancy and seem to have abandoned themselves to the rule of common-place."

It is true that the critics have as yet but the light skirmishers before them, and when the great guns of the Academy are brought to bear, they may see cause to change their tone. And you will perhaps say "Neither is this the heaviest artillery of criticism that comes rattling about our ears." Perhaps not, but if the *mitraille* be effective, one gets pretty well peppered even by that, and methinks the shower falling on this occasion is none of the lightest. Then the weapon of your assailant is ever the more sharply penetrative when he has pointed it with a truth, and I ask you if these that are now flying about you do not "hit in the white" every one!

Still, it is not I who will consent to despair of a good time coming, had we not the dawn of it in the very last year's works? were there not the — of — but no — there shall be no names or titles specified, we know what we know, and by and bye we shall have better still. Even now you do not all wear those defiant looks of "Harry, who didn't care!" with which you began to listen, as we repeated to you what your friendly critics are saying. There are some of you indeed who seem to be getting your penitent faces on. Good boys! One has even crept into a corner, slate and pencil in hand; he has determined on some grave exposition of History! you divine it by the importance of his preparations. A second rubs his eyes—he has heard of the "fine frenzy rolling," you shall see now if he will not give us poetry! As to you third! I think he must have borrowed the milkman's chalk: what has made him so short of tools, and how does he mean to employ the loan he has secured? perhaps he will regale us with some preparation from the *cuisine* of fiction, we shall see.

Suppose we look over the shiny shoulder of each toiling urchin—and I would that some one might paint me this studio bodily, every tiny man depicted as he is bending him to his task,—what may History be doing to begin with?

None so bad upon my word! He has made us a tent—a regal pavilion rather—ample of dimensions and richly appointed; the period he has chosen considered, for you see that the warrior figures who occupy the interior are Edward IV., with his brothers, Richard of Gloucester and George of Clarence. Other leaders are also there, Lord Hastings among them; but who is the handsome youth so boldly confronting the king?

Alas, it must needs be the unhappy son of Henry VI., and our student has given us the tragedy that closed the battle of Tewkesbury.

King Edward is asking—as we know he did—"How darest thou so presumingly, with banner displayed, to enter this my realm?" And the youth—according to Speed—is replying: "It is not thy realm, but that of thy sovereign and mine, King Henry VI. and I come to recover my father's most rightful inheritance."

"Then," says the same historian, "did King Edward, with his gauntlet, dash the prince on the mouth, whom Gloucester, Clarence, Hastings, and the rest did then most shamefully murder, even before the face of the king."*

Another moment and these acts of violence shall be in course of their unhappy progress; but our limner has pleased to give us the point of time as above stated—and the wiser man he:—not badly done either. King Edward, handsome, but of hard and doubtful expression, with as much cruelty of aspect as a face still youthful might well express; Richard, also very young,—not twenty in fact—no vulgar hunchback, a somewhat ungraceful person, but with more of intellect on his brow than belongs to any other in the assembly; George of Clarence is weak and treacherous looking—and rightly so, for a

* So Speed and other chroniclers; but we are not to forget that Bernard Andreas, a well-accredited author, writing within less than forty years after the event, declares Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., to have been killed in the battle of Tewkesbury, and the story here related is by many affirmed to have been invented by the enemies of the House of York.

notable traitor he was, as the unhappy Warwick, his father-in-law, had already learned to his cost. All are good and characteristic figures; wherefore, borrowing words of encouragement from that kindly personage, Dame Juliana Berners, I cannot but say—"Loke ye do ever soe, my dere child, and ye shall come good speede."

But he turns his slate! The good fellow! he has done us another; who said there should be no more history? Edward IV. again, but this time with his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville and her three fair children: Edward V., a two-months' king; Richard of York, now turning his sweet bright face of six years old, towards the uncle, who was afterwards to incur the infamy of being his murderer—whether justly or not has never yet been made clear; and Elizabeth, doomed subsequently to become the detested wife of Gloucester's mean successor—Henry of Richmond.

Not so rigidly matter of pure and authentic history as the last picture, this, which is apparently a leave taking for some short absence, is yet correct as regards the personages depicted. The two princes—Edward the King and his brother, Richard of Gloucester, are much older than in our previous study; the period is indeed that immediately preceding Edward's last and fatal illness, as is manifest from the age of the children, nor have the excesses of his life failed to produce effects that are even now visible; Richard is urging his brother to hasten, but Elizabeth—her beautiful face much careworn—has still some words to say, and the king pauses to listen. Her eldest son is standing close beside her; he eyes his uncle Richard doubtfully, but the younger boy, a child of little more than six years old, is clearly preferring some childish suit to Gloucester, whom he holds fast by the hand. It is an effective picture; and we not well—"there's a good time coming."

Now for my little Poetry: he comes tossing his bright curls well from his brow, and there is a right saucy look in the merry bright eye of him; it is not in melting mood that he has been working, and so may be seen. He is holding his picture on a fat round rosy knee;—such have I seen in a certain chamber of the Vatican;—who will fail to remember the instance? An old-world tale of archery perfol: The "proud sheriff of Nottingham,"—no less a personage—hiring Little John "to be his manne," as he did to his sore repentance and heavy discomfiture; a fact that none of us can have forgotten. But what possesses the sheriff to trust him?—might he not see the roguish purpose of the tall archer in those bold laughing eyes? No wonder my Poetry's two good-looking blue orbs should themselves laugh as he recalls his work. The sheriff too, a very comfortable sort of personage, not too obese,—my "dere childe," Poesie, has too much good taste to fall into caricature;—beside that, so keen a lover of wood-craft as was the sheriff, must needs have kept some measure in the matter of girdle. The scene is a sort of chase, at no great distance from the town, since we have the towers of a cathedral in the extreme left, with some portion of a rich and stately abbey appearing beneath the magnificent oaks of the middle distance. Well done! and very well done too, my Poetry, also. The words that served to inspire him, after he had well rubbed his eyes, would seem to have been these that follow:—

"Lithe and listen, gentle-men,
All that now be here,
Of little Johan, that was the knights man,
Good mirthe ye shall hear.

"Three times little John shot about,
And alway cleft the wand,
The proud sheriffs of Nottingham,
By the marks 'gan stand.

"The sheriff swore a full great oath,
'By him that died on tree,
This manne he is the best archere
That ever yet saw I me.

"Say me now, wight young man,
What is now thy name?
In what country wert thou born
When-as thou wast at hame?"

"In Holdernesse I was born,
I wis that from my dame,
Men call me Reynold Greeneleaf,
When-as I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynold Greeneleaf,
Wilt thou dwell with me,
And every year I will give thee
Twenty mark to thy fee?"

"Now so God me help," said little Johan,
And by my true lowtee,
I shall be the worst servaunte to him,
That ever yet had he!"

Without doubt he will; and this is clearly the thought which it has seemed good to our painter to reproduce on his face. How is it that the sheriff does not see it there? Of the "mirthe" that ensued from the fact that he had not the faculty for doing so, another good picture might be made, and perhaps will be; but of this at some future time. We have now to look after little Fiction.

He has given us a solitary figure only, but full of promise; let us look at it somewhat closely. A subject taken from the very prince of his class—even Defoe; and the moment is one abounding in the deepest interest. It is that when the hero of the book—everybody's hero, for it is Robinson Crusoe—describes his terrible discovery of the foot-prints on the shore.

"One day it happened that, going to my boat, I saw the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, very evident on the sand, as the toes, heel, and every part of it. Had I seen an apparition in the most frightful shape, I could not have been more confounded. My willing ears gave the strictest attention. I cast my eyes around, but could satisfy neither the one nor the other. * * * * * Struck with confusion and horror, I returned to my habitation. That night my eyes were never closed."†

Manifestly they have no chance for doing so: dread and anguish have murdered sleep. You have but to look on the lone figure before you to be sure of it, and if, in their effective simplicity, the words of our author are eloquent, so also is this rendering of them by the painter. The utter loneliness of the solitary man is impressed on you with a force there is no resisting; you do not look in the distance for any other figure—you feel that there is none. Solitude has no partner in her reign, save only Silence, and she too is absolute; the stillness is unbroken, the water laving the boat can make no sound, for it lies altogether without motion, and it is the slight and almost imperceptible movement of the boat itself that alone breaks the level of the waveless shore.

Well done to Fiction also, then, and there shall be no more talk of slate-pencils or the milkman's chalk; 'tis a pleasant thing to be able to shake hands cordially with one's "dere children" all, and to say with the genial abbot of St. Alban's, "ye shall speede welles."

For the last six weeks has one of Nature's gladdest and most entrancing voices been calling us forth, that proceeding from the rejoicing birds, namely: nay, the woodlark has sent out her invitations even longer than that, and despite the acrimony of the weather, she found courage to make her sweet notes heard even in the doubtful days of February. March brought us the blackbird and thrush, nor were there wanting snow-drop and brilliant violet to give them welcome; these greeted even your wearied eyes, oh, unhappy ones, who do not escape from the far-reaching breath of the toiling town, but for ye—beloved of the kinder gods—who may take your way deep into the unspoiled wilds, there is less sophisticated company, and whithersoever your path may lead you, there shall rise the music of a glad some brotherhood to greet your advent withal.

Is your way across the fields, you find the joyous bunting crossing your path in his merriest mood; keep forward to the bright streams, and you shall have the reed-sparrow to bear you com-

* Loyalty.

† "Life and most surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner," edit. London, 1791, p. 65.

pany; pursue the breezy upland, and lose yourselves among the sheep-walks,—there you need have no fear of oppression from too profound a solitude—pleasant is the society awaiting you there, were it only in the person of the stone-curler; or if you more affect the woodlands, there will come the willow-wren to cheer you with her note. On the downs are the wheat-ear and the lap-wing, to say nothing of their agreeable neighbour the whinchat, snugly nestling amidst the furze. Blithesome now is the ring-ousel on a thousand hills; or should none of these delicious haunts be within your reach, and you have but the beach of the coast for all appanage, even there shall the sea-mew be found hastening to exhibit for you the most graceful measure that he can dance with his gay red legs, as who should say “not even amidst unpromising sands shall you fail to meet some creature rejoicing in the happiness provided by Nature’s bounty for all.”

To the glad arrival of the passage-birds, there will be none so cold as to profess indifference. Who is there that does not think long of her coming, if the nightingale delay to follow her mate* beyond the last days of the showery April? Hear, also, the truth and the wisdom that come to us with these beloved wayfarers, when adjured to declare their mission by such as know how to enquire aright. It is Felicia Hemans that questions them; these are her words,—

“Birds! joyous birds of the wandering wing,
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?”

And they answer promptly—

“We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the Roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.”

“And what have ye found on the monarch’s dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea’s foam?”

“We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o’ershadowing the banquet-hall,
And a mark on the earth, as of life-drops spilt,—
Nought looks the same save the nest that we built.”

“Oh, joyous birds, it hath still been so,
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
But the butts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o’er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant’s cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?”

“A change we have found there, and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and all things strange.
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played,
Nought looks the same save the nest that we made.”

“Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o’ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall see despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our bright home at last.”

Hear, too, what Wordsworth finds to say to your oldest of old acquaintance, the heart-gladdening skylark—

“Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky;
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, and music still!”

“To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond),
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain.
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.”

“Leave to the nightingale the shady wood,
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine.
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

Of the ability exhibited by birds, when it pleases them to become artificers, let us hear what Aristophanes declares:—

“Birds, with their own good hands, have wrought these works.”

* The male bird is known to arrive invariably some fifteen days or so before the female.

Bricklayer, nor stone-mason, nor carpenter,
But birds with their own hands—’tis marvellous!
From Lybia came about three million cranes,
Who had swallowed stones for the foundation: then
The cornralls, with their beaks, did chip and hew;
The storks, another myriad, bare the bricks,
While water, to the air from underneath
Was brought by sea-larks and the river-birds.

Pistheterus. And who with mortar served them?
Messenger. Herons, with hods.

Pisth. And how did they the mortar throw therein?
Mes. That, too, was managed, sir, most dexterously,
For by their feet the geese, with understroke,
As ’twere with trowels, cast it in the hods.

Pisth. Oh, what may not by help of feet be done!
Mes. Aye, and the drakes, by Jove! with aprons
tucked up,

Bare bricks, and after them, like serving-lads,
Flew up, with cement in their mouths, the swallows.

Pisth. Who now would pay hired labourers for his work?

But, let me see, the timber-work o’ th’ wall,
Who wrought at that?

Mes. These carpenter-fowls, the hickwalls,*
Who with their beaks did hack the gates out workmanly,
And of their hacking the like sound arose
As in a dock-yard.”†

Now we do not bid you paint the good drakes with their aprons tucked up, nor insist on a picture of herons stiling along under hods of mortar as aforesaid; yet has the artist occasionally made him merry with “metal” infinitely less “attractive;” and if you do nothing worse than reproduce the old Greek dramatist, all the easier shall be your shrift. Meanwhile there is a story told by an observant traveller in our own country, wherein the power of combination, not unfrequently refused to animals by writers who treat of their instinct, is singularly exemplified. More than one good name, well-honoured in Art, might be cited, whereof the owners would indubitably have called pencil to aid had they witnessed the little incident thus described by the traveller in question.

“On the road between Huntley and Portsoy, I observed two magpies hopping round a great bush within the garden of a poor-looking house, and remarking something peculiar in their proceedings, I stopped to see what they were doing. The countryman then told me, that these magpies had built there during several successive years, and had brought up their young in that bush; headed that they had not only barricaded their nest, but had so strongly encircled the bush itself with briars and thorns, that no cat or hawk could penetrate to the young; nay, so formidable were their defences that it would cost even a fox, cunning as he is, some days of painful labour before he could get into the nest. I found that the whole length of my arm did not suffice to reach from the outside of the bush to the centre, so that man himself could not break through without the use of a hedge-knife, hatch-bill, or something of the kind. The parent-birds fed their young with frogs, mice, worms, or any thing living within their power to subdue.”

So far our traveller loquitor. One day it chanced that the mother magpie had ventured to attack a rat in the absence of her mate, but after a long battle the quadruped was on the point of getting the best of it, and was fast making off, when one of the young ones came from the nest and joined the fight; a conflict of great animation then ensued, but their antagonist was too many for both mother and son, and the rat would still have escaped had not the father happily arrived with a dead mouse in his bill; this he deposited safely, then adding his forces to those of his wife and heir, poor Ratibolan was eventually killed, when that handsome piece of venison, which had previously formed his personal identity, went to swell the stores of the magpie larder.

After that, do not say that birds are incapable of combining; above all, admit their talents for performing the duties of the commissariat.

“Stand not before the Sanhedrim as stands the guilt-stained, or the suppliant, but appear thou in thy might and thy splendour; be the purple of thy sovereignty the robe of thy wear; and let the most approved and faithful of thy guard keep watch around thee.”

Such were the counsels of Antipater, or as, in

the Hebrew form, he is called, of Antipas, the father of Herod, when the latter, summoned to answer for the death of Hezekias, had finally determined to appear before the great tribunal of the Jewish nation in awful conclave assembled. For their president the Sanhedrim had the high-priest Hyrcanus, grandson of that renowned pontiff;—one of the most distinguished among the Asmonean rulers of his people,—the great John Hyrcanus, and inheritor of his name no less than of his office. Well had it been for the Hebrew nation had he likewise inherited his grandsire’s indomitable force of will; but this boon had been withheld, and in the countenance of the high-priest you detect the weak irresolution of his character.

The respect of Herod for his father was unbounded, it was equalled only by his love; had the wise and able Antipater enjoyed length of days, his son might have developed only those finer qualities which he certainly possessed, but the father died untimely, and from that misfortune dates the downward tendency of Herod.

Conforming to the counsels of that beloved father, it is in his “pride of place” that the young Ethnarch—he was then sole governor of Galilee—advances to confront his judges; martial forms precede, and open to him a broad free path up the hall of justice. Herod is in the first summer of his youth, and of faultless beauty. Thus it is that you shall paint him: he comes arrayed in robes of flowing amplitude, and of the richest texture; jewels of mighty cost lend all their lustre to heighten the gorgeous effect of his imposing presence. Nor are those who should repress that insolence of demeanour wholly uninfluenced by his boldness: the awful patriarchs wear looks of doubt and anxiety; some are gathering their robes around them as do men who are meditating flight; but there is one who rises superior to that unworthy weakness, and even more beautiful than the brilliant youth of Herod, is the reverend age of him who bends on the glittering Ethnarch the full majesty of his reproofing gaze, after he has exhorted his brethren to remember their duty.

These are some few of his words, as recorded by Josephus—read them; and there cannot fail to rise before you that high nobility of aspect, which it is for you to render permanent on your honoured canvas, in the person of the grave and reverend speaker.

“Oh, you that are assessors with me, and thou, Hyrcanus, who art our chief, I neither have ever myself known such a case, nor do I suppose that any one of you can name its parallel, that one called to take his trial at our hands, ever stood in such a manner before us. For every man, whoever he be, coming to be tried by this Sanhedrim, presents himself submissively, as one in fear, and who would move us to compassion: all come hither with hair dishevelled, and in the garments of mourning; but this man Herod, accused of murder, and called to answer an accusation so heavy, stands clothed in purple, his hair finely trimmed, and his men of war around him. Now if we condemn this man, he may slay us, and shall himself escape; neither do I now complain of Herod himself in this matter; he is more concerned for his own safety than for your laws. But know ye, my brethren, that God is great, and by this very man, whom ye, for the sake of Hyrcanus, will now absolve, shall he punish both yourselves and your chief.”*

Thus spoke Simeon, whose name was Sameas,† and the effect was immediate; some anxious faces still remained in the assembly, and so must you depict these men of feeble heart; but, turning their eyes on the noble Sameas, are others worthy to be his compeers; let the dignity and distinction of their majestic persons not be lost in your hands. These men are

* “Nor did Sameas fail to prove a true prophet,” says Josephus; Herod, when king, slew all the members of that Sanhedrim, Hyrcanus included; Sameas alone, “whom he honoured for his righteousness,” was permitted to escape, although he still persisted in maintaining that evil would befall the Jews at the hands of Herod. See Antiq., b. xiv., c. 2, sect. 4.

† Reland observes, that the Talmudists confirm this account: they call Sameas, Simeon the son of Shetach. Ibid., note.

* Hickwall, the woodpecker.

† “Birds of Aristophanes,” Cary’s translation, p. 109.

prepared to affirm his decision, and will uphold the sanctity of their law to the death. But the high-priest extends his hand, he defers the discussion to some future day, the Sanhedrim is adjourned, and the Ethnarch is saved.

Look closely at Hyrcanus, for this is your moment, and it is now that you must paint the picture. No worthy successor of the Asmonean princes, there is yet a certain dignity in his bearing as he utters the few words whereby the assembly is dissolved; notwithstanding his deplorable irresolution of character, you have still the descendant of a noble race for your study. Nor is Hyrcanus actuated solely, by unworthy motives, in thus shielding Herod from the ire of the Sanhedrim; it is not for dread of Sextus Cæsar that he labours to save the Ethnarch, the letters of the Syrian general may have had their effect, but "Hyrcanus loved the youth as his own son," says Josephus; and at this time Herod was not unworthy of his affection.

Neither was the act of which he was accused a murder. Hezekias, a noted robber and assassin, had been justly punished—the whole fault of Herod was that he had put him to death without first obtaining the sanction of the Sanhedrim—an illegal action, but not a crime. Thus there is a conviction of his own rectitude on the proud brow of the accused, and this lends valuable aid to the fine effect you will produce by the mere portraiture of his magnificent beauty.

Your next picture of him is wholly different, and must show him under a less favourable aspect. His first great crime has been committed, he has caused the secret murder of Malichus, and if his provocation has been great—for by Malichus, his beloved father, even Antipater has been foully poisoned—* so also is the guilt now resting heavily on his soul, and you have no longer the consciousness of an upright intention to depict. Oh! "*Facilis descensus Avernus*;" let us never forget it!

"*Facilis descensus Avernus* :
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est."

His first youth has passed; Herod, now Tetrarch, is in the force of his manhood; thus it is a figure of imposing stateliness rather than of youthful grace, that you have here to set before us. He is standing beside a fountain within the great court of his palace; pain and grief are in every feature, for the brother of his dearest love—the brave and sincere Phasaelus, has fallen into the toils of the wily Parthian, from which he shall escape only by a painful death.† Herod feels that the power to save that beloved brother is not with him, although he would give his heart's blood to secure it, and the iron hath entered into his soul.

Bitter is the expression with which he follows the retreating figures of the Parthian messengers, who have come to entrap him also, if that be possible; but he distrusts their purpose, and they are departing foiled. Soldiers of his guard recline beneath the shade of the portico surrounding the court; they mark his displeasure, and some are placing a ready hand on their weapons, but their commander gives no sign and they retain their place. Crossing from the colonnade to the fountain, is a woman of regal beauty, though no longer young, this is Alexandra, the daughter of Hyrcanus, and mother of Mariamne, Herod's betrothed but not yet wedded wife. She comes to implore that he will not go forth of the city, as the treacherous Parthians would fain have him do; he does not yet perceive her approach, but the position of each figure is favourable for your purpose; let us have them as they now appear.

Your third picture shall be one of glad

* See "Wars of the Jews," b. i., c. 11, sect. 8.

† "The manner of that death is related on this wise: refusing to abandon Hyrcanus, who, as well as himself, had been lured into the power of the Parthians by false pretences, Phasaelus, who might else have escaped, was straightway bound. He then tried to dash his head against the walls of his prison, but his bonds prevented him from striking an effectual blow, and a physician, subsequently sent to tend him, put poison into the wound. Of this it was that Phasaelus died, but, being aided by a certain woman, he found means to send an account of the whole to Herod, saying, 'Now shall I die content, since my brother will avenge my fall.'"—Antiq., b. xiv., c. 13, sect. 10.

triumph—alas, that it must be the only one of that character. Woe, woe for Herod! Few and fleeting were the moments of happiness permitted to brighten that storm-tossed life. This is the last.

The scene is Samaria, the event to be delineated is the marriage of the Tetrarch with his long-loved Mariamne. How radiant was her beauty you well know, and the joy of the hour has restored a portion of their early splendour to the looks of Herod. The gorgeous accompaniments of these espousals do not need description; you are familiar with their details, they are such as befit the regal state of the affianced, and all is brilliant festival. One face alone has turned a look of menace on the bride, but there is a world of evil in that glance; half concealing its malignant fire beneath the sheltering veil, it yet glares balefully from the glowing eyes of her who was soon to become the evil genius of the wedded pair. This is Salome, the sister of Herod; even now is she preparing a heavy future for the hapless Mariamne, and of one among the earlier results of that fiend-like woman's influence shall be the fourth picture in your series.

Evening is falling over the shadowy palm-trees of the Royal Gardens; the fervid evening of an eastern clime. It is the feast of Tabernacles, and after a day of high revelry the brilliant guests are gathered about the fountains. A youthful band surrounds the sparkling waters in that ample basin, and Aristobulus, the young brother of Mariamne, not then eighteen, and described as a very miracle of beauty, has been persuaded to join them, as they plunge beneath the crystal lymph: together have the young men entered that unwonted bath, luxuriously are they disporting themselves in the delicious coolness—all is joy and exultation.

Now you will remember that the criminal ambition of Alexandra has imposed the burthen of the high priesthood on those young shoulders; but Aristobulus recked little of his unbecoming dignities; gaily has the princely boy borne his part in the festival, and joyously have the peals of his laughter rung forth on the well-pleased ear of his mother and sister, as they recline at a distance beneath the sheltering trees.

But there is treachery in that seeming sport. Salome has taken part with those who have led Herod to believe the youth dangerous to his power: perhaps he was so, in the hands of the designing Alexandra, but he will menace no more. The young companions are full of playful gladness; each labours to plunge the other beneath the waters; loud are the cries of ecstasy as the revels go on, but all who gather round Aristobulus are not his friends; surely, they keep him too long immersed! Alarm succeeds to merriment, there is a rushing and tumult; they have laid on the dark soft bordering turf a white inanimate form; you cannot see wherefore that marble stillness, for you are distant, but the agony of Herod, not all feigned, tells too clearly what has chanced. Doth not the Tetrarch rend his garments?—then Aristobulus is dead! and the unhappy son of Antipas has made a further descent adown the precipitous path to that gulf of crime which now yawns inevitably before him. Alas for Herod!

Years of fearful violence succeed, each marked by the searing effects of frequent crime and varied suffering. Deeply has King Herod dyed his hands in kindred blood; Hyrcanus, the grandsire of his bride, and Joseph, his father's brother, have followed Aristobulus. The latter had revealed to Mariamne the command of her husband, that in the event of his death she should not be permitted to survive, and when that became known to Herod he "was like one distracted, his anger made him stark mad; leaping from his couch he ran about the palace wildly, resolved on the destruction of Joseph, at which time his sister Salome took the opportunity and so moved him against Mariamne that he commanded to slay her also, but revoking that order out of his exceeding love for his wife, he caused Joseph to be put to death alone."*

* Wars, b. i., c. 22, sect. 5.

But her escape was not to be for long; proud and resentful, the unfortunate Mariamne took no measures to conciliate her enemy; other charges succeeded, and she was at length brought to trial; the accusations against her were adultery and attempted murder, of both which it was known certainly, that she was innocent.

Here, then, is the melancholy scene you have next to depict. His councillors have assembled by command of the king, and before them is arraigned the wife he still so dearly loves. She is condemned, for so do those unworthy judges believe to be the will of their master. "A woman," says Josephus, "of excellent character both for chastity and greatness of soul; if she wanted moderation and had too much contention in her nature, yet was she endowed with many great and fair gifts; her beauty and majestic appearance surpassed whatever can be said to describe them, and the charms of her conversation were even more powerful than her beauty in the influence they gave her over Herod."

You behold then the kind of woman whom you have now to present to the future ages; no longer the brilliant bride, she is something infinitely more touching, more sublime—she is a faithful wife, a good mother, and a deeply wronged woman; so will you depict her. Her sentence she hears with calmness, for life has long been a weary load, but the serenity of her aspect is for one moment troubled; it is when her worthless mother, Alexandra, whom you perceive to be addressing her with flashing looks, affects to overwhelm her with reproaches, and is daring to express a belief in the truth of those who accuse her daughter, although none can be more firmly assured of Mariamne's innocence than is Alexandra.

By this act the wretched woman, tempted thereto by a mean terror for her own life, ensures the contempt of all who witness it. Even Cyprus, the mother of Herod, and no friend to Mariamne, yet regards the raving Alexandra with abhorrence; she might even be led to plead for the condemned, although she, too, as well as Salome, has but too frequently felt the scorn of the proud Hebrew princess, to whom her Idumean birth was an offence and a stumbling-block; but her daughter is at hand; no ruth is in the heart of the vile Salome; she marks the anguish of her brother, she beholds him on the point of relenting, but the name of Sohemus escapes her lips, that sound has rekindled all his fury, and Mariamne is led to death. Fearful is now the misery endured by Herod: not this the splendid Ethnarch of the Sanhedrim; the rejoicing bridegroom of Samaria; nay, the figure of the king, as you must now delineate him, shows clearly that much has been performed and suffered, much of wrong-doing and its retributive sorrow, since last we met him at the Feast of Tabernacles, although the brightness of his pristine glory had even then departed.

The unworthy Alexandra is his next victim; her base abandonment of her child did but serve slightly to prolong her miserable existence, and she dies unpitied; all remembering how the murdered Mariamne "gave her not a word, nor was discomposed at her peevishness, save that out of her greatness of soul she could not but feel concern for her mother's offence, and was grieved to see her expose herself by that unbecoming violence."* Thus Alexandra knew herself to be the object of universal scorn.

The Idumean Costobarus followed Alexandra, with Gadias, Dositheus, Lysimachus, and others, until the sword of the tyrant had at length left him no friends to share his woes.

Next there conspires with Salome the first-born of Herod, even Antipater, the son of his Idumean wife Doris; their object is to ruin the two sons of Mariamne, Alexander and Aristobulus, and by their machinations these young men are brought to a deplorable end. But as if it had been decreed that no evil thing should chance without the agency of the doomed king, it is by himself that his sons are arraigned before Cæsar, and even after they have been acquitted by the tribunal of the Emperor, it is by his own

* Antiq., b. xv., c. 7, sect. 5.

voice that they are condemned. They receive the pretence of a trial, at Berytus, and this concluded, those ill-fated descendants of the noble Maccabees are taken to Sebaste,* where both are strangled.

Then it was that the old soldier Tero, Herod's last remaining friend, broke into his presence, declaring that "Truth had perished from the earth, and justice been taken from among men." "I am not able to endure these evils, O king!" exclaimed the veteran warrior, "and have resolved to devote this day, which thou wilt assuredly make my last, to one more and final attempt at causing thee to hear of things as they are." The old man then proceeded to describe the evils that must result from the course pursued by the king, who seemed for some moments disposed to listen: but Tero was ultimately cast into prison, and being subsequently accused of conspiring against his master, he was stoned to death at Berytus, as was his son, who had been involved in the accusation. †

And now why continue this melancholy series of pictures? why further dwell on the vast amount of wasted blessings and misapplied endowments that might have rendered the life of this lost king so glorious?—nay, but even to these our days, some lessons may be taught by the story: here however is its end. His days draw to their close, and thus does he approach it. Pheroras, the last beside himself now remaining, of Antipater's four sons, and Herod's well-beloved brother, is accused of designs against his life, the women of his household are tortured into admissions of guilt which is not believed to have had existence, but Pheroras finds means to clear himself: he is nevertheless commanded to leave the capital and retires in bitter resentment to his Tetrarchy, where he subsequently falls sick unto death. Then revives all the old affection of Herod, whose love for his brethren was among the most powerful impulses of his nature, and he hastens to the couch of the dying Pheroras.

Here then will we meet him for the last time. The mere wreck of his former self, he bends sorrowfully over the couch of the sick man, who had registered a solemn vow to see his face no more, and had refused to return to the presence of the king when Herod had himself been at the point of death. Yet has Herod come hither uncalled and unwished for—nay, the pale face of Pheroras wears an expression of reproach, heart-breaking to the wretched brother, who is at this moment repentant. A woman is kneeling beside the bed, it is the wife of Pheroras, grief and terror are in her looks, she is conscious to a guilty knowledge that poison had been prepared for the king, but it is by the wicked Antipater, who has caused it to be brought from Rome by his freed-man Bathyllus, nor has there ever existed any intention on the part of Pheroras to use the drug against his brother. He has indeed supplied her unhappy self with a portion thereof, as a means of escape from the anticipated cruelties of the king, when he shall himself be laid in the grave. These things are made known after the death of Pheroras, and when the fears of his wife have caused her to attempt self-destruction. But we pursue the grievous theme no further, already has that "fire which glowed in him slowly," as says Josephus, commenced its ravages, and his remaining days are to pass in maddening torture. Even now, you have small trace of the stately monarch we formerly knew: that ruined form bent over the couch of Pheroras gives evidence of suffering more terrible than that of the dying.

In his last paroxysms, Herod commanded the death of the wicked son of Doris, even Antipater, whom he already held in bonds. Presuming to indulge in rejoicing anticipations of his father's approaching death, the words of his first-born are repeated to Herod, and the result we have related. Five days after the execution of Antipater, Herod himself departed. ‡

* Our readers will remember that when Herod had strongly fortified Samaria, the name of the city was changed, and it was thenceforth called Sebaste.

† Antiq., b. xvi., c. 14, sects. 4 & 5.

‡ To be continued.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES.*

No. VIII.—THE WHITBY JET AND AMMONITE ORNAMENTS.

THERE are not many branches of Art-manufacture which are of more interest than the working of Jet. The material itself—which is a comparatively rare production—being confined in this country to the neighbourhood of Whitby, is curious in its general character, and peculiarly interesting in its mode of occurrence.

Jet was certainly known to the Romans, and used by them for ornamental purposes. A few fragments of jet ornaments which have from time to time been discovered in this country, prove that it was worked at an early period in these islands. The jet of our coast was known to the ancients by the name of *gayates*. In the history of Whitby, by Lionel Charlton, we find this passage—"I myself have lately viewed the earring of a lady, who had most certainly been buried in one of the *houses* (tumuli or barrows) long before the time of the Danes in England. It is of jet, more than two inches over, and about a quarter of an inch thick; made in the form of a heart, with a hole towards its upper end, by which it has been suspended to the ear: it lay when found in contact with the jaw-bone." Ornamental articles have probably been manufactured from the jet of Yorkshire from the earliest historic times; and during the period of monastic rule, especially when the Abbey of Whitby was a seat of learning, and the resort of pious pilgrims, there cannot be much doubt but that jet-crosses and rosaries were common. A good specimen of a jet crucifix of ancient manufacture is in the possession of Mr. John Robinson, of Gros-mont. In the time of Elizabeth it is certain that this manufacture was carried on, since affixed to a deed dating April, 1598, we find the name, "John Carlile, of Whitby, jet worker." This manufacture appears, however, to have declined, if it did not, indeed, entirely cease, and it was not until 1800 that we have any further information of this branch of industry. The rise and progress of the jet trade from this period is interesting, and from a local journal we extract the following particulars:—"About the year 1800 a painter named Robert Jefferson, who is still living (1854), and one John Carter, who kept a public-house in Haggars-gate, a native of Bedale, and who is often spoken of by the name of Katterfelto, in consequence of having married the widow of Gustavus Katterfelto (a Prussian who delivered lectures on science in the Town-hall, Whitby), began to make beads and crosses of jet with files and knives. A neck-guard, made in this barbarous manner, was sold for 1*l.* 1*s.* A short time afterwards Captain Fremlett, a naval pensioner, came to reside at Whitby, who, stopping in Carter's house, observed Jefferson and Carter pursuing the art in its rude state. He showed them some amber beads, which he had turned with a lathe, and said he would ask some turner if jet could not be turned in the same way. The trio went to one Matthew Hill, who had the workshop lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Horsman. Hill succeeded in making beads, but had no confidence that the art could be pursued to profit. Fremlett, however, agreed to pay him his wages as a turner if he would work for him in the making of jet ornaments. Subsequently Mr. Thomas Yeoman, silversmith and druggist, in Bridge Street, employed Hill's whole time in the manu-

facture; and, business increasing, one Frederick Ward, who had been taken by the abovementioned Carter, out of Leeds poorhouse, to assist him in his inn, went to work with Hill. Mr. Yeoman afterwards employed Foster, another turner. Others then entered the ranks—the next being George Harrison, a cartwright of Sneaton, who was taught by Jefferson. One Charles Brown, of Scalby Mill, near Scarborough, then commenced, and a lad named Wormald served his apprenticeship to him; since which the trade has gradually increased, and by the exertions of Mr. Thomas Andrew, now jet-ornament manufacturer to her Majesty, Mr. Isaac Greenbury (who has had the honour of an order for bracelets for the Empress of the French), with others who have adopted the jet-manufacture as their vocation, the art has arrived at its present excellence, and the trade to its present extent." Learning that this homely account of the rise of the jet-manufacture was strictly reliable, we have thought it advisable to transfer the paragraph entire to our pages. A very important industry has been created from very small beginnings, it has been steadily extending itself, and, notwithstanding the manufacture of cheap imitations of jet in glass, papier-mâché, shell-lac, and Cannel coal, the real material still keeps its position, and from the beautiful polish of which it is susceptible, and the intensity of its blackness, it is not likely to be superseded.

The origin of jet must still be regarded as a matter of doubt. In many respects jet has the characteristics of amber so closely, as to warrant us, from the analogies, in supposing them to have a similar origin. But this idea will not satisfactorily hold, when all the conditions under which the jet is found, are considered. Most of the local authorities who have carefully examined the subject, ascribe to jet a vegetable origin. Young, in his "Geology of the Yorkshire Coasts," says—"The principal repository of jet is the main bed of alum shale, but it is not limited to the aluminous beds. We found some of it in the *second shale*, near Torrington, and it has been often found in the same bed at Malton. Even the sandstone sometimes contains it, though in that matrix it is rather in the form of anthracite, holding a kind of intermediate station between the best jet and coal. Much of this anthracite coal is found in the sandstone cliffs near Whitby, and along the coasts." This writer, in his "History of Whitby," writes—

"Jet, which occurs here in considerable quantities in the aluminous bed, may be properly classed with fossil wood, as it appears to be wood in a high state of bituminisation. Pieces of wood, impregnated with siliceous matter, are often found completely encased with a coat of jet about an inch thick. But the most common form in which the jet occurs is in compact masses of from half an inch to two inches thick, from three to eighteen inches broad, and often ten or twelve feet long. The outer surface is always marked with longitudinal striae, like the grain of wood, and the transverse fracture which is conchoidal, and has a resinous lustre, displays the annual growth in compressed elliptical zones. * * * Many have supposed this substance to be indurated petroleum, or animal pitch, but the facts now quoted are sufficient to prove its ligneous origin."

It does not appear to us that the "ligneous origin" of jet is by any means established—indeed we think the bulk of evidence is against it. There is no evidence, as far as we can learn, of any discovery of

* Continued from p. 68.

true jet having a strictly ligneous structure, or showing anything like the conversion of wood into this coal-like substance. There appears, however, to be some confusion in the observations of those who have written on the subject. Mr. Simpson, the intelligent curator of the Whitby Museum, who has paid much attention to the subject, says, "Jet is generally considered to have been wood, and, in many cases, it undoubtedly has been so; for the woody structure often remains, and it is not unlikely that comminuted vegetable matter may have been changed into jet. But it is evident that vegetable matter is not an essential part of jet, for we frequently find that bone, and the scales of fishes has also been changed into jet. In the Whitby Museum there is a large mass of bone, which has the exterior converted into jet for about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The jetty matter appears to have entered first into the pores of the bone, and there to have hardened; and, during the mineralising process, the whole bony matter has been gradually displaced, and its place occupied by jet, so as to preserve its original form." After an attentive examination of this specimen, we are not disposed to agree entirely with Mr. Simpson. Jet certainly encrusts a mass of matter, which has something of the structure of bone, but, without a chemical examination of its constituents, we should hesitate to say it was bone. Wood without doubt has been found encrusted with jet, as fragments of animal matter may also have been. But it is quite inconsistent with our knowledge of physical and chemical changes, to suppose that both animal and vegetable matter would undergo this change. By the process of substitution, we know that silica will take the place occupied by carbon, or woody matter; as, for example, in the fossil palms of Trinidad, and the silicified forests of Egypt; but we have no example, within the entire range of the coal formations of the world, of carbon taking the place of any of the earths.

Jet is found in plates, which are sometimes penetrated by belemnites. Mr. Ripley, of Whitby, has several curious examples,—two plates of jet, in one case, enclose water-worn quartz pebbles; and in another, jet partially invests an angular fragment of quartz rock. "This is the more remarkable," says Mr. Simpson, "as quartz rock, or, indeed, any other sort of rocky fragment, is very rarely found in the upper lias."

The very fact that we find jet surrounding belemnites, casing adventitious masses of stone, and investing wood, seems to show that a liquid, or, at all events, a plastic condition, must at one time have prevailed. We have existing evidence of this. Dr. Young, in the work already quoted, says:—"In the cavities of nodules containing petrifications, we sometimes meet with petroleum, or mineral oil. When first exposed, it is generally quite fluid, and of a dark green colour; but it soon becomes viscid and black, and at last hardens into a kind of pitch, which readily melts with heat, and, when ignited, burns with a crackling noise, and emits a strong bituminous smell." One more sample of evidence in favour of the view that jet has been formed from wood. It is stated ("Reed's Illustrated Guide to Whitby") that in front of the cliff-work of Haiburne Wyke existed a petrified stump of a tree, in an erect posture, three feet high, and fifteen inches across, having the roots of coaly jet in a bed of shale; whilst the trunk in the sandstone was partly petrified, and partly of decayed sooty wood. Even in this example it would appear, that after all, a coating of jet was

all that really existed upon this example of the Equisetum, which probably stands where it grew. Mr. Simpson, in a valuable little publication, "The Fossils of the Yorkshire Lias described from Nature; with a Short Outline of the Geology of the Yorkshire Coast," says:—"From all we know respecting this beautiful mineral, it appears exceedingly probable that it has its origin in a certain bituminous matter, or petroleum, which abundantly impregnates the jet-rock; giving out a strong odour when it is exposed to the air. It is frequently found in a liquid state in the chambers of ammonites, and belemnites, and other cavities; and, whilst the unsuspecting operator is breaking a lias nodule, it flies out and stains his garment. * * * * * This petroleum, or mineral oil, also occurs in nodules which contain no organic remains; and I have been informed by an experienced jet-miner, that such nodules are often associated with a good seam of jet, and are therefore regarded as an omen of success." The readers of the *Art-Journal* will now form some idea of the difficulties which beset those who would account for the formation of jet.

Having in the most obliging manner been allowed by Mr. Simpson to examine all the specimens in the Whitby Museum, especially those to which he himself refers in his work, we are quite disposed to think that bituminous matter, separating from the alum shale during the process of consolidation, has distributed itself between the laminations of the shale, and insinuated itself into all the cavities, formed by pieces of wood or stone which had been involved in the alum mud. The layers of jet are often not thicker than the edge of a knife; and they seldom exceed, indeed, rarely, are found of, two inches in thickness. These are not, therefore, the conditions belonging to any vegetable formation; but, just such as would prevail, if bituminous matter had gradually filtered through mud, slowly consolidating, and assuming a state of lamination.

The process of mining for jet is rather one of quarrying; although some judgment is required, in order to determine the direction in which the search should be prosecuted. The best jet is obtained from a lower bed of the upper lias formations at Whitby. This bed has an average thickness of about twenty feet, and is known as the jet rock. An inferior kind, known as soft jet, is obtained from the upper part of the upper lias, and forms the sandstone and shale above it. The production of jet seems to be limited along the coast of Yorkshire, from about nine miles south of Whitby, to Boulby about the same distance to the north, the estates of Lord Mulgrave being especially productive. There is a curious allusion to this in the *Poly-Olbion* of Drayton:—

"The rocks by Moulgrave, too, my glories forth to set,
Out of their crannied rocks can give you perfect jet."

Jet is also obtained in the district extending from Rosedale, near Pickering, to Bilsdale. There is, indeed, every reason for believing the jet-deposits will accompany the peculiar rock in which it is found at Whitby, wherever that formation may extend.

Collecting jet is attended with some danger; since working upon the edge of the cliff, the men are obliged to expose themselves in very perilous places. In a paper now lying before us, we see recorded the death of a labourer in the jet-works at Kettlewas, who was killed by a fall from the top of the cliff. He fell upon a piece of broken rock, and was killed on the spot.

The number of people employed in the several branches of industry connected with jet at Whitby, or dependent upon it for their support, has been estimated at a thousand. The population of Whitby does not greatly exceed ten thousand; so that nearly one in ten of the population rely on this special manufacture. Raw jet varies in price according to its quality; soft jet being sold for two shillings the pound, whereas the best varieties of the hard jet will fetch twelve shillings the pound. There are about twelve manufacturers of jet in Whitby; the principal ones being Mr. Isaac Greenbury, Mr. Thomas Andrew, and Mr. Wright. The value of the manufactured jet was, last year, somewhere about twenty thousand pounds. All the best examples of the manufacture find their way to the metropolis; while a very large trade, especially in the less valuable varieties, is carried on with the United States of America.

Since jet manufacture has been almost entirely confined to the purposes of ornament, and those ornaments such usually as can be worn only in seasons of sorrow, there are no very extended limits for the art of the designer. Necklaces, ear-pendants, brooches, and articles of a similar description, have a somewhat stereotyped character; but still we cannot but think that a considerable value might be given to this manufacture, if some skilled designers, acquainted with the peculiarities of the material with which the maker has to deal, turned their attention to the material. It appears that the more spirited of the manufacturers of jet have offered prizes for, and have endeavoured to adopt many new designs. But owing to the fact that the artist has not been a manufacturer, the designs furnished have not been generally applicable. In this, as in other departments of Art industry, it is necessary that the power of the artist, and the skill of the manufacturer, should be united. It would be of the utmost advantage to the town of Whitby in which, what may be regarded as a new manufacture, is developing itself, if means were taken for the establishment of a school of design, in which there should exist a class, whose sole study should be the construction of forms, which should combine all that is elegant in design, with adaptability to the beautiful material in which it was to be worked. An intelligent jet manufacturer informed us that very few of the designs which he obtained by purchase from the metropolis could be worked; that they were far more successful in their attempts to copy from natural objects, than from any artificial combination. In the large collection of jet ornaments manufactured by Mr. Greenbury, we saw many examples of copies from nature, which were very perfect as copies, and exceedingly beautiful as ornaments. We were much pleased also with some examples in jet from ancient brooches, and copies in jet from works of superior excellence in gold. Notwithstanding many satisfactory examples of this kind to be found in the collection of Mr. Greenbury, we know he is fully impressed with the advantages to be derived from the introduction of some Art-education. It appears that he frequently avails himself of the designs published from time to time in the *Art-Journal*, but still the necessity for a good designer in jet was freely admitted.

Jet manufacture must be regarded as in some measure the staple of Whitby. Long celebrated for its ships, ship-building still takes precedence of every other industry; but next to it comes the jet, so peculiarly associated with this locality in nature.

The Ammonites—of which fossil no less than one hundred varieties have been found around Whitby, and described by Mr. Simpson—are characteristic of the lias rocks of this neighbourhood. These are the well-known "snake stones" of popular tradition, rendered familiar by the verses of Scott in "Marmion":—

"They told how in their convent cell,
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelheid,
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed."

These Ammonites are found in the greatest abundance, of all sizes, and, as we have said, of numerous varieties. These are mounted in gold and silver as brooches and pins, and are eagerly sought after by the curious; forming, at the same time, most elegant ornaments, and instructive examples of one of the forms of life which had existence upon this world ere yet man had being.

Such are a few of the peculiarities of the natural productions, found within a limited area, from which have grown an important industry, still capable of considerable extension.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND ITS DEFAMERS.

"He defied any one to point out any artist who could have been appointed to the situation, who would not have been immediately a butt for the anonymous attacks of every disappointed competitor." These are the words of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, during a debate on a motion moved by Mr. Otway, and seconded by Mr. Harcourt Vernon; which motion was intended to show that Sir Charles Eastlake is entirely unfitted for the position he occupies, as Director of the National Gallery; a motion that was rejected by 152 against 72. Mr. Otway in reply said, that "the House was not dealing with anonymous slanders, but rather with the criticisms of the most eminent journals in the empire; every magazine of character; every newspaper worth anything; nay, more; the very gentlemen who had been appointed by the government to high office—Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, and Mr. A. Stevens, the Gold Medallist—had commented with severity on the proceedings and purchases of Sir C. Eastlake."

The two passages we have quoted contain pretty nearly all that is to be said—for and against—concerning the recent attacks upon Sir Charles Eastlake, and those with whom he is allied in the executive of the National Gallery; and Lord Palmerston very well knows, that if it were possible to collect the knowledge of all who have ever lived, and condense it into "one small head," that head would as surely be "a butt for disappointed competitors," as Sir Charles Eastlake has been.

But, with respect to Mr. Otway's statement; it is as fair a specimen as could be had of the nature and style of this discussion—a bold assertion unsupported by fact. We deny in toto that every magazine of character, every newspaper worth anything, has commented with severity on the proceedings and purchases of Sir Charles Eastlake. We are fully aware that in several periodical works, attacks of this kind have been made; but they all, or very nearly all, issue from the same source; and may be traced to one of four persons—Mr. William Coningham, Mr. N. T. Walter, Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone, and Mr. A. Stevens. With regard to the two latter, whom Mr. Otway describes as "the very gentlemen who had been appointed by government to high office," and who in so describing them exhibits the accuracy of his information, the public know the one as President of the Society of British Artists—that is his "high office" to

which he has been "appointed by the government;" but, of the Society and the office it can only be said, that neither the one nor the other is calculated to give weight to any testimony concerning Art; nor has Mr. Hurlstone ever supplied a solitary proof of his fitness to judge of pictures, or of the capabilities requisite in a Director of the National Gallery. The "high office" to which "government has appointed" Mr. Stevens, we imagine to mean one of the junior masterships of the Government School of Design; but, as to what are his qualifications as a public guide in this matter, we are as ignorant as we believe Mr. Otway to be. He boasts, indeed, of his long residence in Italy; it appears he spent his youth in Florence, whither he was carried as a boy. "Mr. N. T. Walter" is a pawnbroker living in Goswell Road; we may judge of the value of his cool and considerate testimony, who asserts that "the Eastlake-Wornum-Mündler Paolo Veronese, an extremely damaged, vamped-up, and originally bad picture, is not worth two pence." If we know but little of Mr. Walter, we know too much of Mr. Coningham: for many years past this gentleman has perpetually assailed the management and condemned the purchases of the National Gallery, and will continue to do so until Mr. William Coningham is made Director thereof. This is as simple a truth as that two and two make four. If the Trustees would but effect this easy change, they would save themselves much vexation and annoyance: all things would then go right; there would be no confusion; no ruinous picture-cleaning; no jobbing of any kind; and the nation would be at once convinced that—"the right man being in the right place"—Parliament would be only troubled to make annual grants; and that Mr. William Coningham, assisted, perhaps, by Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Walter, would "do all the rest."

In treating this case—which Mr. N. T. Walter has so gracefully described as the Eastlake-Wornum-Mündler job—and the judgment of the public concerning which depends so mainly on his "opinion"—regard must be had to the "previous character" of the accused as well as the accusers.

Of Herr Mündler we know little: he is a German of high repute as a judge of pictures; of large experience; a good linguist; and, perhaps, on the whole, as valuable an ally as could be found as "travelling agent;" whose information as to when and where pictures are for sale, and whose services in the negotiation of such sales, are to be made available by the Director. We believe his duty does not extend beyond this; and for such a post, a familiarity with foreign languages is indispensable.*

Mr. Wornum, the Keeper and Secretary, is, beyond doubt, a gentleman of extensive knowledge concerning Art; to say nothing of the "high office" to which he was "appointed by the government" in the School of Design, he may be judged by evidence far less fallible—his published writings. These are authorities; and prove beyond controversy, that few men living have seen more of, or thought more about, the works of the ancient masters: he is a scholar, a gentleman, a critic, and a man of letters, and singularly well fitted for the post he occupies—that of Secretary to the National Gallery. He, too, has resided many years abroad.

With regard to Sir Charles Eastlake very little need be said: no one disputes his capabilities as a scholar; no one doubts that he has derived large experience from a lengthened residence in Italy, and frequent visits to the Continent; all admit his merits as a painter; and none question, even for a moment, his high integrity,

* "He had seen Mr. Mündler in some of the towns of Italy, and that gentleman appeared to be an extremely painstaking and laborious person, and he had heard his opinion with reference to pictures very favourably spoken of by competent persons. He also—though his opinion might be worth very little—was favourably impressed with what he saw of Mr. Mündler."—Mr. Harcourt Vernon, seconder of Mr. Otway's motion, in the House of Commons. Mr. Stirling, in the House of Commons:—"Two or three years before Mr. Mündler received his present appointment, he heard him mentioned by several artists in Paris as a person remarkable for his honesty and integrity."

his unblemished honour, or his earnest aim to do in all things right. If Sir Charles Eastlake stood in need of "testimonials," he might obtain them upon all these points, not only from the purest of all sources at home, but from every man of learning in Art and letters abroad: we would undertake to back his claim to the Directorship of the National Gallery by a thousand "opinions," every one of which should have more weight than that of Mr. William Coningham.

For the present we shall content ourselves with quoting some three or four passages from the Report of the Debate in the House of Commons, which forms the ground of this article.

The Lords of the Treasury in their minutes of March 27, 1855:—"My lords propose to appoint a director of the National Gallery, with a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum, such appointment to be for a term of five years, but the director to be eligible for re-appointment, which appointment, however, may be at any time revoked by the Treasury. My lords consider it a fortunate circumstance that they are able to select for the first appointment to this important office a gentleman of such high attainments as Sir C. Eastlake, who is president of the Royal Academy, and has shown qualifications of the highest order for the office."

Mr. Harcourt Vernon, who seconded the resolution of Mr. Otway, and who did not wish to see Sir Charles Eastlake Director to the National Gallery, said—"In Sir C. Eastlake the government had found a gentleman, and a man above all sordid considerations. He was a person of great refinement, and of considerable pictorial knowledge."

Mr. T. Baring:—"The trustees were unanimous in thinking that the management of Sir C. Eastlake had been most satisfactory up to the present time; and they were happy to see in the National Gallery a director of knowledge, taste, and discretion, and upon whom perfect reliance might be placed."

Mr. Otway "knew Sir Charles Eastlake to be an honourable man, and an excellent artist."

Lord Palmerston:—"With regard to Sir Charles Eastlake, he had no hesitation in concurring in the previous determination that he should be the director; because his high character, his great knowledge of Art, and his professional ability as an artist, pointed him out as undoubtedly fit to hold the office intrusted to him."

With such "testimonials" as these, Sir Charles Eastlake may safely leave unnoticed the sneers, sarcasms, calumnies, and insults, he receives from "disappointed competitors." It would be, indeed, a public calamity, an outrage on common sense, and an irreparable injury to Art, if this gentleman "above all sordid considerations," on whom "perfect reliance can be placed," who has "shown qualifications of the highest order for the office," and who is pointed out as undoubtedly fit to hold the office entrusted to him, because of "his high character, his great knowledge of Art, and his professional ability as an artist," should be displaced by a person who has no solitary claim to the appointment, except that he "talks big"—

"Makes gallant show and promise of his mettle;"

whose sole merit is derived from the simple process of abuse; and towards whom no party or person has, as far as we know, ever expressed a particle of confidence, for any one of the qualities so universally attributed to the President of the Royal Academy.

In this article we have to do only with vague assertions, or with "opinions" entirely unsupported by the semblance of facts. Nay, there is one fact undoubtedly;—Sir Charles Eastlake admits that he was deceived in the case of the spurious Holbein; and in a speech, to say the least of it, most ungenerous, Mr. Otway is reported to have said, therefore Sir Charles Eastlake has himself admitted his unfitness for the office of Director of the National Gallery. We should like to know which of the connoisseurs, in or out of Parliament, will "cast the first stone?" what buyer of "old masters," no matter how large may be his knowledge or experience,

has never been taken in; and that, when his own money was to pay the price of a deception. If Mr. Otway wishes for cases in point, we can ourselves supply him with a score or two, of dealers, collectors, connoisseurs, and amateurs, who have been occasionally the victims of clever rogues, who buy, and sell, and manufacture pictures.*

This is the only "fact" upon which are based the arguments of Mr. Otway, and those by whom the honourable gentleman has been instructed. Mr. William Coningham has indeed printed in a Morning Newspaper a letter—of which he has extensively circulated copies—extending to three columns; in which we cannot find a single other fact, or the semblance of a fact.† We find indeed, some thirty or forty assertions—such as these: "a disgrace to the National Gallery, and spurious," "a commonplace work of a degenerate school and of doubtful origin," "ignoble in character, and spurious;" "a scandalous purchase," "utterly unfit for study," "useful only as a beacon what to avoid," "a libel on the painter to whom it is ascribed," &c. &c.

If we are to believe Mr. Coningham—which assuredly we do not—Sir Charles Eastlake, either because of his ignorance or of his dishonesty, or both, has been invariably taken in: he has been either the victim or the ally of all the chief picture-swindlers of the age; he has betrayed his trust, degraded his country, and ruined Art.

Consequently, inasmuch as, by a Treasury minute, "the appointment of the Director may be at any time revoked by the Treasury"—"if the Treasury deal honourably by their trust, they will at once revoke that appointment."

So thinks, or so says, Mr. William Coningham: but the Treasury is supplied with no *proofs* except the said Mr. William Coningham's *opinion*. The writer well knows that, with no better evidence, no jury would convict a ticket-of-leave man accused of attempt at burglarious entry. Will the public find it difficult to believe that if Mr. Coningham had a single *proof*, he would have hesitated to adduce it? Is it not quite certain that he has sought for proofs—in books from buyers and sellers, from dealers at home and abroad—in short, that he has ransacked every possible source by which to sustain his assertions—and now, as ever, without procuring one? This consideration alone gives to Sir Charles Eastlake a triumph on which he may be congratulated; he has been, to our thinking, over and not under cautious; it is, we believe (and we regret it) his nature to be so; if he had been more venturesome, he might have been more fortunate in his acquisitions; but he has hitherto passed unscathed through an ordeal—where he was watched at every movement and dogged at every step, and where a moment's departure from the straight path of rectitude would have been ruin.

Concerning the other three newspaper letter-writers, a very few remarks only are necessary.

Mr. Walter—from his "picture-gallery in Goswell Road"—writes in admirable keeping with his calling. He describes the picture, which those ignorant pretenders, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Wornum, and Herr Mündler have bought,

as "damaged, vamped up, and originally bad," and he values it at "two pence:" he does not say how much he would advance upon it if plodged at his shop, but we take it that the utmost sum he would lend on such security is one penny—without the frame.

Mr. Hurlstone, indeed, tells us "there is strong evidence that 'The Adoration of the Magi' is not by Paolo Veronese." What that strong evidence is he does not inform us—merely because he cannot. If it be "the absence of the best characteristics of the artist," that is opinion—his opinion—and not evidence: it may be taken at its full value, and not be worth much, although Mr. Hurlstone has been appointed to "high office"—that of President of the Society in Suffolk Street—by "the government!"

The letter of Mr. Alfred Stevens is simply an impertinence: a bare opinion—that "'The Adoration of the Magi' is a work of the lowest type of the Venetian school"—is followed by a coarse assertion—that the purchase "is the natural consequence of placing the National Gallery under the control of three such notoriously incapable men as Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Wornum, and their 'travelling' adviser, Herr Mündler." Only think! Mr. Alfred Stevens talking to the world of the "incapacity" of Sir Charles Eastlake: a Goliath of Gath slaying little David, and borrowing Samson's weapon for the death-blow. Truly, these four apples swim very prettily.

The world is not now to be told that there is a pretty large class of persons who mistake notoriety for fame, and think they are elevating their own characters by decrying those of others. Some of them go farther, and, believing, with Sir Fretful Plagiary, that "the malice in a good thing is the barb that makes it stick," take especial care never to be without a supply of the article—always ready for use.

These four "letter-writers" have had for some time possession of the public ear: the voice of Sir Charles Eastlake will not be heard in answer. Such adversaries are not to be encountered by such a man; he does wisely in treating them with silent contempt. As little right has he to answer Mr. Otway, Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Elcho, so long as they insinuate, and do not attempt *proof*. In fact, where there is no charge there can be no defence.

But we all know that to create a prejudice is easy: calumny takes rapid root: and it is by no means unlikely that a portion of the public are believing the Director of the National Gallery to be either so ignorant or so dishonest as to have bought all the trash Mr. Coningham says he has bought, and to have let the fine pictures he might have secured pass into other hands.

And this upon such "authorities" as the four persons we have been describing!

We have left ourselves but little space for comment upon the picture—the "Adoration of the Magi," by Paul Veronese, by which has been raised this storm in this puddle. Mr. Walter, as we have said, values it at two-pence: Mr. Bowyer says it is worth 50*l.*, and was offered, "he has been told," for sale some time ago, at that sum; Mr. Otway opines that it would not be appraised by an auctioneer at more than 100*l.*;* on the other hand, Mr. Wilson affirms he had seen a letter from Paris in which 2400*l.* had been offered for it. These statements may be taken at what they are worth.

The picture is now placed in the National Gallery, and any one who pleases may see and judge for himself. It is, to our thinking, a fine and valuable work of the master. But, good or bad, useful or useless, of its authenticity no honest man has a doubt. Its history is this—we extract from the blue book.

"Paul Veronese. — 'The Adoration of the Magi.' In the foreground the Virgin and Child, Joseph, and the three Magi; on the right and above, some peasants. Behind is the retinue of the Magi, some bearing presents, others attending to their horses and camel. A ray of light, with winged cherubs hovering along its course, falls upon the Infant; above is a group of infant angels. Painted on canvas; measure, 11 feet 7 inches high, 10 feet 7 inches wide. Purchased in London, in November 1855, from Signor Angelo Toffoli, of Venice, for 1,977*l.* Engraved by Carlo Sacchi, 1649. On the whole, well

preserved. When the picture was removed from the church in which it had been originally placed, it was folded twice, horizontally. The foldings, which may still be traced in certain lights, occurred, however, in unimportant parts, and have been skilfully repaired.

"This picture, which bears the date 1573, was, about that time, placed in the church of S. Silvestro in Venice. It is mentioned as being there by Sansovino, Boschini, Ridolfi, Barri, Zanetti, and others. The church having required repairs, the numerous works of art which it contained were, in 1837, together with this picture, removed from the walls to a room within the precincts of the building. In the course of the architectural repairs, the internal form of the church had undergone alteration, so that when the pictures were to be replaced, as originally proposed, not one of the larger works could be fitted to the new altars and compartments. After much delay, a papal decree, together with an order from the local authorities, was obtained for the sale of those pictures. In August 1855 they became the property of Signor Toffoli, from whom, as above stated, the Paul Veronese was purchased for the national collection."

Now, these statements are not impugned in the slightest degree by any one of the polite letter-writers by whom the picture has been assailed. Mr. Coningham calls it "a daub:" Mr. Walter describes it as "damaged, vamped up, and originally bad:" what is said in the *Lancet*, the *Dispatch*, the *Civil Service Gazette*, the *Empire*, the *Church of England Quarterly*, (papers quoted as authorities by Mr. Otway) we cannot tell. The *Examiner*, also quoted by him, has observed—"We should really like Mr. Otway to favour us with a reference to the page of the *Examiner* in which that journal has been found joining in an unprovoked and ungenerous cry against an able artist, and a competent critic of Art." Probably, if we had the means of reference to "every magazine of character, and every newspaper worth anything," which Mr. Otway says has commented with severity on the proceedings and purchases of Sir Charles Eastlake, we should find their comments represented with about the same amount of accuracy as were those of the *Examiner*.

Of this the public may be perfectly sure—notwithstanding the testimony of these four gentlemen—that a high-class work, of one of the greatest of the Italian masters, of unquestionable originality, its history being perfect, has been purchased for the National Gallery at a price not beyond its value.

We ask therefore, with the *Literary Gazette*—at least as safe an authority as the *Lancet*, or the *Dispatch*—if the public "are willing to abandon the guidance of accomplished artists, who have made the practical and literary study of Art the object of their lives, for the opinions of jealous professional men, or of interested jobbers and dealers, whose violent and partial statements are guided by the experience of shops and auction-rooms; and whose critical faculties, always on the stretch to preserve them against fraud, suspect nothing but trickery in every straightforward statement!"

Such insolent and scandalous attacks on public men are public grievances, and it is the duty of the public to protest against them. Where shall it find trustworthy and intelligent servants, if they are to be exposed to such outrages without protection? Neither of the gentlemen thus insulted are dependent on the offices they hold: and the probabilities are that, but for the opinions expressed in Parliament by Lord Palmerston and Mr. T. Baring—nay, by the mover and seconder of the motion to degrade them—they would have resigned in disgust and indignation. Men who do their duty, and have the consciousness of integrity, can bear much; but there is a point at which endurance becomes dishonour. Under present circumstances, retirement from their posts would be discredit to Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Wornum, and Herr Mündler: but it might have been otherwise.

We should find it very difficult—if it were possible—to name three gentlemen better qualified to fill the important offices these gentlemen fill in our National Gallery.

* One may for the present suffice:—No one will doubt the judgment, knowledge, and experience of the late Mr. Hope, more especially as concerned the works of the Flemish school. He purchased a "Rembrandt" for 2000 guineas; upon hanging it up, he found there was some difficulty in getting it easily into the frame, and sent for a common carpenter to ease the panel a little with his plane. Mr. Hope had been telling the carpenter how large a sum he had given for the picture, and how good was its state of preservation, considering it had been painted nearly two hundred years. The simple workman saw at once the error, and observed that was impossible, for the picture was painted on mahogany, and mahogany was not introduced into Europe until some time afterwards. Mr. Hope examined the panel, and saw at once he had been taken in; he burnt the picture immediately: he could afford to lose 2000*l.*, but he could not afford to show the world he had been cheated into a belief that a forged picture was a genuine production of the master. We could also tell a story of a well-known gentleman, of undoubted skill and knowledge, who, having bought a fine example of an early school—painted on copper—discovered, not long afterwards, the names of "Thompson & Smith," stamped on a corner; the painting had sunk into the indented letters, and the fraud was obvious.

† In alluding to the Holbein, Mr. Coningham says, "the notoriety of this production exempts it from comment," and forthwith proceeds to comment upon it to the extent of half a column of the newspaper.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The exhibition will be opened, as usual, on the first Monday of May. Report speaks of it highly: we have no doubt of its being such as to uphold the reputation of our school. Its principal strength will be derived from the labours of the younger members: members, however, who are not now young. We confess it would give us greater pleasure to learn that among the hitherto "unknown" there was found rich promise of the hereafter. The sculpture-den will be over-full, a considerable number of large works having been sent in: the memorial of the Sculptors' Institute will thus have a practical illustration. The evil might be easily removed by the simple erection of a temporary building for the exhibition of works in sculpture.

THE HANGERS this year at the Royal Academy are Messrs. E. M. Ward, Cope, and Cousins, all of whom, we believe, discharge this onerous duty for the first time. They are gentlemen in whom the public and the profession will confide: but if they were archangels, they would fail to give "entire satisfaction." At all events, let them do the worst they can, they cannot do worse than was done last year in this important matter.

THE LIBRARIAN OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Uwins has resigned this office, in consequence of declining health, which, we rejoice to know, however, has been much restored of late, although he deems his strength insufficient to enable him to discharge the duties incident to the appointment. The council has selected in his stead Mr. H. W. Pickersgill, and the nomination has been approved by the Queen.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS—being the twenty-second annual exhibition—opened their rooms to the public on Monday, the 21st April,—too late in the month for us to do more than place the fact on record. We shall, of course, review the collection in our next.

THE NATIONAL COLLECTION OF BRITISH PICTURES will be deposited in the gallery now erecting at Kensington, probably about the end of the autumn of the present year: the museum of the School of Art will occupy the ground floor; the pictures the floor above. It will contain the Vernon Gallery; all the works of British masters the property of the nation; and the pictures become national property under the will of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. These latter will amount in number to between thirty and forty; and among them will be the two grand works at Trafalgar Square. These two pictures were bequeathed by Turner under the express condition that they should occupy places beside the Claudes: they stand so at present in the National Gallery; but this condition has been ignored by the Court of Chancery, and they will be removed to Kensington. The drawings—"all that came from Mr. Turner's hand"—are now at the National Gallery: but it is probable they will go to the British Museum. The Exhibition cannot fail to be deeply interesting as well as instructive; it will be a monument to the great painter even more worthy than that which is to be erected to his memory in the Cathedral of St. Paul.

A Mr. BOWYER, who is a member of Parliament for somewhere, has informed the country, speaking from his place in the house, that it "has a sculptor:" the sculptor to whom he refers is the Baron Marochetti. It is truly lamentable to find such utter ignorance existing in the House of Commons whenever Art is considered or discussed; there was no one to rise and set this honourable gentleman right. He is not aware of the existence in England of such men as Baily, Foley, MacDowell, Marshall, Bell, and others—who are in comparison with the one sculptor "now in England" the great masters whom he cannot approach: and if Mr. Bowyer would seek opinions better than his own, he would find that such is the testimony of every school of Europe, wherever the works of British sculptors have been seen. If the honourable gentleman would but examine the statues of Hampden, Clarendon, and Falkland—the works of Foley, Marshall, and Bell—and con-

trast them with the Peel of Marochetti—which he may see at the Crystal Palace, we imagine he will be enlightened as regards this particular class of sculpture, and that his "one sculptor" will dwindle much: we trust he may also have an opportunity of examining the "Bacchus and Ino" of Foley, the "Sabrina" of Marshall, the "Day Dream" of MacDowell, to say nothing of the "Eve" of Baily; and if his eyes be open, we can scarcely doubt his conviction that England has more sculptors than "one." It is an outrage on sense, justice, and patriotism, perpetrated in the House of Commons,—many apathetic witnesses standing by—against which we enter our protest.

TO BRITISH SCULPTORS.—We heartily and cordially rejoice to record the following statement made by Sir Benjamin Hall, in the House of Commons, in reference to the monument which the country is to erect in St. Paul's, in memory of the Duke of Wellington: "It was his (Sir B. Hall's) intention, if the conduct of this business should be placed under his control, to call in the aid, not only of four, but of several artists of the greatest eminence in this country, in order that we might see what the talent of England could produce, and that we might have something worthy of the memory of the great man whom we all desired to honour." This is most encouraging—full of hope! It was stated also that a sum of nearly 25,000*l.* would be appropriated to this high purpose: such sum being the balance remaining out of the amount voted by parliament to pay the expenses of the great Duke's funeral. It will be remembered that the sum fixed was no more than 5000*l.*, and when four sculptors were called upon for models—i. e. Baily, Foley, Gibson, and Marochetti; the two latter refused to compete: the designs of the two former were rejected by Sir William Molesworth: but we may well ask what could have been done for such a sum? and we may add, what may not be done by a sum four times larger! We earnestly hope—nay, we devoutly pray—that in this case there may be no interest covertly at work to prejudice this lofty branch of Art in Great Britain. No event of our time is so pregnant with good—or evil—to the British sculptor: there has been none upon the issue of which so much depends for the honour, glory, and permanent benefit of the country.

THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY extends to twenty-two pages: it consists of remarks under the several heads—"Report on the purchase of pictures; arrangement of the pictures; description of the pictures; conservation of the pictures; general arrangements; and bequests and donations;" and the information conveyed is remarkably clear and distinct. The Appendix contains a variety of interesting documents with regard to the general plans, the duties of officers, the recent purchases, and so forth. This Report may be purchased by any person for a sum of about one shilling. We do not, therefore, occupy our pages by printing it; but, from time to time, we shall refer to the various matters upon which it comments. Meanwhile, we entirely agree with a contemporary—the *Literary Gazette*—in considering that, "So far as this Report is concerned, we think, there is nothing that the most captious critic can condemn. On the contrary, its clearness, fulness, and simplicity, appear to be the very model of this sort of compilation, where every point connected with the subject is prominently set out, and illustrated with just the sufficient amount of correspondence and precise information in the Appendix."

AN ADDITION TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY has been hung during the past month. It is a Mantegna, of which the following particulars are stated in the Report:—"The subject is the 'Madonna and Child Enthroned'; on the right of the spectator, the Magdalene; on the left, St. John the Baptist, both standing. It is inscribed, 'Andreas Mantinea, C.P.F.' It is painted on cloth, and fastened but not glued to a panel; the medium being tempera, or something 'differing in its results' from oil. The picture is from Milan: it has been engraved by Aliprandi, and is described by Selvatico, in a commentary upon Vasari's 'Life of Mantegna.'"

ART-MANUFACTURES.—Scotland, we believe, has the credit of introducing into Britain those societies which, under the name of "Art-Unions," have been the means of circulating through the country, for many years, so large a number of Fine-Art productions, and of extending a love of Art through the empire: from a printed circular which has recently come into our hands, we see she is desirous of promoting a similar movement in favour of Art-manufactures. The prospectus we have received is headed, "Association for Encouraging the Application of Fine Art to the Manufacture of Articles of Utility and Ornament." This object, it is thought, may be attained by an extension of the system of Art-Unions, which have already been successful in the encouragement of Painting and Sculpture. It is proposed to have periodical exhibitions of manufactured works, remarkable for beauty of design and execution, and to distribute among the subscribers such of the articles exhibited for sale as may be deemed worthy of being purchased, under the superintendence of a committee annually appointed. These exhibitions it is proposed to hold in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or elsewhere, where encouragement may be given. The objects to be acquired for distribution are intended to be exclusively such as may be properly described as works of Art, and will embrace articles executed in metal, stone, and marble, porcelain, glass, stone-ware, papier-mâché, tapestry, &c. &c.: and in order to secure manufactures of the highest class, it is intended that the committee shall have the power to purchase examples both at home and abroad, and to give commissions for original works, or for copies of existing works of superior excellence. The funds of the Association will be raised by annual subscription, in shares of one guinea each, and by donations. Such is a general outline of the plans of the Association, the object of which has our hearty approval, and there is little doubt it will have the cordial support of every manufacturer of any importance throughout the kingdom. It is, indeed, the manufacturer who will derive the greatest advantage from the operations of such a society, by the encouragement it will give to the production of works of a high class, which, as is now too often the case, are made only to show what he can do, and then are left unsold in his ware-rooms for years. We have frequently heard manufacturers complain that it is of little use to execute articles of a high standard of excellence, as the cost of production almost places them beyond the hope of sale. Another benefit accruing from the society is, that it must materially assist in elevating the public taste with reference to such matters, and so, indirectly, be the means of calling into existence a description of articles, even of an ordinary kind, far superior to those now commonly sent out. The artisan, also, will find a stimulus to his skill and talent by the demand which will thus be created for objects requiring both: and thus all classes will be benefited by the success of this Association, which, we understand, has received the approbation of the Privy Council, and has already a goodly list of subscribers, including many of the leading artists and manufacturers of Scotland, and of persons eminent by their position in society. Earnestly, and—it may be added, we trust, without presumption—not unsuccessfully have we laboured to advance the progress of the Industrial Arts of the country: we rejoice to see such a movement as the present, which ten years ago would never have been contemplated, but which now requires only to be extensively known to be liberally supported.

PUBLIC WORKS AND BUILDINGS.—The estimates recently published include 195,141*l.* for public buildings and royal palaces; 7,808*l.* for additional works in the south portion of Buckingham Palace, for external enclosures, lighting, and warming; 91,684*l.* for royal parks and pleasure gardens; and 99,383*l.* for the New Houses of Parliament. As regards the parks, it is found that to St. James's, the Green, and Hyde Parks is appropriated 25,631*l.*; to Kensington Gardens, 2,716*l.*; to Chelsea Hospital grounds, 750*l.*; the Regent's Park, 6,601*l.*; to Victoria Park, 4,860*l.*; to Greenwich Park, 2,287*l.*; and to the Royal Botanical and Pleasure

Gardens at Kew, 19,078*l*. Under the head of the New Houses of Parliament, Sir C. Barry demands 9,500*l*. for the completion of the Victoria Tower, 7,000*l*. for the clock-tower, and other items, amounting altogether to 52,540*l*.; exclusive of the works not under his direction: 4,000*l*. is to be applied this year to the decoration of the new Palace at Westminster, under the direction of the Fine Arts Commission. The works include Mr. J. Gibson's statue of the Queen and its base reliefs, Mr. J. R. Herbert's frescoes in the Peers' robing-room, illustrative of "Justice on earth and its development in law and judgment," and the marble statues of men of eminence (as members of Parliament) in St. Stephen's Hall. The work of Mr. Gibson is nearly completed. Mr. Herbert is about to commence his fresco paintings, and, as regards the statues, commissions for ten, at the cost of 1,200*l*. each for three, and 1,000*l*. each for the other seven, have already been given. The sum of 25,643*l*. has been voted for the British Museum, exclusive of the estimate for General Building Purposes: this sum is apportioned as follows—painting the walls and vaulting of the basement under the Egyptian Gallery, 90*l*.; alteration in the form of the windows of the New Reading Room, and in glazing of the external sashes, 1,413*l*.; area between the main building and the New Greek Gallery, proposed to be roofed over and converted into a place for the public exhibition of Assyrian and other sculptures, total estimate, 4,500*l*.; on account, 3000*l*. For works, fittings, and furniture—in the department of printed books, 12,507*l*. 10*s*.; manuscripts, 1550*l*.; antiquities, 2,788*l*.; natural history, zoological branch, 844*l*.; mineralogical and geological branch, 991*l*. 10*s*.; botanical branch, 124*l*.; prints, 218*l*. 10*s*. Miscellaneous works, 1,726*l*. For professional remuneration to Sir Charles Barry, 300*l*. 12*s*.

A MARBLE STATUE OF "OMPHALE MOCKING HERCULES," the work of JOHN BELL, life-size, is now being exhibited at Dickenson's, 114, New Bond Street. It is emblematic of the triumph of Beauty over Strength. She has taken the club and lion's skin, and the apples of the Hesperides, held by the Farnese Hercules, which statue she travesties somewhat in her attitude; in fact, she is jesting at her great lover. The statue was in the Paris Exhibition in an unfinished state, but it attracted much attention there. It is now completed, and will be justly ranked among the most meritorious examples of British Art. It will undoubtedly raise the reputation of the accomplished sculptor, whose position is already so high.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The two prizes offered by the committee and Mr. Ruskin have been awarded "for the best carvings in wood and stone." On the occasion of their presentation, several distinguished gentlemen were present, Professor Cockerell, R.A., in the chair. Other prizes were offered, and several speakers addressed the assembled workmen, explaining that one of the chief objects of the museum was the encouragement and "individualisation" of the Art-workman of the present day, by offering to him a prize for the produce of his own invention and skill.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—We rejoice to find a very large number of pictures have found purchasers. We had prepared a list for publication, but are compelled, from want of space, to postpone it till next month, when, there is little doubt, we shall be compelled to make considerable additions to it.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The Council of this Society has awarded the "Queen's Gold Medal" for the present year to Mr. Tite, M.P., the architect of the Royal Exchange.

FRIEND OF THE CLERGY CORPORATION.—Among the numerous benevolent institutions which, at this season of the year particularly, are brought before the notice of the public through the annual festivals, there is not one more worthy of whatever aid we can render it than the "Friend of the Clergy Corporation." At the present time especially, it demands the increased exertion of every one interested in its existence and progress, owing to the serious defalcations of its late secretary, Mr. Aldrich, amounting to 4500*l*., and the loss of 500*l*. by the failure of

Messrs. Strahan, Paul, & Co., the bankers. Such heavy losses to the funds of a young society must have jeopardised its existence, had not its friends, as we were pleased to hear Lord Faversham say, at the sixth anniversary dinner, on the 16th of April, rallied round the committee, and, by their liberality, partially extricated it from the difficulties in which it had been placed. The object of this corporation is to allow "permanent pensions, not exceeding 40*l*. per annum," to the widows and orphan unmarried daughters of clergymen of the Established Church, and to afford temporary assistance to necessitous clergymen and their families. It would be perfectly useless to expatiate on the merits of such an institution as this; nor need we stay to remark how many and urgent are the claimants on its resources.

A NEW CRYSTAL PALACE, on a small scale, is now in course of erection near Brompton Church. It is intended partly for the articles presented to the Royal Commission by various exhibitors of 1851; partly for the Museum of Animal Produce formed at the Society of Arts, in conjunction with the Royal Commission; for the Patent Museum; and for the important collection illustrative of Industrial Art in Marlborough House; and here these various collections are to remain until a more commodious and permanent gallery is provided for them. It will thus be seen that the government is preparing in earnest to make Kensington Gore the home of our Art-museums. Already 80 acres of ground have been purchased, and still further acquisitions are contemplated. The present building is being constructed by Sir William Cubitt entirely of iron and glass; it is about 40 feet in height, 266 feet in length, and 126 feet in breadth; the roof is circular, and the arrangement of the interior is much like the world-renowned building which graced Hyde Park in 1851. It will speedily be completed.

AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, painted by no less an artist than DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., will, we understand, be sold by Messrs. Christie during the month of May. It was, we believe, painted by MacLise somewhere about the year 1825 or 1826, at Cork, during the visit of the great author to the south of Ireland. It is said to be—and we do not doubt it is—an admirable and striking likeness of the man. From the same collection there will be also sold a fine Romney, a portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Crouch: she is represented sitting on the coast at Brighton, the head being highly finished and very lovely. Also there will be disposed of, at the same time, the original of the well-known engraving of Miss M. A. Tree (Mrs. Bradshaw), the sister of Mrs. Charles Keane.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The *Literary Gazette* says there is a rumour abroad that an Art-Director is to be appointed at the British Museum, in the person of Mr. Owen Jones.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Whatever unfavourable opinion foreigners, and, indeed, too many of our own countrymen, may entertain of the British Schools of Painting and Sculpture, it is quite clear that our architects must not be included among the incapables. The architects of all countries were recently invited to compete for the rebuilding of the Cathedral at Lille: forty-one designs, from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, &c., were sent in answer to the appeal, and of this number twenty-two were put aside by the jury, either for want of merit, or excess of cost over the estimate. Of the remainder, the first prize has been awarded to Messrs. Clutton & Burgess, of Westminster; the second to Mr. Street, of Oxford; and the third to M. Lassus, of Paris. Of the ten prizes awarded by the jury, five were carried away by Englishmen; silver medals having been given to Messrs. J. Olden & Son, Manchester; Mr. C. Brodric, Leeds; and Messrs. Evans & Poplarel, London: "honourable mention" is also made of the designs of Mr. J. L. Peasey, Birmingham, and Mr. J. Robinson, London. Nor must we forget that a few years since, Messrs. G. Scott & Moffatt received, under similar circumstances, the first prize for their designs for a new cathedral at Hamburg, now, we believe, completed, under the direction of Mr. Scott, who was recently elected Associate of the Royal Academy.

"THE LIVERPOOL WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL.—At a meeting of subscribers, Mr. Moss stated that the amount subscribed was 5893*l*. 16*s*. 6*d*., all of which, except 161*l*. 1*s*., had been collected. The interest amounted to 551*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*., and the balance is 6275*l*. 10*s*. A column, as first intended, would cost 10,000*l*. or 12,000*l*.; and the question was, what was to be done.—Mr. Charles Turner thought a column could be erected for 7000*l*.; and if the money was left at interest for a time a sufficient sum would be realised. He made a motion to that effect.—Mr. Wm. Rathbone and Mr. James Aikin preferred an equestrian statue, and Mr. Aikin made a motion to that effect.—Mr. George Arkle observed that there was no site in Liverpool for a column.—Mr. Torr objected to an equestrian statue, as there was no English artist could model a horse. Ultimately, Mr. Aikin withdrew his motion, and that of Mr. Turner was adopted."

We extract the above from a Liverpool paper; and entreat Mr. Torr and the other members of the Committee, to see the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, by Mr. Foley: the result will be a change of opinion as to whether an English artist can, or cannot, "model a horse." We earnestly hope a column will not be adopted: but that the Committee will take steps to expend the large sum at their disposal, for the advantage of Art and the honour of their city.

MR. LEWIS GRUNER is about to leave this country for his own, having been appointed Keeper of the Royal and National Collections at Berlin. Mr. Gruner is here favourably known as an engraver and a decorative artist; in the latter capacity his services have been frequently called into requisition by the highest personages in the realm, who, we believe, have also often taken counsel with him on Art-matters generally, of which his knowledge, experience, and taste render him a safe adviser. He has been for some time at work on engravings from the Cartoons of Raffaele; how these will be completed when he is removed from them we know not. His absence will certainly be a loss to this country, and we are selfish enough to regret the preferment which deprives England of his services.

THE ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL.—We see, by reference to our advertising columns, that a Bazaar will be held during the current month to aid the funds of this excellent Institution, whose object it is to provide the daughters of "necessitous Naval and Marine officers, of and above ward-room rank, at the lowest reduction of cost practicable, a good, virtuous, and religious education, in conformity with the principles and doctrines of the Church of England." The cost, to the parents and guardians, of one pupil of the school, is about 12*l*. per annum; but it is clear that this sum would go but a small way towards the end proposed, and that the Institution must therefore appeal to the support of the public for a large portion of its income. We believe it is only necessary for us to direct attention to the proposed Bazaar, to obtain for it such contributions as will be of essential service to its promoters.

THE SIBTHORP COLLECTION.—A sale of nine days has dispersed a large miscellaneous collection of objects of all ages, kinds, and qualities, formed by the late Colonel Sibthorp. A more heterogeneous gathering has seldom passed under the hammer, and, considering the quantity, the quality was far below the average. The sale, however, attracted considerable attention, and realised good prices. An ivory tankard, that cost the Colonel 50*l*., realised 250*l*.; but, as some few good things went cheap, while others of inferior merit fetched three times their value, caprice rather than judgment seems to have influenced buyers. As at the Bernal sale, some most absurd prices have been given, which would never have been offered in the ordinary way of business.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES.—Another shipload of antiquities from the East has arrived in London, and been deposited in the British Museum; they consist chiefly of architectural and other sculptured ornaments, and of animals, some of which are reported to be admirably represented. These works are of a somewhat later date than those we have hitherto received from Assyria, and many are, we regret to hear, much injured.

REVIEWS.

CRANIA BRITANNICA: DELINEATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THE SKULLS OF THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS, TOGETHER WITH NOTICES OF THEIR OTHER REMAINS. By J. B. DAVIS, M.R.C.S., F.S.A., &c., and JOHN THURNHAM, M.D., F.S.A., &c. Decade I. Printed for J. B. DAVIS by TAYLOR & FRANCIS, Red Lion Court, London.

Although a work of such a nature as this scarcely comes within the limits of subjects to which our notices are usually confined, it is yet one that can hardly be considered out of place. The cranial peculiarities of any of the great races of men are worthy the study of every intelligent mind, for, "as the guardian of that ray divine, which is essentially 'the image' of his Creator, the receptacle of the grand yet delicate centre of his nervous system, the skull has for some time been recognised as the best epitome of Man." From the examination of these relics of the dead may be derived knowledge of the utmost interest to the inquirer after the principles of physiology, so that those who have made them their study do not hesitate to determine the character of the living man from the osseous formation which the spade of the excavator has once again brought to the light after centuries, perhaps, of interment. The motives for the publication of this work will be found in the following remarks by Mr. Davis:—"As these islands have become the dwelling-place of a people, which in future ages of the world will inevitably excite many curious inquiries, their origin and extraction, and ethnological histories and characters, must be regarded to be surrounded with great interest, and every valid contribution to knowledge on these matters as deserving of attention. It is in the spirit of this impression we propose to conduct our labours, remembering the importance of our subject, the obscurity in which it is almost necessarily involved, and the fallibility which may attend the best efforts to give it that illumination it deserves."

Until we had gone through the pages of this work we had no conception the subject would have yielded so large an amount of matter interesting to others than those whose business it is to investigate such a branch of natural science. True, those ghastly-looking skulls, with holes

"which eyes did once inhabit,"

are pictures humiliating enough to bring down all man's loftiness of look, and his aspiring imaginations; but they are no less reminders of his divine origin, his ennobling capacity, and his intellectual and moral powers, than they are of the ultimate destiny that awaits the most exalted of human intelligences.

There are some curious antiquarian remains engraved in the book, and representations of tumuli, from which they and the skulls were taken: altogether, the "Crania Britannica," as illustrating the origin of the English people, should find a place in every well-selected library.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., &c., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France. Part I. Printed and Published by the London Printing and Publishing Company, St. John Street.

Had such a work as this been commenced a year or two back, the announcement of its appearance would have fallen listlessly on the ears of the public; now the intimate alliance that has been formed, and cemented by mutual daring and suffering, between the two countries of England and France, must, it will be supposed, naturally incline each to know something of the history of the other. It is not a little remarkable how ignorant even many educated Englishmen are of the history of a country only separated from our own shores by a few miles of ocean, except it be of those periods of her annals which are interwoven with our own; and of these the points most familiar to the mind—and very often they are all that are known—are the battles we have fought, and the victories we have won: we believe that five-sixths of our countrymen who talk about Cressy and Agincourt have gained their information from no other source than the dramas of Shakspeare. But this ignorance, presuming it to exist, is not altogether inexcusable; we have hitherto had no history of France in such a form as to become popular: histories of particular periods have appeared occasionally, chiefly in connection with the biographies of distinguished characters, and translations from French writers, but such works can never supply the information we

would desire to have respecting a country which for many centuries has exercised so powerful an influence on the destinies of Europe. Such a desideratum Mr. Wright's book professes to supply, and no doubt will supply, so far, at least, as the chronicle of events that have taken place in that kingdom during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for it is notified that, "although the history of France previous to the year 1700 will be sufficiently detailed to satisfy all the wants of general readers, it shall be so far condensed as to give more ample room for a minute history of the many important revolutions which have succeeded each other since that period. Of the three sections, therefore, into which the history will be divided, the first will include that portion which preceded the death of Louis XIV., while the two others will be devoted to the events of the last century and a half." It is to be regretted that such an arrangement should have been determined upon: it is the earlier periods of French history of which we here are most ignorant, from the commencement of the fourteenth century, when our Edward III. went over to Guienne, to pay homage to Philip VI. for the territory of Guienne, to the end of the sixteenth century, or a little later, when the hopes of Protestant France were crushed by the murder of Henry IV.: what a catalogue of great and remarkable events affecting the future destinies of the nations of Europe does this epoch open up to the historian! we think, therefore, it is a pity the narrative should be here compressed within narrow limits, for of the subsequent periods—the long reign of Louis XIV., and the era of the great Revolution, almost a natural consequence of the state into which France had been brought by the acts of that monarch, the licentiousness of his nobles, and the neglect of the clergy—our literature furnishes ample records.

Mr. Wright, whose name has often appeared as a contributor to our columns, is well qualified by his intimate acquaintance with French history, antiquities, and language, for the task he has undertaken; all the resources which the literature of the country affords for the prosecution of his work are at his command, and his mind is of an order that leads us to anticipate in his writings the truthfulness of facts—which should be the chief aim of every historian—rather than the vivid and often false colouring, bordering on romance, in which we frequently find history presented to us. He has a wide and rich field of investigation before him, and we have little doubt his labours will have the effect of contributing to eradicate many of the prejudices existing on this side the Channel against our ancient foes, when we are made as well acquainted with the bright side of their nature as we have hitherto been with their faults and weaknesses.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, HER ROYAL HIGHNESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL. Lithographed by R. J. LANE, A.R.A., from the Portraits by WINTERHALTER. Published by J. MITCHELL, London.

Of these three portraits we greatly prefer that of the Queen, and that of the Princess Royal: they are elegant yet unpretending pictures, broad and artistic in treatment: the likenesses of both the royal ladies are excellent, and very pleasing in expression: her Majesty, we presume, is represented as she is accustomed to appear at the meeting or prorogation of Parliament, reading the speech to the assembled members. Mr. Winterhalter has been less successful in his portrait of the Prince Consort; the face lacks far too much of the intelligent expression which is so characteristic of his Royal Highness, and the attitude is stiff and constrained: but we have always noticed in the various pictures which this artist has made of his royal patrons, that he has been less happy in the male portraits than in the female. The drawings from which these lithographs are copied, were made, in 1855, by the Queen's command.

LITHOGRAPHIA. By JOSEPH ARESTI. Published by the Author, 61, Greek Street, Soho Square.

The word Lithographia is explained on the title-page of the book by "Aqua-tinta stippled Gradations produced upon Drawings washed or painted on Stone:" the object of the brief treatise is to afford directions for the execution of such drawings with "ease and celerity." All who are practically acquainted with the art of drawing on stone, are fully—we may add painfully—aware how much time is expended in producing with the chalk highly-finished flat tones or tints, as in skies and in buildings. Attempts have been made, at various

times, by different artists and lithographers, to overcome this difficulty by using a solution of the chalk with the brush; to this method was given the name of "litho-tinting:" it was adopted by Mr. J. D. Harding in some of the drawings made for the "Baronial Halls and Mansions of England," as well as by Mr. F. W. Hulme in several landscapes he executed; but from some cause or another, it was found, in the printing, not always to answer its intended purpose, and, in consequence, has fallen into disuse. It is obvious that if the sketch of the artist could be reproduced by this method, it would have many advantages over the ordinary process of working with the dry chalk, even if accompanied with the use of the stump. The object of Mr. Aresti is to effect more than this; he would "enliven the sombre or photographic cast so opposite to the stippled effects of aqua-tinta on copper, to which beautiful, but difficult, Art it so closely approximates, and which, perhaps, it is eventually destined to supersede, as much by the greatest variety of tones, as the manifest rapidity and care in producing them." The method of effecting this is explained in a few brief paragraphs, to which we must refer those who may care to make the experiment. We must confess, however, that the fine-art examples introduced into the work do not much dispose us in its favour: the mechanical and architectural examples are better: but we believe Mr. Aresti is preparing a second edition of his work, which will exhibit vast improvement in the plates.

GOLDEN A B C. Etched from the German by J. P. HOFER. Published by J. H. PARKER, Oxford and London.

A volume of scripture texts, each beginning with a letter of the alphabet in consecutive order, and containing precepts, aspirations, and exhortations, selected with much good taste. The initials are filled with minute delineations of scriptural events, and each text is enclosed in an ornamental framework. The title-page by Luke Limner is very graceful, but the smaller etched title is more quaint and characteristic. The volume is calculated for all ages in life, and its simple texts may be daily coned with advantage. Such a volume will grace a drawing-room table more than many of greater pretension; it gratifies the eye while it elevates the mind.

ELEGANT ARTS FOR LADIES. Published by WARD & LOCK, London.

Should any of our young female friends be unfortunate enough to suffer an attack of ennui, or find cause to complain they "have nothing to do"—either of which is no uncommon malady affecting young ladies—by all means we recommend them to look into this book, where they will assuredly find enough

"For idle hands to do."

A score of "elegant arts," many of them branching out into a diversity of ramifications, are here taught, both by letter and illustrated examples—feather-flowers, weaving or plaiting hair-ornaments, imitation carvings in ivory, shell-work, painting on velvet and glass, illuminating on vellum, gilt leather-work, bead-work, potichomanie, wax flowers and fruit, and many more "arts" beside. And it ought not to be forgotten that in becoming well acquainted with some of these subjects, the mind is at the same time acquiring a knowledge of higher matters, is gaining such an insight into certain portions of the natural sciences as must elevate it above the comparative trifles upon which it is employed, and produce in it nobler aspirations.

BECHSTEIN'S HANDBOOK OF CHAMBER AND CAGE-BIRDS. Edited by H. G. ADAMS, Esq. Published by WARD & LOCK, London.

Bechstein has so long been an authority on the treatment and management of "birds in captivity," that his work has become as much of a "household book," with those who keep birds, as Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" used to be with matrons and housewives in the days of our boyhood, when, in all well-conducted households, it ranked only second in estimation to the family Bible. But Bechstein's volume is rather an expensive one for a large class of those who own feathered pets, and therefore Mr. Adams has extracted from it all the most really useful information, adding thereto instructions derived from his own experience and from reliable sources, which, neatly printed, prettily illustrated, and tastefully bound, will be heartily welcomed by many lovers of chamber and cage birds.

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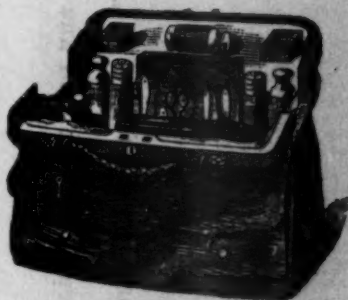
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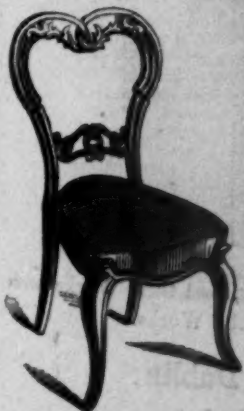
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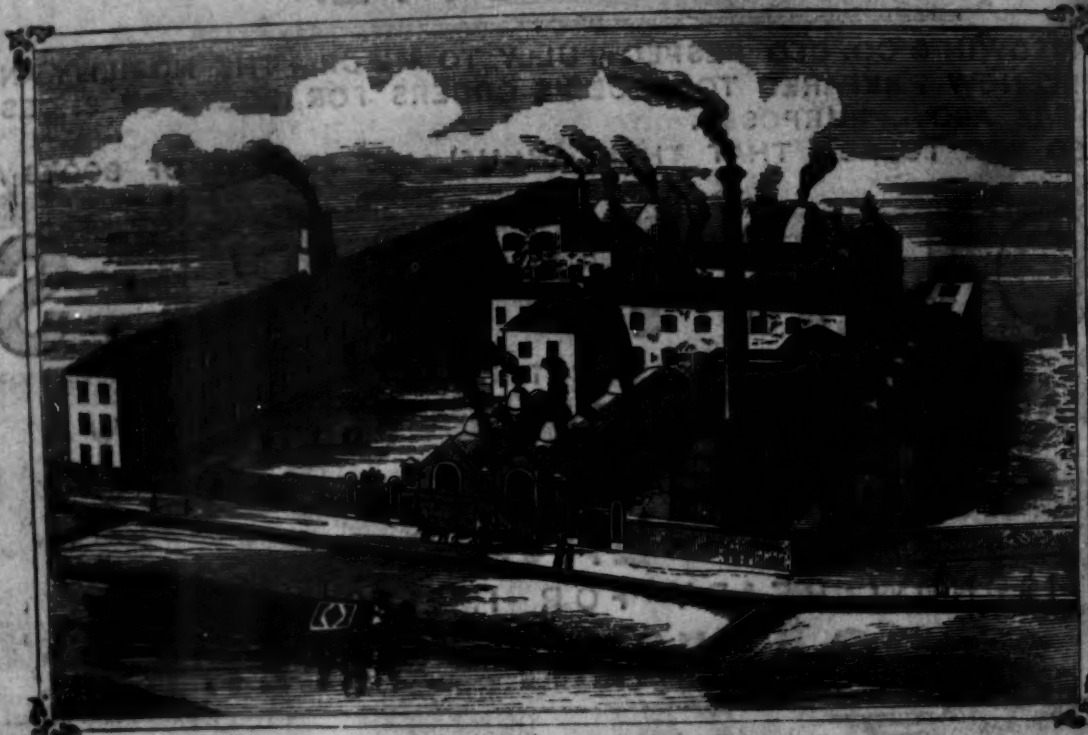
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